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THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND

DURING THE FIRST HALF CENTURY OF INDEPENDENCE

BY

ROBERT E. SPILLER

NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

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"Books of travel will be good in proportion to what a man has previously in his mind; his knowing what to observe; his power of contrasting one mode of life with another."

SAMUEL JOHNSON

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PREFACE

To the American of post-revolutionary days England was both a parent and an enemy nation. With almost equal force, she attracted and repelled her former subjects. A common political, cultural, and racial heredity bound together the young nation and the old more firmly than either would have wished.

The Declaration of Independence defined the theoretical basis of separation, and the Revolution gave it political reality; but it was many years before the whole story had been told and the United States had become an independent nation. The War of 1812 demonstrated the fact that England required over thirty years to appreciate and to acknowledge her former colony's sovereign rights on the sea, and, up to that time, the Americans themselves were unaware of the full meaning of their independence. An attitude of deference to the mother country was apparent in practically all phases of their thought and activity for many years.

The political, and to some extent the economic, aspects of this story of national growth are familiar enough, but no human or national development can be understood when consideration is limited to these two terms. Even the recognition of the steady growth of a national American literature fails to reveal the true relationships of the two countries in this period of probation for both.

There is one exceedingly fertile source of information for the human aspects of the story, in the form of the letters, diaries, and other travel records of those Americans who

went to England in the early national period. There were at least a thousand such travelers, but the majority left only fragmentary comments because they did not feel that they were visiting a foreign nation. Prior to the middle of the nineteenth century, most of them made no effort to give a complete survey of the English nation. Many of them merely stopped in England for brief stays after extended continental tours, and they were inclined to regard their visit more as the first step in their homeward journey than as part of their trip. Their comments were, therefore, usually brief and personal, qualities which rather tend to enhance their human value. Very few of them can be regarded as literature in the strict sense of the term; but it is equally unfair to consider them solely as source material for political and economic history. Their greatest value lies in the understanding which they afford of the reciprocal attitudes of the two nations in each of the separate aspects of human contact.

Some such consideration as this first prompted an undertaking of the problems involved in this study. It was originally intended to limit it to an examination of the writings of those men who directed thought in obvious ways and left fairly complete records of their experiences and conclusions. The impossibility of drawing any such line between the "great" and the "many" was soon recognized. There is less reflection of the actual state of thought of the two nations in the *Sketch Book* of Washington Irving or the diplomatic correspondence of Jefferson than there is in a series of composite pictures drawn from the records of each group of Americans who were guided by more or less common motives. The prominence of a single figure is as frequently based on his protest against the average attitude as on his accurate reflection of the public mind. The Rev. Orville

Dewey, of Boston, expressed the state of mind of the average American traveler much more truly than did the Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson, with whom he made part of his trip. Two things have therefore been attempted in the chapters here presented: the representation of the attitude of the average American in England in terms of the basic motives for his tour; and a special examination of those men who, through greater insight than that of their fellows, cut into prejudices or established bases of fuller understanding between the two nations. No effort has been made to analyze at length the attitudes of those who left no significant personal records of their trips, as the aim of the study has been to collect, correlate, and review travel writings, formal or otherwise, rather than to establish historical truths. A picture of the England and English life of the day, as seen through American eyes, is one of the more valuable incidental results of the study; the social and personal aspects of the English literary world another.

The material for discussion includes all obtainable records of these travelers, whether in the form of letters, journals, diaries, diplomatic correspondence, poems, stories, essays, or travel books which were published as such. The altogether arbitrary date of 1835 was chosen as the further limit of the period because it seemed to represent the approximate end of an epoch of probation, and in spite of the fact that it defines a generous rather than an accurate half century. Even these restrictions, where they hampered a complete exposition of one or another phase of the general problem, have been temporarily waived. It would be impossible to appreciate Cooper's criticism of English society without some mention of his reactions to the revolutionary-aristocratic condition in France, and the story of American art study in England could not start later than with the

arrival of Benjamin West in London some years before the outbreak of hostilities. A problem was presented by those travelers who left records of several trips, some of which fell outside the prescribed time limits. The practice has been to discuss at length the attitudes of only those whose major comments on England were based on trips made before 1835 (for example, Nathaniel Parker Willis and Benjamin Silliman), and to give less detailed consideration to Emerson and others whose significant criticism was derived from later journeys.

One restriction, however, has been adhered to with as great consistency as possible. Only those Americans who spoke and wrote as Americans have been considered. The unfortunate loyalist, who found himself virtually without a country at the conclusion of the war, has not been regarded as representative of any true phase of the awakening of the American national consciousness. Franklin, Hopkinson, and others who, although true patriots, represent more fully the colonial than the early national period, have been likewise excluded. The records of those men and women who faced the future in terms of American nationality and who had most of their work still to do when peace was declared have alone been regarded as significant to this particular study. The definition of the term, "England," may be taken to include the entire island, but no outlying possessions or dependencies.

The problem which has since grown in scope to its present limits was suggested when the author was pursuing work in English and American literature in the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania. To those members of its faculty who inspired and advised when the study was in its earlier stages, the author wishes here to express his profound gratitude, but to no one is his obligation so great as to Pro-

fessor Arthur Hobson Quinn, whose encouragement and assistance have been constant and invaluable at all times. Thanks are also due to James Fenimore Cooper, Esq., of Albany, New York, Mr. George S. Hellman, Professor Edward P. Cheyney, Professor Henry A. Beers, Dr. Randolph G. Adams, Dr. John W. Graham, of Manchester, England, Mr. Albert Cook Myers, Mr. Harvey M. Watts, and many others who, by suggesting sources, loaning materials, and criticizing parts of the completed manuscript, have rendered very real assistance. Professors Albert C. Baugh and Edward S. Bradley, of the University of Pennsylvania, have likewise demonstrated their interest by reading the proofs. The courtesies of the manuscript and book collections of many of the university, college, public, historical society, and special libraries of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, as well as of some more distant cities, have in all cases been extended without stint. Especially is the author indebted to Mr. J. Russell Hayes, Librarian of the Swarthmore College Library, for his coöperation in borrowing volumes from widely scattered sources. Access to the private collections of Mr. A. Edward Newton, Mr. William R. Langfeld, and others has furnished materials not otherwise obtainable. One of the most satisfying of all aspects of the work has been this taste of the universal hospitality of those men and women whose lives are chiefly concerned with the collecting and guarding of old books and manuscripts.

It is to be hoped that the reconsideration of past differences and similarities between two nations, in a survey form such as this, will tend rather to prevent the recurrence of misunderstandings and prejudices than to give renewed life to controversies which time and intellectual growth have mercifully dimmed or extinguished. Only by a study of

our past, as well as of our present, can we hope to appreciate the elements of which the American national mind is composed. During the first fifty years of her existence, the United States, whether for better or for worse, was intellectually more akin to England than to any other nation. The subsequent century has been marked by radical developments away from this condition of affairs, but such changes do not materially affect the historical aspects of the earlier years. The study of any growth must proceed in its chronological terms in order that the past may shed its light upon the present. The later years may reveal very different conditions, but theirs is another story.

R. E. S.

Swarthmore College,
February, 1926.

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THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND

Chapter I

TRAVEL BY SEA AND LAND

The Transatlantic Packet—Land and Landing—Inns, Roads, and Coaches—Routes of Tour

I

When the horrifying thought of crossing the ocean in a sailing vessel occurs by chance to the modern mind, the picture which, in all probability, is conjured up is that of a small vessel of the size and excellence of the *Nina*, the *Pinta*, or the *Santa Maria*. By the middle of the eighteenth century, of course, marked improvement had been made over these old vessels, but the progress had been chiefly in matters of size and proportion. The old square stern and the high fore and aft—relics of the old fighting towers—were still common features, while, especially in tramps, the question of capacity was more important than that of speed, with a resultant clumsiness of contour. The revolutionary era, with its demands for speed in running blockades and escaping privateersmen and pirates, tended to give vessels a greater harmony and grace of line. Their size and carrying capacity were increased until, in 1833, the largest American merchant ship, the *Mississippi*, had a capacity of 750 tons.

The early nineteenth century witnessed an epidemic of reform in many things, but in none was the tendency so strikingly apparent as in the means and methods of travel on the sea and in England. The tangle of warfare from which western civilization had for so long been struggling

to free itself was finally cut, the seas were at last comparatively safe—at least from the hostile hand of man—and the great stimulus to travel and to industry which was given by the subsequent era of peace brought about phenomenal progress in matters of transportation. The great day of coaches and of sailing packets was of short duration, because, no sooner were political conditions such as to encourage maximum development, than the invention of steam turned activity in another direction. Yet the supremacy of the old-fashioned methods of travel, however short-lived, was none the less remarkable.

It was not until after the War of 1812 that regular packet service was established between the New World and the Old. The custom of the traveler who wished to cross the ocean prior to that time was to apply to the captain of a merchantman to be carried in lieu of cargo. Sailings were therefore exceedingly uncertain, and, as many merchantmen were also privateersmen—virtually ships of war,—the dangers were great and the comforts correspondingly small. Benjamin Franklin[1] gives an interesting list of precautions for the prospective voyager. His first thought, if he be wise, says Franklin, will be the choice of a good captain. Even with the best, however, the food is often meager and the cook usually the worst and dirtiest sailor, having been chosen for that office chiefly because of his inability to perform any other. It is therefore safest to carry with one a private store of good water in bottles, good tea, ground coffee, chocolate, wine of a favorite sort, cider, dried raisins, almonds, sugar, capillaire (a form of honey), citrons, rum, eggs dipped in oil, portable soup, and twice-baked bread. Live poultry is inadvisable unless one may care to keep it in his own stateroom and feed it himself; but a portable stove

[1] Jared Sparks, *Works of Benjamin Franklin*, Boston, 1844, II, 106 ff.

is often a valuable accessory. Thus provided one may anticipate a comparatively pleasant voyage. Franklin was wiser in this, however, as in other matters, than the average human being.

The dangers and privations to which a passenger might be subjected on a very ordinary trip of this sort will be seen in the journal which Dr. Hutchinson kept in 1777, when he and Dr. Williamson were returning together from Edinburgh. The first mate, who had been entrusted with the task of provisioning the vessel, seems to have been a stupid sort of man, and he laid in an insufficient stock of food for the voyage. The details of the suffering of the crew and passengers are recorded in Dr. Hutchinson's manuscript diary,[2] in which he makes, on April 28th, the following entry: "Bread becomes scarcer and we are obliged to lessen our allowance. . . . At present we are under the necessity of decreasing the allowance to four ounces of bread per day, old and worm-eaten; our good beef is all expended, we have a little remaining, but this is much tainted, very offensive, and full of worms; two days out of the seven we have pork, a little being still left, the other five days beef, but the quantity of this is so small, that the sailors always eat it raw, lest it should be diminished by boiling. . . . I had, however, instead of bread, made use of some prunes which were when bought designed for my Uncle Pemberton as I knew him to be fond of this fruit. I distributed a few to my fellow passengers and they proved of important service to us."

Dr. Hutchinson's hardships were not over for many days, and his account is so vivid that it is hard to forbear quoting more of it. A few days later he records: "At nine o'clock this morning we saw a brig at a considerable dis-

[2] In the possession of the American Philosophical Society.

tance from us; we wished to approach her, but it being calm, that was impossible. . . . Two men were the most we could spare from the ship. . . . Therefore about half an hour after one o'clock he [Dr. Williamson] went into the yawl, took with him the first mate and one of the best sailors, and left us, steering towards the brig; they rowed on with great spirit, as long as I could see them from the maintop masthead. It is impossible to describe our anxiety for them as we knew, should a stiff breeze spring up, they could never reach either vessel, and must in all probability perish. About four o'clock we received a signal from the brig, by which we knew they got safe on board."

As they did not return until after seven that evening, lights were hung on the mastheads to show them the location of the vessel, and a gun was shot off every five minutes. When they did finally return, they brought news that the other vessel was in as bad a plight as they, and could spare them only "a few bottles of spirits and two pounds of cheese."

The existence of a constant state of war or of something akin to it, during these earlier years, also contributed to the hazards of the voyage. Mordecai Noah was captured by the English in 1813, and Warren describes a voyage in 1799 when France and America were warring on each other's shipping. "Our employments on board ship," he says, "were principally of a warlike nature; and we became so expert in the exercise of the great guns, that the oldest seaman in the ship could not outdo us. One night, the captain, determined to try our alacrity and presence of mind, ordered the mate and boatswain to call all hands to quarters at midnight when we were buried in profound sleep. In five minutes we were all at our stations, and had every gun prepared for action. We cried to the captain

to point out the enemy, that we might fire; and were not unpleasantly disappointed at hearing it was merely an experiment. So, after all hands had a drink of grog, we retired quietly to our berths. In the British Channel we were often alarmed, and were obliged every night to sleep in our clothes. A terrible fog caused us to run close upon the French coast; for nothing could be seen till within pistol shot. After chasing a privateer, quarreling furiously with one British cruiser, and receiving polite treatment from some others, we landed at Deal on 10th July."

The records of passage during these days are unfortunately scant among American travelers, as the formal travel book was a later development and we must rely on chance passages in letters and journals. Of the life on board the regular packet vessels, however, we know a great deal more, for, in 1816, when the first regular passenger line between New York and Liverpool was established, books of travel in England were just beginning to be published by Americans.

The degree of luxury to which these boats attained during the last days of their supremacy was sufficient to make the passage almost one of pleasure for the frailest of invalids. There are many descriptions of such voyages in contemporary letters, journals, and travel books, and instead of being engrossed in vivid details of storms, hardships, and dangers, the traveler in most cases finds only the humble daily routine and the people about him as subject matter for his impatient pencil. Of time he has plenty, and he sits out on the deck or lies in his cabin and scribbles page after page of description of the boat, its passengers, the weather, and the birds and fish seen during the day, or of narration of his own physical discomforts and those of his fellow passengers, of minor incidents of life on ship-

board, of a storm and its terrifying aspects, or of a Sunday and its volunteer divine services. Many a travel book was written on the return journey and many pages of idle nothings were written on the voyage to Europe. Most of the latter were cut down before the books finally went to press, but no harm could have been done in many cases by an even more ruthless treatment.

The result, however, is a composite picture of great detail and no little interest. "A New York and Liverpool packet," says Colton in 1831, "as all know who have sailed in them, is a very commodious and perfect thing of the kind. No expense is spared in their building, in the finishing of the cabins, in their furniture or provisions. Every new ship put upon the line is in some sort and particulars an improvement on every former one. Some of them are indeed superb enough to make a passenger proud, though sick, at sea."

There were the divisions into captain and crew, cabin and steerage passengers, much as we find them to-day, except that the old style captain was even more of a master because of the intimacies of the smaller vessel. The average packet carried fifteen or more passengers in the cabin and some forty odd in the steerage, and the close daily contact for nearly a month made the tempers of the passengers a matter of grave importance in the happiness of the voyage. The steerage passengers were usually rather pitiful objects. Very few of them, says Slidell, "were at all visible during the voyage, though, according to the captain's account, they amounted to nearly forty. After a few days, indeed, some of them began to muster up from their den of seasickness. They came forth haggard and pale, with long beards and unwashed faces; their clothes covered with straw, feathers, and pitch from the deck." They were, in this case, Germans returning home, English-

men who were going back to bring over their friends, or young men returning for wives; and there was one "white-headed little ragamuffin who was working his passage" by sweeping decks and doing other odd jobs.

Almost immediately after the last bit of land faded below the horizon, life sank into its regular routine, and even the ship itself took on the strict appearance of business. "On casting my eye over the ship," says Green, "I found that she appeared in rather a homelier trim than she did when lying at the wharf. The neat Brussells carpet in the cabin had given place to one of quite an ordinary appearance; all the curtains were removed, and most of the brass ornaments were hid under a strong covering of green baize. Everything, however, is agreeable thus far. . . . There appears to be a large supply of eatables on board—our live stock consists of a cow and calf—six sheep—a dozen or more pigs—and ducks, chickens, and geese, innumerable [for 22 passengers and the crew]." This compressed farmyard contributed materially to the comforts and luxuries of the passage, but it had other aspects as well, for "when one first awakes in the morning," he continues, "the crowing of cocks and the cackling of geese, and the quacking of ducks, to say nothing of our sheep and the cow, always salute our ears."

The reward for this discomfort, however, was to be found in the eating, a glowing account of which is one of the features of the trip as described by Miss Leslie in her story, *That Gentleman*.[3] "The *coup d'œil* of the dinner-table," she says, "very much resembles that of a fashionable hotel. . . . The breakfast table is always covered with a variety of relishes, and warm cakes. At noon there is luncheon of pickled oysters, cold ham, tongue, etc. The dinner

[3] Eliza Leslie, *Pencil Sketches*, 2d ed., Phila., 1852.

consists of fowls, ducks, geese, turkeys, fresh pork, or mutton; for every ship is well supplied with live poultry, pigs and sheep. During the first week of the voyage there is generally fresh beef on the table, it being brought on board from the last place at which the vessel has touched; and it is kept on deck wrapped closely in a sail-cloth, and attached to one of the masts, the salt atmosphere preserving it. Every day at the dessert there are delicious pies and puddings, followed by almonds, raisins, oranges, etc.; and the tea table is profusely set out with rich cakes and sweetmeats. For the sick there is always an ample store of sago, arrow-root, pearl barley, tamarinds, etc. Many persons have an opportunity, during their passage across the Atlantic, of living more luxuriously than they have ever done in their lives, or perhaps ever will again."

A ship in full sail must have been a beautiful sight, but one which it took a genuine seaman like Cooper or Slidell to appreciate fully. "We were tearing along at a fearful rate," says the latter, "the sails were bellying and straining to the extent of the sheets which held them, under the influence of what is called a smoky southwester, unaccompanied by a single cloud, but with a pervading and heavy haze. . . . The sea was agitated and broken into short but yawning ground swells, into which the ship plunged and surged violently, trembling with the opposing action of the two elements by which she was driven and restrained; now settling her stern into the trough of the sea, now overtaken by a succeeding billow, rising proudly on its crest, and dashing the white and sparkling foam far away on either side."

The precariousness of tenure on life, so emphasized by the apparent helplessness of the ship in a storm, was the usual reason assigned for the increase in religious fervor which gave rise to regular volunteer Sunday services.

Whatever the cause, these services were always attended by all on board who could leave their posts, and were recorded with the most profound satisfaction, especially by the Quakers. A storm always occurred at least once on the voyage, and the first time that a huge wave broke over the bow was a moment of terrified suspense for the inexperienced voyager. The women travelers give the most vivid accounts of these occasions. "It was the darkest and stillest part of the night," says the intrepid Mrs. Willard, "when I heard the roaring of the wind, about to strike the ship again, and soon after felt that she was moving by its mighty power. Her motion was rapid; but it was at this time a raging sea, and of course unequal;—sometimes darting upward and sometimes pitching down,—throwing every moveable thing with violence about the cabins. The officers giving their orders on deck, and the sailors in executing them, have at such times something startling in their voices and manner of speaking, beyond anything which I have ever heard on land even at a fire. Heavy seas in quick succession were breaking over us. The waters thus accumulating faster than the scuppers would admit of their running off, were dashing over our heads. Thus with the raging element above, beneath and around us; with nothing to divide us from it, but a bark whose masts were shaking, whose timbers creaking and cracking, as if they were about to divide;—the feeling of the moment was, that the ship was a vain thing, for safety;—that help was in God alone."

A calm was the occasion for annoyance rather than fear, but there were numerous ways of employing the unappreciated gift of time. Carter records one such experience. "The captain ordered a jolly-boat to be launched," he says, "and four of us with a man at the helm rowed to the distance of a mile from the ship, the little skiff climbing over

the smooth swells with an easy and delightful motion." The result of this expedition was the killing of a large nautilus. After their return another party set out and brought back with them a wounded "haglet," a large bird which was pitted against the ship's prize rooster, much to the entertainment of the passengers.

Later in the day a swimming party was arranged. "The captain ordered a sail to be rigged out by the side of the ship, sinking it to the depth of six or eight feet below the surface, and drawing it up at the corners, so as to form a fine bath, secure from the rapacity of the shark, which renders bathing in the ocean dangerous."

On another such occasion, Nathaniel Moore describes a barefoot peasant dance which was given for the amusement of the passengers by the Irish girls and boys of the steerage. Thus the life passed from day to day, and it was small wonder that the lapse of time was "measured entirely by our meals." In the great days of the sailing packet, the voyage was on the average a safe and not an altogether unpleasant one, however tiresome it might become. The American ships and American sailors, of which these travelers were justly proud, gave small cause for worry or complaint, and the passage was rather a thing of enjoyment than of terror. Under all was the current of eager anticipation for the first sight of the foreign shore. "A light breeze which if it continues we shall see London before many days," records Godfrey in his manuscript journal,[4] and he speaks for all of his fellow transatlantic voyagers.

Although steam had been in use on river boats since Fulton's experiments in 1807, it was not until the *Great Western* and the *Sirius* simultaneously steamed into New York harbor on April 23, 1838, that the supremacy of the trans-

[4] In the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

atlantic sailing packet was threatened, and it held its own, even after that event, for many years.

II

With the sight of land, the courses of packets from America varied, but the majority of ships ran along the southern coast of Ireland, north, close to the Welsh shore, past Holyhead, and directly into Liverpool harbor. Others from America skirted the south coast of England and touched at Portsmouth, usually proceeding through the Strait of Dover to Gravesend or even farther up the Thames to London itself. Travelers who toured France and the Continent first came over to England, as they do to-day, by the channel boats, touching usually at Dover. As the majority, however, entered England by way of Liverpool, there are more and better descriptions of this journey than of any of the others.

The sight of land, dear to the heart of the traveler in spite of himself, aroused mingled emotions in him. The beauties of the Welsh coast, the thankfulness that the trip was safely ended, and that sense of being "in the land of my fathers," as Irving puts it, dulled any feeling of antagonism toward England which might still remain. Very few of the travelers give any sign of disillusionment or hostility as they near the harbor and prepare to disembark.

After an adventure with the custom house, however, the attitude is frequently quite the reverse. The corruption and bribery, which the English officials took as a matter of course, disgusted the stranger. "The old custom house [at Liverpool]," says McLellan, "into which I now entered in order to obtain my baggage, was but a rude affair. It is a disagreeable matter to pass through the custom house in

England. You have to do with menials. . . . Two or three coarse looking fellows, like spiders in a dusty web, hovered round to seize upon the strangers, who have come as visitors to their island. . . . A man with a wooden leg hobbled up to me—as he took the keys of my trunk and traveling bag—he hemmed and shuffled and gave a knowing wink, still keeping his hand wide open. . . . Seeing that I did not take the hint, he begins to pry into the trunk—there were several books in it. He seizes upon these—'Books, hem! not allowed, something to pay on these'—another touch with the leg; 'large number, couldn't think of passing these.' The hint began to take effect, his elbow was at work against my side and one hand came down to receive a 'husher;' it was not worth disputing about, so I put some silver into his hand."

The hotels of Liverpool, to which the traveler must next resort, were not particularly attractive in themselves, nor appealing to him. They catered, it would seem, chiefly to transients, and their visitors usually preferred to become such, even if they had arrived with intentions of staying for some time. So numerous were these new arrivals that one of the hotels called itself "The American" and by spread-eagle methods managed to gather many of the travelers into its fold. It was, however, good and cheap.

Of the others, the Adelphi seems to have been the favorite, but the term in this connection implies no excessive popularity. Its slow service, poor food, noisy and profane servants, and high prices called forth Willis's censure, while McLellan was here first introduced to that magic charm which set attendants bowing and scraping. "There is no place where one is more independent than in an English hotel. If he has money enough he can command everything. . . . In England, condition, title and wealth are everything; character,

person, humanity comparatively nothing. . . . You are met at the door by the waiter. He measures at a glance your condition. He looks out to see whether you have come in your own carriage with livery, or post it in style. . . . He looks at the hack that you have come in; at the silver you pay for it; at your baggage, dress and deportment, and scores you down accordingly; or, in the pithy language of an Englishman, 'he sets you down as a porter, port-wine and water, or champagne customer at once, and treats you at that rate, until you have fixed your own standard by what you call for.'"

The final step in the transition from sea to land was the assorting and distributing of the letters of credit and of introduction, by which agency a chain of contacts with English society was started which seldom broke before the traveler boarded an outgoing packet and left England, his journey completed. There were three sorts of passports which an American traveling in England in the early part of the nineteenth century felt it desirable to have with him: official passports issued by his government, business letters of introduction on which credit could be established, and, most important of all, letters from distinguished friends to people in England whom the traveler considered desirable and helpful acquaintances.

The first and official form of passport seems to have been either taken for granted or overlooked except during wartime, for there is almost no mention of it in any of these letters and journals. The Alien Office at London had jurisdiction over all travelers arriving from enemy countries. When Irving landed in London from Holland in 1805, he was forced to stay on shipboard until this permission was forthcoming, and others had similar experiences.

A passport stating that the bearer was "attached to a

legation," likewise a great help, was a privilege sometimes stretched to abnormal limits for the sake of convenience or courtesy to a friend. Cooper obtained one of these for Lyons, but his hatred of hypocrisy soon made him relinquish it. The American consul was usually the agency through which a traveler obtained his letters of credit, but a man on a trip for commercial reasons found that a number of such contacts were exceedingly helpful. Godfrey lists nineteen such letters which he took with him, and other travelers had similar collections.

The form of letter which was at once most valuable and most misused was the informal letter of introduction. Like many good things, this custom at the start was an exceedingly useful and pleasant one for both the bearer and the recipient, but never was a privilege more abused. The custom was, immediately upon arrival in a strange city, to go about delivering one's letters from mutual friends at home, and to leave a card at each house, but not to wait to be received at that time. When the ship upon which Irving sailed from Madrid in 1804 was boarded by pirates, the captain ordered him to open his portmanteau so that he might read through his papers, "but as they were chiefly letters of introduction he soon grew tired, and turning to his companion said it was an unprofitable business, that I had letters for all Italy and France, but they were nothing but recommendations."

A letter of introduction soon grew, however, to be little more than a ticket to a private dinner, after which the duties involved in the transaction were fulfilled and the recipient might drop or cultivate the stranger at will. The reason for this state of affairs is satirized by perhaps the most serious offender, Nathaniel Parker Willis, in his story,

Brown's Day with the Mimpsons. "When he did arrive in London, at last," says Willis of his hero, "it was with a budget like the postman's on Valentine's day, and he had only to deliver one letter in a score to be put on velvet on any street or square within the bills of mortality. Sagacious enough to know that the gradations of English society have the facility of a cat's back (smooth enough from the head downward), he began with a most noble duke, and at the date of his introduction to the reader, was on the dinner list of most of the patricians of May Fair."

Willis's own endless chain of introductions, from Landor to Lady Blessington, from her Ladyship to Lord Dalhousie, and so into the intimate circle to which Moore, Campbell, Disraeli, and many others considered it a privilege to belong, is sufficient proof of the fact that his statement is at most but a slight exaggeration, while if further proof were necessary, we have only to add Silliman's account of his chance traveling companion who gave him a circular letter of introduction to twenty or thirty people of his acquaintance, and Cooper's debt to his friend Spencer, who, in spite of a remonstrance, sent letters after him from France to a wide circle of English social and literary fashionables.

This formality performed, one of two things happened. Either the traveler was admitted to the society of the town and took up his residence in private quarters or as a guest of his new found friends, or he saw such sights as he wished to see and continued his journey. The society of Liverpool, notably that centering around the elder Roscoe, was exceedingly cordial to Americans, and this condition frequently prolonged their stay; but where the aims of the traveler were distinctly those of the casual tourist, there was

little to hold him. A visit to the docks, a trip to the botanical gardens, and an inspection of the Athenæum completed the list of sights to be seen, and he took up his journey.

III

"With a confidential friend for his companion, a post chaise for his equipage, and English roads, and English scenery in June beneath and around him, a man must be a cynic indeed, not to be more than satisfied, with everything he casts his eye upon." [5] So said a contented traveler, but it is not always June, the scenery does not always look so attractive in a driving rain, and the crowded, stuffy interior of a coach is not the same matter as the luxury of a chaise. Most of these qualifications are subject to change, but the majority verdict of the American traveler in the early days seems to indicate that touring England was distinctly a pleasure.

English travelers in America spoke with scorn of the dirt roads of the new country, roads in which the lumbering stages sunk well up to their hubs. The Americans, reading the books of these English visitors whom they had entertained, were indignant enough, but when it came to describing the roads of England, they allowed little of their wrath to show. On the contrary, the marked difference is one of the first things noted, and the American is frank, not only to admit, but to bestow unlimited praise upon the all too evident superiority of the roads of England. Macadam had perfected his process by 1811, and by 1820 most of the main highways of England, Scotland, and Wales were in excellent condition, hard and smooth, so that the stage coaches on the post roads seldom stuck in the ruts or

[5] Stewart, I, 51-2.

were delayed by other similar inconveniences. Even before this time, the post roads, although of gravel, were kept in fairly good condition by the broad wheels of dray wagons and by constant repair and grading.

The monarch of these roads was unquestionably the Royal Mail, and many are the glowing descriptions of it and its lesser brothers. Although originally owned and managed by private individuals, the coach system seems to have become very thoroughly organized by the early nineteenth century. Why, with their twelve or more passengers and their luggage on top, these coaches did not upset never ceased to cause astonishment, and the stranger found it exceedingly difficult to work up sufficient courage to take his place with the rest in this precarious position. The stuffiness and darkness of the interior and the unequaled opportunities for seeing the country from the top usually convinced him, however, and he either sat in the choice seat beside the coachman, or on one of those behind.

Riding outside, however precarious it seemed, was altogether delightful in clear weather, but in a hard rain difficulties arose. On one such occasion, says Colton, the passengers "put up umbrellas; that of my neighbor turned a stream of water down my neck, and I with mine turned a current into his lap; we moved a little and took it in another place, and then in another, till we all thought it more equal to take the shower as the clouds dropped it."

The average coach on the cross roads in the country did not exceed seven miles an hour. On the main roads in England, in some instances, ten miles an hour was accomplished. They traveled both by day and night, there being, in 1818, fourteen or fifteen daily between Liverpool and Manchester; but the major part of the traveling was done by day, as it was possible to cover from seventy-five to one hundred miles

in the daylight hours. Such runs as those from Manchester to Birmingham, Portsmouth to London, London to Stratford, London to Oxford, or Bristol to Exeter were usually made in this way, and an entire day given to travel.

Under these circumstances the coach became a world in itself over which the coachman was the undisputed czar. He felt himself to be a gentleman of a particular rank, as one traveler expressed it. Irving's description of him is too familiar to demand quotation. He was a jolly full-faced Englishman, a real John Bull, and his temper, when properly bolstered by the gratuities of his passengers, was equal to almost any occasion. He was a veritable captain of a land vessel, and his autocracy and pride in his craft rivaled only that of his brother of the sea. His portly figure and the bright colors of his costume made the complete picture a feast for the eye.

The guard, although vastly inferior in dignity, frequently indulged in a frock coat of scarlet cloth trimmed with black velvet and gold lace, the king's livery, and carried his blunderbuss in a threatening attitude in order to terrify the highwaymen, who in the early days had been all too numerous on the heaths and moors. Sometimes a couple of horse pistols completed his armament and made safety almost assured. Hold-ups, however, seem to have been infrequent.

If the traveler were too dignified to mix with the common herd, or were sufficiently wealthy to indulge in added comfort at the rate of eighteen pence per mile, he could rent a post chaise and travel alone, or with a single companion in addition to the post boy who rode one of his horses. We are constantly meeting chaises, says Stewart, "with one or more inmates reclining luxuriously amidst silken cushions, absorbed in a book—or, quite as frequently the case, lost in less sentimental oblivion. . . . The carriage ordinarily

hired, at a post house, is a light chariot with seats for two, furnished with glass windows and blinds in front, and in the doors on either side. The post boy, dressed in a gay jacket of red, yellow or blue, with a jockey cap, white pantaloons, or small-clothes and long boots, does not usually drive from a box in front like a coachman, but rides on one of the horses as postillion; and thus, an unobstructed view of the country around, is enjoyed from within." The only disadvantage of this vehicle in preference to the coach was the very isolation from others which it afforded, a condition not welcome to the curious and observant traveler. Occasionally, however, all was not so perfect, for on one instance at least was "our chaise the sorriest vehicle you ever placed foot in; and the roads and scenery little else than a mass of dust."

Whatever the method of travel, stops were frequently made at village inns for a watering or change of horses, for the meat and drink of the coachman and his passengers, or occasionally for an overnight rest when the journey was a long one. These inns varied from the real hotels of the larger town to the Elephant and Castle, the great post center one mile out from London Bridge, where roads, coaches, omnibuses, newsboys, cabs, and most of the vice of the city all came together. The most picturesque, however, as well as the commonest was the old English country inn or tavern, in one of which at Bristol the smell of ammonia from rotting wood was strong enough to be noticeable immediately upon entry.

The universal excellence of the English inns, is, however, almost as frequently and enthusiastically commented upon as that of the roads. When he arrived at Plymouth, Noah was quite astonished at the comforts and attentions which were lavished upon him. "Our hotel was commodious," he

says, "and everything wore the appearance of comfort. It was here, for the first time, we had occasion to observe the difference between American and English taverns, and to draw conclusions not very favorable to our own country. Our host of the King's Arms was called Windsor; he was the most attentive man in the world, always active, obliging, and the very quintessence of politeness; his habits of 'booing and booing' had given him an apparent warp in the back, and he accustomed himself to return thanks so frequently, that he forgot to ascertain whether any order was given or favor bestowed, which required acknowledgments." Irving's description of a similar scene is in his customary mood of reminiscent lip-smacking appreciation. "As we drove into the great gateway of the inn, I saw on one side the rousing light of a kitchen fire beaming through a window. I entered, and admired for the hundredth time, that picture of convenience, neatness, and broad honest enjoyment, the kitchen of an English inn." Hams, flitches of bacon, copper kettles, a well scoured deal table, a cold round of beef, some foaming tankards, and travelers of various sorts, sipping ale or attacking the stout repast, complete his picture.

When the coach pulled up at the door, the coachman invariably deserted it for his own satisfaction at the bar or table, while the passengers hurried in and ordered what they wanted. The time allowed for a "lunch" of beef, pudding, and cheese was usually about fifteen minutes, and one traveler took the head of the table and ordered for the rest. When the time for departure came, the guard sounded the horn and the party rose as a man to take their places on the coach once more.

The event which changed the mode of travel more than

any other was the application of steam to coasting passenger service and to the railroad. Of the latter, those travelers who landed between the years of 1830 and 1835 have much to say, as they find the experience of riding on the new line from Liverpool to Manchester not only novel, but terrifying.

The first important steam railway line in England, from the American traveler's standpoint at least, was that connecting Liverpool with Manchester. "A ride of about two miles brought us to the entrance of the railway," says McLellan in 1831. "Trains of carriages filled the court into which we were ushered. All was bustle. Porters were transferring the baggage from the 'omnibusses' to the cars, whilst gentlemen and ladies were following through the crowd, with a vigilant espionage over their floating property. . . . The railroad commenced just at the mouth of a dark gallery, into which we rapidly darted. We passed on for some time through the dark with fearful velocity, when the daylight began once more to glimmer on us, and we soon were flying along, the green fields on either side of us. It was nearly evening when we started, so that the shade of night soon darkened the scene. The motion was both new and agreeable to me. We scarce seemed to touch the earth, whilst the passing objects appeared to whirl by with dizzy swiftness. Occasionally carriages coming from the other direction shot by us with their sparkling furnaces, leaving a train of smoke and fire behind them. We had scarce time to take note of their presence before they had passed with the *whir* and speed of a rocket; *a mist of wagons and faces,* visible for a moment, then gone. They govern these highly accelerated machines with surprising facility. Their speed is not abated until very near the stopping places, yet they

bring up just before the door, as exactly as if with a coach and horses. We completed the thirty miles in about ninety minutes, including twelve or fifteen stoppages."

Their terrors were not unfounded, however, as an accident recounted by Colton serves to illustrate. This same railroad, he says, carried 2200 passengers a day, each train having ten or eleven cars and a "large luggage car." It ran at the "immense" rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour at times, and the first-class trains carried the passenger the thirty-two miles in one hour and thirty minutes for a fare of five shillings.

The accident occurred half way on the road. The train had been running somewhat irregularly when, he continues, "I looked out at the window, casting my eye forward, and, to my utter horror, I saw the engine off the rails, staggering, pitching, and plunging down the bank!—reluctantly indeed, as if conscious of its charge and responsibility." Overturned at the foot of this six-foot bank, it came to rest, and the cars, all derailed, swung around in a semi-circle, most of them wholly or partially overturned, the fifth car coming up beside the engine and getting the full blast of steam from a broken valve. The passengers were panic-stricken, but none except the engineer was hurt. They were all bundled, bag and baggage, into the last three cars, which were altogether uninjured, and proceeded with a new engine to Manchester, two hours late. The newspapers and the public made absolutely nothing of it, as everybody seemed to conspire to further the interests of the railroad as important to their own. Contemporary accounts of such occasions were therefore rare. Although from that time Colton watched the "little, quick and spiteful engine, spitting a volume of steam at every breath, as if vexed and goaded by its task," with less personal confidence, and felt no "great

passion for trying it again," he still recognized in it the "grandeur of the possible achievements of human art."

Another traveler comments on the extraordinary sight of a "squadron of human beings, all set up straight looking gallantly and much at their ease," and moving at thirty miles an hour across the landscape. The grave of the first railroad victim, a certain Mr. Huskinson, was one of the sights of Liverpool. In another decade, however, Liverpool and London had been connected by rail and the initial terrors of the public were somewhat abated by the added convenience and safety.

The whole problem of getting about in England was, in 1835, in much the same condition as that of crossing the ocean was some five years later. The old form of travel was highly organized, based solidly on a picturesque tradition, and highly developed in comfort and efficiency. As in the case of shipping, it was many years before steam drove these older methods of travel entirely out of use.

IV

In Italy to-day, Rome is the magnet which draws all newcomers; in France, it is Paris; and in England, it is, was, and probably always will be, London. Whether the American landed at Liverpool, Portsmouth, or Gravesend, his first thought was to make all speed for the metropolis, pausing only at those places which were essential to his convenience in traveling, or which the routes of his later tours would not include.

If the landing were made at Gravesend, the journey was a short and disagreeable one through the poorer outlying section of the city and Southwark; if it were from the southern port, the Isle of Wight and Salisbury Plain were usually

lingered over; but if, as was usually the case, the port was Liverpool, the journey was made by rapid stages diagonally across the most interesting and populous section of England. The trip from Liverpool to Birmingham was usually broken at Manchester, although an occasional tourist varied the itinerary by traveling by way of Chester. The next stage was to Oxford by way of Warwick, Stratford, and Blenheim, a part of the trip which was usually taken rather more slowly in order to see the sights of these places—among the most visited in the entire kingdom—and finally the last stage completed the journey to London, through Windsor, the most fashionable suburbs, and the West End of the metropolis.

The novelty of all about him, coupled with that romantic and vague sense of familiarity of which the traveler so often speaks, made the view from the top of the stage one of continuous interest for him, whether he were in the mind to praise or blame. The result is that these first impressions of English scenery and towns are somewhat generalized and inclined to be colored by the sentimental emotions of the moment. The outstanding aspects of the countryside, such as its degree of cultivation and the color of its foliage in comparison with similar scenes at home, the interesting and picturesque differences between an English and an American village, and the smoke in the neighborhood of the large manufacturing towns are the principal objects of comment.

The entrance to London was one of the most impressive moments in an American traveler's experience in England. "On approaching the great city," says Allen, "coaches appear in sight every moment, hurrying swiftly forward as if the drivers were all impressed with the conviction that 'time is short and life uncertain,' and were accordingly all hasten-

ing to accomplish their appointed tasks before their sands run out.—Toiling slowly amid the dust, follow heavily laden carts, and throngs of foot passengers occupy the sidewalks. —When the wheels strike the pavements of the streets of London, the throngs increase, and the tramp of horses' feet, united with the rattling of carriages, becomes incessant. The coachman displays no small share of dexterity in threading the narrow defiles of the crowded streets between the carriage and wagon wheels. . . . The evening having set in, the streets of London appeared brilliantly illuminated by gas. This almost converts night into day."

Common as the experience is, each repetition of it seems to have had its own significance as a moment when previous descriptions broke down before the reality of the scene itself, and each traveler writes of it again as though he were the first.

Once safe at his destination, usually the Belle Sauvage, a hostelry which was so run down as to be little more than a stagecoach station, it became the task of the traveler to thread his way through the maze of slow-moving traffic on the narrow congested streets of the city in order to find lodgings more to his taste. There were many coffee houses—a term applied sometimes to restaurants and sometimes to hotels of the better order—where he might stop, or he might take up his lodgings at a private house in one of the better quarters of the city and dine at a coffee house of a grade suitable to his condition. The favorite location for permanent quarters was in the neighborhood of St. Paul's in the heart of the old city, from which numerous sight-seeing trips could be made with great convenience.

When he was finally settled, the tourist would then look about him and try to keep his way straight through the

confusion of congested London. One of the best ways was to climb the dome of St. Paul's and get a panorama of the whole city. In later times it was necessary to choose a clear day, for the smoke hung low, as it did over most English cities after the invention of steam, but earlier, the whole city, the harbor, and the fashionable West End lay spread in clear array below. Then, in the succeeding days, followed the visits to the Tower and its menagerie, to Greenwich Hospital and Woolwich Arsenal, to the half-finished tunnel under the Thames, to the Bridge, and to the other sights of the great metropolis of the world.

Whatever particular motives the Americans had for coming to England, there was in all of them, as a sort of lowest common denominator, the sight-seeing tourist. The philanthropically inclined were interested in religion and social conditions, the commercial travelers sought out the ugliest and most industrious quarters of the island, the diplomats were forced into society whether they would or not, and the literary men were interested in literary characters; but all alike, when they had spare time for travel, sought out the places of natural beauty and antique sentiment, and all alike were the victims of guide books, stereotyped raptures, and guides. "To an American," says Silliman, "England is all classical ground." And others express the same thought repeatedly. The fact that guide books could be bought as early as 1805 for all important places is not for a moment to be forgotten in the consideration of these travel writings. How much of the enthusiastic description is derived either consciously or unconsciously from the written page, and how much from the crumbling castle or spreading panorama of sea, city, and mountain, may be determined with difficulty, but that a large share was so derived in the average book of travel the most credulous must admit. Irving was the exception rather

than the rule when he professed to like obscure places rather than regular tourist haunts.

The average travel writer—which likewise implies the vast majority—wrote about those things for which he had been prepared by the guide books and which in turn he knew his readers would expect him to mention. How else can the elaborate historical backgrounds, repeated in much the same terms in each successive travel book, of the Rizzio murder at Holyrood, and of the huge monoliths at Stonehenge, be explained? Tourists do not change very much from generation to generation, and the itinerary of a present-day tour of England would have served very well for a Colton, a Stewart, or a Dewey.

"If I were asked what is the great charm about this Old World, and if I wished to generalize the answer," says Dewey, "I should say, *it is antiquity*—antiquity in its castles, its towns, its cathedrals, its cities." Here at least is a motive which was of the times. The newness of America gave the early travelers a point of view on this score, which, if similar to that of present-day tourists in kind, at least differed from them in degree. "An American needs to be abroad, and to sojourn in old, decaying countries, before he can truly appreciate the rising grandeur and political dignity of his own," adds an anonymous traveler in 1835.[6]

After the inevitable stay in London a fair number of the Americans saw the central part of the south of England, especially Salisbury and the Isle of Wight, while a few went as far west as Exeter. Many went to Bath and its neighborhood, but more because it was fashionable to do so than for any genuine tourist motives, while those who penetrated into western Devonshire and Cornwall were invariably on missionary or practical journeys. Wales drew

[6] *Knickerbocker Magazine*, VI, 481.

many for its scenery, but few approached any nearer than the valley of the Wye, unless they were on their way to Ireland and planned to sail from a Welsh port.

The eastern shore of England, including Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, and Sussex, being off any direct tourist routes, and not containing many sights worthy of a side trip, are hardly ever mentioned in these books, while the thickly populated heart of England, from London northwest to Liverpool and due north to York, being main routes of travel, are described over and over again. This was the section of special interest to commercial and scientific travelers because of the existence of great mines in Derbyshire, of the industrial centers of Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Leeds, and of the port of Liverpool.

York, next to London, was the favorite tourist shrine in England proper, chiefly because of its cathedral, which is invariably described at length, whereas Lincoln Cathedral is never mentioned. The English Lakes were also visited by those who had some additional time to spend, whether or not they were interested in their literary associations, and the natural scenery of Cumberland and Westmorland Counties was appreciated by many who thought little or knew little of Wordsworth and Southey.

There were two routes to Scotland, the favorite one being up the east coast, by way of Newcastle, to Edinburgh. The other was by boat from Liverpool to Glasgow, a route far less popular because the American usually hastened to Edinburgh as one of the first objects of his tour. The chief city of Scotland might well be called the American capital of the British Isles because of its close association with American cultural development, a fact which was fully appreciated by the tourist.

After a prolonged stay in the city, the usual trip was

across the island to Glasgow by one of a number of routes, dependent on the length of time to be spent in traveling. The direct route was short and uninteresting, and was taken by few unless the trip was to be prolonged with Glasgow as a center. The more popular method was to go by boat up the Forth, or by coach, to Stirling, from there through those lakes which were especially associated with Scott and his novels, and down to Glasgow.

If, however, a longer tour of Scotland was contemplated, the customary procedure was to go to Stirling, from there due north to Perth, and, on a sweeping tour of the east and north, to stop at Aberdeen, Elgin, and Inverness. At Inverness, the boat down the Caledonian canal, through Loch Ness, Loch Lochy, and Loch Linnhe, brought the traveler finally to Oban; or he might disembark further up in order to go by land across the Grampian Hills and see their innumerable lakes and castles, returning to Glasgow by way of Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond. Only the Quaker missionaries, and very few of them, went further north than Inverness; Scattergood and Savery carried their message through the bleak counties of Sutherland and Caithness and across the water to the Orkney Islands. There was little to invite the tourist in these barren regions, however, and much in the way of discomfort to forbid the venture. If Ireland were to be included in the itinerary, the boat could be taken from Glasgow, Liverpool, or the coast of Wales, and many of the travelers added this journey to their others.

Such was the experience of the typical American tourist in England before the year 1835; but the tourist was not the typical American who found his way to the England of that day. Most travelers crossed the water for some serious purpose—to learn a profession, to observe conditions, to cultivate political, religious, or commercial relationships, or

to mingle in Old World society. Many of them, to be sure, spent some time in sight-seeing for its own sake, but the modern American sojourner abroad did not make his appearance in any great numbers until well into the nineteenth century. It is to these men and women of fixed intent that we must turn for a fuller understanding of the relationships of the two countries in the early days of independence, and, for the time being, leave the tourist to his idle tours.

Chapter II

STUDENTS

School and College—Medicine and Chemistry—Theology —Law—Professors—Scholars

I

Among the many motives which took Americans to England immediately after the Revolutionary War, there was none so pressing as the desire for self-improvement. The colonies had looked to England as the natural source of education in all branches of knowledge, and it was many years before the desire for self-sufficiency in such matters could overcome the precedent set by the immediate past. Jefferson,[1] Noah Webster, and others protested that an independence in such matters was a natural corollary to political freedom and a necessity if America were to have any real independence in the future, but it took from ten to twenty years for the idea to take root. When we consider the superiority of the educational opportunities in England over those in America, and add to this a kinship based on language and material interests, it is surprising that the transition was accomplished even in the space of a quarter century.

Noah Webster's protest was perhaps the most emphatic. In 1788 he wrote an essay on the *Education of Youth in America,* in which he admitted that it might be useful for young men to cross the Atlantic to pursue higher studies, but he insisted that they be as few as possible, and he saw

[1] *Writings,* Washington, 1905, v, 186-8.

no justification for a trip to England for elementary or college courses. Both he and Jefferson based their arguments on the ground that European educations made American youth dissatisfied with the less polished state of society at home, and they both pointed out the dangers from immorality in undergraduate life. Yet behind all their arguments was the plea that America must assert her self-sufficiency in all things, and that education was one of the most important of all matters and therefore a good factor with which to begin.

Strangely enough, the facts seem to indicate the efficacy of these pleas. True, John Quincy Adams was himself educated at Leyden and Paris, and he sent his sons to school at Ealing, near London; Henry Laurens tried both English tutors and schools for his three sons, but finally reached the conclusion that their morals would be safer at Geneva; [2] and the Pinckney brothers studied at Westminster; but they are rather the exception than the rule. Most of these boys were in England only because their fathers were there of necessity, and they naturally went to school there. Even so, the linguistic advantage of studying on the Continent lured many away from England. There were therefore very few Americans of the time, with the exception of the loyalists, who received their elementary education in English schools.

Edgar Allan Poe must likewise be mentioned among the exceptions. His experience is especially interesting as he himself describes an English school in his story of *William Wilson,* no doubt, as Stedman suggests, drawing upon his own youth. John Allan, Poe's foster father, sailed for England in 1815 when Poe was but six years old, and the following five years of the boy's life were spent in the

[2] D. D. Wallace, *Life of Henry Laurens,* N. Y., 1915, pp. 182-97.

secluded grounds of the old White Manor-House School at Stoke Newington, a suburb of London. There he learned to run and leap, to construe Latin and to speak French, and there too he probably absorbed much of that love of romance which so dominated his later writings.

"My earliest recollections of school life," he makes William Wilson say, "are connected with a large, rambling Elizabethan house, in a misty-looking village of England, where were a vast number of gigantic and gnarled trees, and where all the houses were excessively ancient. In truth, it was a dream-like and spirit-soothing place, that venerable old town."

Of the routine life of the school, Poe's other self continues, "The house, I have said, was old and irregular. The grounds were extensive, and a high and solid brick wall, topped with a bed of mortar and broken glass, encompassed the whole. This prison-like rampart formed the limit of our domain; beyond it we saw but thrice a week—once every Saturday afternoon, when, attended by two ushers, we were permitted to take brief walks in a body through some of the neighboring fields—and twice during Sunday, when we were paraded in the same formal manner to the morning and evening service in the one church of the village. Of this church the principal of our school was pastor. With how deep a spirit of wonder and perplexity was I wont to regard him from our remote pew in the gallery, as, with step solemn and slow, he ascended the pulpit." His perplexity was due to the paradoxical vision of the master, of sour visage, ruler in hand, who was within the glossy and clerically flowing robes of the priest. It was in this antique house, with its long, narrow, and dismally low-ceilinged school room, oak-paneled and Gothic windowed, that Poe spent perhaps the most impressionable years of his boyhood. It was not un-

like the schooling which Charles Lamb describes in his *Christ's Hospital,* for, once within the walls of an English school, liberty departed from rich and poor alike. A régime such as this would hardly appeal to the American mind.

It is even more surprising that a similar condition prevailed with respect to college education. In spite of the historic veneration associated with their names, even Oxford and Cambridge drew few students from America. It must be remembered that Cambridge was and still is chiefly noted for theoretical mathematics and Oxford for the classics. Neither of these subjects could have had much appeal for the leaders among the youth of a country rich in natural resources but almost wholly lacking in the advantages of a highly developed civilization. What young America went to England to acquire was knowledge and experience in the professions, in the problems of the economic and industrial world, in religion, literature, and the fine arts. Few Americans omitted a reverential visit to England's two oldest universities, but fewer still looked upon them as suitable places to pursue their own educations.

II

In the matter of education for the professions, the situation was altogether different. The practical ends of education, which so dominate our plans of study to-day, were even more operative in the early days of our independence than they now are. For many years before the war, Americans had trained themselves in medicine, chemistry, theology, and law by study in British institutions, and the war was only partially effective in curbing the practice.

It was natural, therefore, that American eyes should turn to Edinburgh, then the center of scientific training in the

British Isles and the cultural capital of the north as well. The Scottish character was likewise particularly pleasing to the American, and his reception was uniformly cordial. "In open-heartedness," says George Ticknor in 1819, "I imagine it is almost unrivaled. . . . It is a great thing, too, to have so much influence granted to talent as there is in Edinburgh, for it breaks down the artificial distinctions of society, and makes its terms easy to all who ought to enter it, and have any right to be there."

A fuller account of this engaging society is given in an unsigned letter in an early issue of the *North American Review*.[3] "The New Town," says this writer, "which contains about 30,000 people, is the winter residence of a greater part of the rich families in Scotland. The seat of a university, to which 1,800 or 2,000 students annually resort, many of them young noblemen and men of fortune, who add something to the gayety, and little to the industry of the place. This is also the portico, in which several of the most distinguished literary men in Great Britian assemble their disciples. . . .

"The society is then reckoned very literary—it is no pedantry to talk about books—Lord Byron's monthly muse makes conversation for the next month's routs—the young men walk up and down the street with an elegant book under their arm instead of a small stick—the character of the place betrays itself in various other symptoms; and while the fashion of some towns is the most approved arrangement of a dinner party or a drawing room, the prevailing fashion of Edinburgh is for literature. Not that this makes them ceremonious, or takes away a relish for the thousand brilliant trifles and elegancies of life. . . . The carnival begins in the middle of January and lasts to the middle of March.

[3] "Letter to W. P. from Edinburgh," *N. A. Review*, I, 188-91.

This is only two months for the whole year of routs, balls, dinners, theatres, and masquerades; but they thus accumulate into two months all the wit, vivacity, and splendor of the whole twelve. . . . In Edinburgh, making parties is a profession, and as making anything a profession is really half the charm of everything, these two months pass off with great animation and numberless assemblies."

This is the lighter side of Edinburgh life and into these circles the American student was freely admitted. Although all this added to the pleasure of his stay, his primary purpose was usually the study of theoretical medicine or chemistry. As a center of science, Edinburgh's chief fame lay in these two fields. By 1800 the city ranked with London and Paris as a center of medical education. Starting with the first charter granted to the Royal College of Surgeons in July, 1505, she maintained her ascendancy with varying success through the middle of the eighteenth century, at which time the Medical School of the University was second to none for theoretical study. It was about at this time—1760-66—that the first group of young men came from America to England to study medicine, the Philadelphia group which included Morgan, Benjamin Rush, Shippen, and others. These men returned later to found the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, and the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania, where Dr. John Morgan, newly returned from Edinburgh, was appointed "Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physick" in 1765,[4] the first professor of medicine to be appointed in this country.

After the war, the founding of these schools lessened the temptation to study abroad, but a year at Edinburgh was for a long time considered a great asset to any ambitious Ameri-

[4] *Minutes of the Trustees of the College of Philadelphia,* May 3, 1765.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY, NOVEMBER 16, 1789

An etching by David Allan.

can physician. Among the many who made the trip in these later days, those who have left the most complete records of their impressions in the form of diaries and letters are James Jackson, John Shaw, John Collins Warren, Solomon Drowne and John W. Francis. In his *Rambles in Europe in 1839* (1841) and in his lecture on *London Surgeons,* William Gibson recalls some of the impressions of his earlier student days, and Valentine Mott, in his *Travels in Europe and the East* (1842), interlards the records of his later travels in 1835 and 1841 with snatches from his memories of youthful experiences with the great doctors of London and Edinburgh.

The best picture of the life of the medical student at the Scottish University comes, however, from Benjamin Silliman,[5] who, although not a physician, took some of the medical and chemical courses there offered. At the time of his enrollment (1805), there were thirty Americans studying at the University, most of whom were from the South. He took rooms in the old town near the University with the only two other New Englanders he could find, John Codman, later an eminent Congregational minister, and John Gorham, a future professor in what was to become the Harvard Medical School. Silliman, at this time, already held the position of Professor of Chemistry at Yale. "My earliest introduction among men of science was to Dr. Thomas Hope," he writes. "I found him at his house in the New Town, and received a very kind and courteous welcome. After reading the letter of introduction, he turned to me and said, 'I perceive that I am addressing a brother professor.' I bowed, a little abashed; a very young man, as I still was (at the age of 26), thus to be recognized as the peer of a renouned veteran in science."

[5] Cf. *Chapter V.*

The salaries of professors at Edinburgh were, unlike those of Oxford and Cambridge, too small to support the incumbents. The students were therefore required to buy cards of admission, at about three guineas each, for those courses which they wished to attend. By this means and by the publishing of their lectures to be used as texts, both in England and the United States, these professors managed to augment their small incomes to considerable proportions. Silliman reports that Dr. Hope, because of the popularity of his subject, chemistry, because of his own eminence and the excellence of his equipment for experimentation, and perhaps also because he kept bachelor quarters and entertained his colleagues and students extensively, netted an annual income of between four and five thousand dollars. Other popular professors of the same time were Playfair, Wilson, Duncan, Gregory, and Dugald Stewart.

The students at the college might be divided, said the *Scottish Review*[6] about this time, into the bookworms, the butterflies, and those who were cautious and attentive. The second class was in the majority in the University as a whole, but no doubt most of the Americans, having come so far for study, would fall rather into one of the more serious groups. Silliman seems unquestionably to have done so. His day, judging by his own account, was as full as a day may be. "There is scarcely an hour," he writes, "that is not filled with a lecture on some subject, and the difficulty to a stranger who wishes to obtain as much information as possible is, not to know where to begin, but to know where to stop. . . . Take the following as a specimen of academic life in Edinburgh. I rise at seven o'clock and walk several miles before breakfast, which is over about nine o'clock. I then attend a lecture on the practice of medicine, by Dr.

[6] *Analectic Magazine*, I, 384.

Gregory, till ten, and then one by Dr. Hope, on chemistry, till eleven. A walk succeeds and calls where necessary. The study occupies the time till three o'clock P.M.; a lecture on materia medica, by Mr. Murray, succeeds till four o'clock. Dinner is served between four and five o'clock. At six o'clock I hear a lecture on anatomy by Dr. Barclay. At seven o'clock we have tea, and at eight o'clock I hear Mr. Murray on chemistry and mineralogy till nine o'clock. Then I have three hours at my books and pen, and my rule is to stop at midnight, but not unfrequently I am up till one o'clock A.M."

John Shaw, however, was doubtless a butterfly. His account of his activities, which reads very much like Silliman's, would at first tend to give us a rather favorable impression of his seriousness. But he was both a sailor and a poet, and we may find more truth in his rimed farewell to this city of learning than in his prose letters home:

> And when brighter days shall again shed their beams on me,
> Home and its comforts display'd to my view,
> Kind love and friendship domestic restor'd to me,
> Sweet hope adorning my prospects anew;
> Still shall I think of you, maidens of Edinburgh!
> Still at remembrance my bosom shall swell;
> Oft shall the thought, o'er the wide ocean wandering,
> Mourn for the maids whom I now bid farewell.

Observation and study in the hospitals of London also were then considered advisable for the American physician. In 1784, Dr. Solomon Drowne, who had graduated from the University of Pennsylvania three years before, sought London and Paris "not so much to gain political knowledge as philosophic; and for improvement in the important art of medicine." He visited Dr. Lettsom, inspected all the most important hospitals, took a trip to Oxford, and spent

many of his evenings at the theater, where he saw Mrs. Siddons more than once. Among the most interesting of his experiences was the witnessing of Count Zambecanni's second balloon ascension in Great Britain. It was very cold at Tottenham Court Road, where the attempt was to be made, but, in spite of a flurry of snow, the balloon finally cleared and ascended "in a sublime and astonishing manner." It traveled thirty-six miles in something more than an hour. The prospectus had stated that a lady and gentleman were to accompany the pilot, but when the time came, the basket was found to be too small and the lady, much to her disappointment, was left to view the spectacle from the ground. Dr. Drowne preserved a most interesting circular advertising this flight, together with cards of tradesmen, of hospitals, and of the British Museum, which are now in the possession of Mr. Henry Russell Drowne, of New York.

John Collins Warren and James Jackson also spent a large part of their time abroad in the hospitals of London. It was here that Jackson studied vaccination, in the development of which in America he had so large a share. His trip was more or less an accident. He had already a fair medical education as a student at Harvard, and as an apprentice to Dr. Holyoke for several years. He had no intention of going abroad until his brother, a sea captain, offered him a free trip in 1799. The ship was small and Jackson recounts in some detail the hardships of the passage and the dangers, especially in the Channel, where attacks by the French were constantly threatening. He arrived safely, however, and proceeded to London, where he met Warren, and the two of them continued their studies at Guy's, St. Thomas's, and other London hospitals. Jackson himself tells little of their experiences, but Warren, who had ar-

rived earlier the same year with the express purpose of making the most of his opportunities in London, Edinburgh, and Paris, goes into greater detail: "I have been universally advised to attend the hospitals in the first place," he writes, "whether I go to Edinburgh or not; and have determined to do that next week. There are two kinds of students in the hospitals; the one called 'dressers,' and the other 'walkers.' The first have the advantage of practicing on all the simple surgical cases, and dressing all wounds themselves; the others merely see what is done. Of course, the former have vastly the greatest opportunities; but the expense is likewise double, as the walker pays £25 and the dresser £50. . . . There are good lectures on almost all branches distinct from the hospitals. Every moment of time which can be spared from surgery and dissections, I shall devote to them. . . . The people here look for facts; they trust no theory, but experiment is their only creed," he says further, and one cannot help recalling Dr. John Hunter's remark to Physick's father when Physick presented himself to the older man for training in medicine.[7] The senior Physick asked what books he should buy for his son's use. "Here, Sir," said Hunter, "follow me," and he led them into the dissecting room. "These are the books which your son will learn under my direction; the others are fit for very little."

Such an extensive practice of dissection led to the trade of the resurrection men and to other evils. Warren recounts one case where a hungry beggar procured some bread and stuffed it down his throat with such haste that he choked and fell dead in the street. A resurrection man, passing, claimed the man for a brother and was allowed to take the body to St. Thomas's where he obtained a good price for it.

[7] W. E. Horner, *Philip Syng Physick*, Phila., 1838, p. 9.

Sometimes there would be twelve or fifteen bodies in the theater of this hospital, with young men at work on all of them doing different things.

Warren likewise tells something of his life in London: "My residence, while at Guy's Hospital, was in St. Thomas Street, close to the hospital. I lived at a cork-cutter's and had two small rooms on the third story,—one front and one rear. I lived in the usual manner of medical students; that is, entirely by myself. Food being provided by the landlady, I took it in my room. We breakfasted at nine, dined at three, and drank tea irregularly. My time was wholly occupied at the hospital; and, of course, there was no great tedium. In the morning, I went through my dressings; at noon attended Clive and [William] Cooper's lectures; dissected in the afternoon; and wrote off my notes at night. . . . Saturday or Sunday I often dined out, and particularly at Mr. Gore's, a commissioner in London. . . . Sometimes I went to the theater, in the evening, to see Mrs. Siddons or Mr. Kemble."

William Cooper was, in his day, at the head of his profession, but he was succeeded by his nephew, Astley Cooper, who reversed his uncle's theory of allowing nature to take her course, and gained the respect of all American students by his spectacular successes both in operations and in research. Mott and Gibson studied under him and both visited him again on their later travels. Gibson's picture of him is perhaps the better. He speaks of him as "The Wellington of British Surgery. . . . Imagine a tall, elegantly formed man," he continues, "moderately robust, with a remarkably pleasing and striking countenance, red, as fresh as a rose, apparently about fifty-eight or sixty years of age, but, in reality, above seventy, [this was in 1839] very agile and graceful in all his movements, simply, but handsomely

attired, with the spirit and vivacity, and bearing of a youth, with, in short, no marks of advanced age, except a head as white as the driven snow,—and a very just conception may be formed of the appearance of Sir Astley Cooper."

Among these later medical students was likewise John Wakefield Francis,[8] who was in England on a double mission in 1816. He had been associated for several years with Dr. David Hosack, the botanist and obstetrician, in New York, in the publication of the *American Medical and Philosophical Monthly*, and it was while on a mission in England for Dr. Hosack that he improved his opportunities for making contact with various scientific and literary men and for engaging in a course of study under Abernethy. During the early days of his stay, he seems to have had trouble in procuring sufficient funds for his needs through lack of knowledge of how to obtain credit. "Frequently," he writes to Charles King on November 9, 1815, "the intellectual has been gratified at the expense of the bodily powers; the eye has enjoyed a lord mayor's feast while the gastric region has done penance by fasting."

Nevertheless, he visited many seaports and manufacturing towns, castles and towers, churches and tombs, hospitals and madhouses, observing, touring, and collecting books. Among others, he met Sir Joseph Banks, and he succeeded in having his patron, Hosack, made an honorary F.R.S.

Like other Americans, he found Edinburgh more to his liking than any other English city. It had, he writes to Hosack, January 21, 1816, "so many attractions to one who has the least desire of knowledge" that he found it hard to get away from, and in a more personal letter written the next day he says: "'Tis very fashionable in Edinburgh to convene friends together in the evening at what is called

[8] Ms. letters and papers in the possession of the N. Y. Public Library.

supper. . . . These social parties are uncommonly interesting and, tempered with a little warm toddy of highland whiskey, even the dormouse is converted into the lark." He ate hardly a meal at his own lodgings and between times examined "the cabinets of science" or attended lectures.

Thus our earlier American doctors learned in England and Scotland principles which rest as foundations to the practice of medicine in this country. As the medical centers of the continent outdistanced those of England in the succeeding years and as American medical schools and hospitals gradually increased in excellence, fewer and fewer Americans sought London and Edinburgh for advanced medical education. Time and energy had made the pleas of Jefferson and Webster effective in this one line at least.

III

It has been noted that John Codman was studying theology at Edinburgh at the same time that Silliman was there. English instruction in this subject does not seem to have been as popular with Americans nor as systematized as it was in some others, but nevertheless numerous Americans journeyed over to attend lectures in its various branches.

A decade or more earlier, in the summer of 1791, John Mitchell Mason, the son of an eminent Scottish Presbyterian minister who had emigrated to America thirty years before, went to Scotland after a preliminary study under his father's guidance. It was natural, therefore, that he should have chosen Edinburgh as the seat of his studies. Among other wise injunctions, the father instructed his son to "say little about your own country. Speak respectfully of the British government, avoid controversy about the late contest between Britain and the United States, and do not directly or

indirectly advise mechanics or farmers to leave the British dominions." This advice was very carefully followed if we may judge by the respectful and almost devout letters which were returned to America. Mason proceeded quietly on his way, was hospitably received by his uncle, a respectable merchant of the city, attended the lectures of Dugald Stewart and others, and kept a careful watch on the vicissitudes of his spiritual state. His stay would have been longer had not the sudden death of his father the next year recalled him hurriedly to his home with such profit as he had had time to acquire.

The most interesting, as well as tragic, record of this sort, however, is that of Henry B. McLellan, who went to Edinburgh for much the same purposes many years later. Born in 1810, he was twenty-one when he went abroad, a graduate of Harvard, to study theology. Of religious nature, his interests were in no one sect exclusively, but rather in an investigation of the whole state of religious thought in Scotland and in his own mind. He therefore tasted of all forms of worship and visited many churches, the meetings of the Quakers excepted. His chief sympathy was, however, with the Scottish Establishment. Conservative in religion and politics, and yet youthful in viewpoint, he gives a rather unusual picture of the religious life and education of Edinburgh in his diary, the *Journal of a Residence in Scotland* (1834), published soon after his death. He was stricken with typhus fever immediately upon his return in 1832.

His most illuminating comment upon student life at Edinburgh is his criticism of the disrespect of the students for their professors. On one occasion he attended a lecture by Professor Hope, at which four or five hundred students were present, cheering and hissing at their pleasure; and on another he rejoiced in a fine burst of eloquence from Pro-

fessor Wilson, the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's*, against such behavior. He adds: "The conduct of some of these young men is frequently very unbecoming the refinement of scholars and gentlemen. Often I have seen them with an air of flippant disrespect to the courtesies of company, and to the claims of scholarship, remain with their hats on during a whole lecture with an assurance unbecoming the aspirant for the honors of a university. This though not palliated by, is much to be ascribed to the faults of the system."

It was at a party at Wilson's later that he heard much talk of DeQuincey and of his stay of eleven months at the home of the Scottish professor. "He was up all night," says McLellan, "in bed during the day—lived much on coffee! After taking opium was very often tedious—gave the greatest importance to trifles. 'I got up twenty-three minutes and a half after seven,' etc., then describing in the most minute and pompous manner all that followed up to the particular moment in question."

He also tells of a visit to Coleridge in his latter days at Highgate. "I was impressed with the strength of his expression," he says, "his venerable locks of white, and his trembling frame. He remarked that he had for some time suffered much bodily anguish. For many months (thirteen) seventeen hours each day had he walked up and down his chamber. I inquired whether his mental powers were affected by such suffering. 'Not at all,' said he 'my body and head appear to hold no connection; the pain of my body, blessed be God, never reaches my mind.' . . . Speaking of the state of the different classes of England, he remarked, 'We are in a dreadful state; care like a foul hag sits on us all; one class presses with iron foot upon the wounded heads beneath, and all struggle for a worthless supremacy, and all

to rise to it move shackled by their expenses; happy, happy are you to hold your birthright in a country where things are different; you, at least at present, are in a transition state; God grant it may ever be so!' "

At Southampton, he found the whole town in an uproar, due to a local election. "Directly by where I was standing, a large hogshead of beer was brought out, the crowd collected round, and a few blows were given on the head of the cask, which laid it open to the invasions of the thirsty and rapacious mob. I heard one girl crying, 'Father! father! run, run, there's the people all drinking and getting the beer 'fore we comes in for our share. Father! I say won't you never go in the lucky time?' Father, however, turns it over to a son, who already half drunk, rushes off with a pail, to fight for his share of the beverage."

The matter to which McLellan's attention was most frequently turned, however, was the state of religion in the homes and in the various churches he visited. He was much impressed by the pre-breakfast devotion, which, he felt, gave a noble character to ordinary human relationships.

Among the churches he attended were the Episcopal, where he "received great pleasure in mingling with the 'great congregation' in the solemn responses of confession and entreaty to the Majesty on High. . . . May God bless such faithful ministrations everywhere." At the Catholic church, he borrowed a pair of opera glasses from his neighbor and turned them upon the silk crimson curtains of the royal pew through which was occasionally revealed the disagreeable countenance of the banished king of France; and at the Jewish synagogue he saw handsomely dressed gentlemen and old-clothes dealers "united very harmoniously in the chanting of the scriptures and the talmud."

Of both the English and Scottish Establishments he was critical, especially of the former, on account of its corruptions from wealth. With the Scottish church, he had far more sympathy, and he found that it was very nearly what it ought to be, due to the stability and reverence inherent in the national character. Particularly he admired "their love and reverence for old forms." Among the Scottish clergy no one excited more of his admiration than did Dr. Chalmers. To McLellan, this minister seemed the most important man in Edinburgh, and on one occasion the younger man was honored by an invitation to take breakfast with him.

There was perhaps no more inquiring mind among the Americans who came to study at the Scottish capital than this young student of theology. He mingled keen perception and criticism with warm sympathy, and he investigated as well as observed the state of affairs about him. Perhaps his attitude is best revealed in his comments upon the poverty and the sharp differentiation of classes, of which he saw the evidences on all hands: "An Englishman," he remarks, "so far as respects his enjoyment of what is beautiful, is disciplined into an entire disregard for these elements, which enter into the texture of their social system, to dim its glory . . . but it stares an American in the face in every street."

The theological training in the English Establishment was acquired chiefly at Oxford and Cambridge, but few Americans availed themselves of the opportunity. Much the same thing was true of the schools of the various dissenting sects at Homerton, Highbury, Hoxton, Rotheran, Axminster, Wrexham, Bristol, Stepney, and York.[9]

[9] Humphrey, 1, 282-3.

IV

One's first impression, upon examining the lists of American students in England, is that there were almost more in law than in any other advanced subject. There are, however, certain curious facts regarding these lists.[10] An examination of them reveals that, of the something over two hundred American-born members of the Inns of Court before 1815, more than half were admitted between the years 1750 and 1775, and that practically all of the remaining entered before 1795. They likewise show that by far the majority of these men came from the states south of Maryland, and that almost all of those who were enrolled during the war were loyalists. On the other hand, some of the greatest of our early statesmen, notably the Pinckneys, had their early training at the London courts before the war.

There are several factors which may account for this curious state of affairs, but probably the dominant one was that which arose directly from the English social attitude toward the legal profession. The law was considered the proper vocation for the younger sons of the nobility, and the spirit of the English society was more directly and accurately reflected in South Carolina and the other southern states than in other parts of the colonies. In the north, the general attitude was, for the most part, sharply antagonistic to this aristocratic spirit. It is, therefore, not surprising that the majority of the American law students came from the then far south.

In addition to this attitude, it was rather expected that a man who was once a member of one of the Inns would be so always and would practice in England. An interesting example of the complications to which this circumstance led is

[10] E. A. Jones, *American Members of the Inns of Court*, London, 1924.

to be found in the excuse submitted by two Philadelphia lawyers, Benjamin Chew and William Rawle, when they were asked for their arrears in dues a number of years after their return to America. They submitted that they "were merely admitted to the society [of the Middle Temple] for the purpose of deriving that benefit from an intercourse with professional men to which an induction into an Inn of Court naturally introduced them, and that when they left England they presumed they ceased to be members." They were excused after they had paid up to date.

Rawle has left a brief and somewhat stilted record of his sojourn in London.[11] Although all his relations and connections were loyalists, he kept aloof from the revolutionary struggle and went to England in 1781 to study there for one year. When it was suggested to him that he apply for a royal pension, as did other loyalists, in return for the loss of his lands in America, he refused to avail himself of the privilege because he felt that, although not actively in sympathy with the American cause, his passive loyalties had been always with the colonies. Later he was rewarded by becoming one of Philadelphia's most prominent jurists of his day and by his election as first president of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

His reasons for going to London likewise were passive. "Two or three years' study in the Temple," he explained, "will qualify me for the bar; and if at the expiration of that time, things should not be settled in America, (which, however, is an improbable thought,) I can then by engaging a little in practice, prevent myself from forgetting what I have already acquired."

During his stay, he entertained himself chiefly by reading Hume's *History* and on one occasion he attended a perform-

[11] T. I. Wharton, *Memoir of William Rawle,* Phila., 1840.

ance of the *Beggar's Opera* in which women took the parts of men and men of women, an exhibition, he remarks, "such as one would suppose, none but a depraved taste would have thought of, and a vitiated age received. . . . The royal family appeared perfectly pleased with it." He was mildly critical of the English character and was filled with compassion at the plight of the loyalists, in which he, at least in part, shared, but he felt himself to be rather in the position of a man without a country, and he saw little future for his career in either nation.

The practice, therefore, of going to England for advanced study in the professions steadily declined from 1775 during the entire period of fifty years following. By 1800, the number of young American students in England was small, and before the next twenty or thirty years had passed, those who continued the practice were notable chiefly as exceptions to the general rule.

V

This stemming of the flood of American students to European schools and colleges must not be taken to imply that America had suddenly become altogether self-sufficient in educational matters. It merely meant that, instead of many students going abroad, each with his own cup to be filled with knowledge, teachers now made the trip with gallon jugs, and brought the priceless liquor home with them for distribution.

By 1800 most of the now flourishing large universities and special schools of the seaboard states were well established. Harvard dates her founding from 1636 and the others from various years in the 18th century. Most of these "universities," however, were of an almost primitive

character. Their special schools often occupied a single room in the college building, their libraries another, their faculties could be counted on one hand, and their entire student bodies were about the equivalent of average college classes of to-day. Nevertheless, America had her institutions of higher education, and the next problem was how to provide faculties and equipment of such quality as to keep American students at home. There were three steps in the handling of this question: first, educators, chiefly in the sciences, went abroad to collect books and "philosophical," or scientific, instruments for their libraries and laboratories; second, newly appointed professors in the arts were given a year or two for study in European centers of learning before taking up their duties; and third, independent research workers went abroad for special investigations in the libraries and museums of England and the Continent, or for the observation and study of foreign educational methods. The first step took place in the first decade of the century, the second followed soon thereafter, and the third started about 1825 and has continued down to the present time. It is interesting to note in this connection, the general return to the idea of foreign study through exchange scholarships and professorships since the recent war.

The older universities took the lead in this movement of the new century, Yale in the sciences with Benjamin Silliman, and Harvard in the arts with George Ticknor and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; but the founders of Dartmouth, Bowdoin, Trinity College (Conn.), Transylvania University (Ky.), and several others were not far behind in following this most worthy fashion. Even as early as the time of Franklin, the need of depending upon Europe for books and instruments had been keenly felt. Franklin was constantly buying such equipment in France, England,

and elsewhere for himself, for his friends, and for the Ameriman Philosophical Society, the University of Pennsylvania, and others of the many educational foundations in which he had an interest.

In 1797, similarly, Dr. Nathan Smith bought in Edinburgh for Dartmouth Medical School and "sent home to the college library medical books to the value of thirty pounds sterling and brought with him apparatus for anatomy, surgery, and chemistry which he deemed indispensable for commencing the proposed medical institution." [12] He did this, however, at his own expense, hoping that the college would purchase this equipment from him. Others did the same, but it was not until 1805 that the colleges took sufficiently active interest in the matter to send their own delegates abroad. In that year the naturalist, William D. Peck, went from Harvard, and the chemist, Benjamin Silliman, from Yale.

Silliman's explanation of the reasons for his trip will illustrate the general attitude: "The Trustees of Yale College, in the autumn of 1804," he says, "appropriated a sum of money for the enlargement of their library, and philosophical and chemical apparatus; and they determined on sending an agent to Europe, for the purpose of making the contemplated collections. I was commissioned to execute this trust, and was allowed to avail myself of such opportunities as might occur, for acquiring information, especially in chemistry, which it was my duty to teach, in the institution with which I am connected."

Among the others who made similar trips were William Cranch Bond in behalf of the Harvard observatory in 1815, Nathaniel Sheldon Wheaton in behalf of Transylvania University in 1823, George Gibbs, the mineralogist, whose col-

[12] E. A. Smith, *Life of Nathan Smith,* New Haven, 1914, p. 20.

lection was bought for Yale through the efforts of Silliman, Drs. Solomon Drowne and Charles Caldwell, both professors of Materia Medica, the one at Brown, the other at Transylvania, John Torry, the botanist, and Frederick Hall, the mathematician. These are sufficient to show how general the practice was becoming during these early years of the century.

It was not long before the studies on the arts side of the calendar followed in the footsteps of the sciences. In 1815, we find George Ticknor, of Boston, giving up the practice of law, for which he had qualified himself, and setting out for Europe with the general plan of studying modern languages and literatures on the Continent and in England. At the same time, William H. Prescott, the historian, and Edward Everett, the orator, both close friends of Ticknor, sailed for Europe, the latter on the same Liverpool packet on which Ticknor left, April 16, 1815. Joseph G. Cogswell, the bibliographer and Harvard librarian, in Europe at the same time, studied and traveled with one or another of this group on several occasions, and returned in 1820, like Ticknor, to a professorship at Harvard. Prescott, being newly stung by that affliction which caused the loss of his eyes, did little more than haunt the bookshops and longingly turn over the books which he was forbidden to read, but Ticknor and Everett, especially the former, were thoroughly alive and have left vivid records of their impressions. Most of the actual studying of these men was, however, confined to continental centers of learning; England was to them chiefly a field for recreation and general culture.

The temptation to quote generously from Ticknor's letters and journals is great. Young, handsome, active of mind and body, cultivated in the best society of which America could boast, and educated in law and letters, he was, at the

age of twenty-three, admirably fitted to realize the maximum advantages of such a trip as he proposed. "Few young men," said a fellow traveler in 1819,[13] "have ever left the United States, better qualified by their previous education, to profit by the tour of Europe, and few, I will venture to say, have left behind them more favorable impressions." His purpose in going abroad was to broaden his general education and to collect a private library. He was already on familiar terms with educated and cultured men in America, and he had made up his mind that education was better and more easily acquired through such contacts and by visits to foreign lands than through any amount of study. It was in this fashion that he sought that "electric principle that gives life to the dead mass of inefficient knowledge, and vigor and spirit to inquiry." His appointment to a professorship of French and Spanish literatures at Harvard, which he accepted *in absentia* in 1817, only served to intensify and give fuller meaning to his original plan and point of view.

It is because of this desire to meet all the distinguished men in every walk of science and art that his travel writings so abound in vivid and significant passages. In describing character he is adept, and a single visit to a man of distinction furnished him often with sufficient material for a complete pen portrait of great accuracy and vitality. Statesmen, actors, literary men and women, all sat for his pen.

He describes Lord Brougham as "about thirty-eight, tall, thin and rather awkward, with a plain and not very expressive countenance, and simple or even slovenly manners." . . . However, he continues, "he listens carefully and fairly—and with a kindness that would be provoking, if it were not genuine—to all his adversary has to say, but when

[13] Griscom, II, 542-3.

his time comes to answer, it is with that bare, bold, bullion talent which either crushes itself or its opponent. . . . Yet I suspect the impression Brougham generally leaves is that of a good-natured friend."

He comments on the quiet and peace of Wilberforce and his house, but is penetrating enough to note that "his benevolence has so long been his governing principle, that he lends his ear mechanically to all who address him," seldom taking a leading part in the conversation. Sir James Mackintosh he finds "a little too precise, a little too much made up in his manner and conversation. . . . As a part of a considerable literary society, however, he discourses most eloquent music, and in private . . . he is mild, gentle and entertaining."

He expresses his admiration for Sir Humphry Davy, and for the Liverpool banker and scholar, William Roscoe, with the same critical penetration. Of Sydney Smith, the originator of the *Edinburgh Review,* he says, "I never saw a man so formed to float down the stream of conversation, and, without seeming to have any direct influence upon it, to give it his own hue and charm;" and of Smith's rival, Gifford, of the *Quarterly,* he says, "I found him a short, deformed, an ugly little man, with a large head sunk between his shoulders, and one of his eyes turned outward, but, withal, one of the best-natured, most open and well-bred gentlemen I have met."

Passing near Warwick, he went out of his way four miles to Hatton in order to see the Latin scholar, Dr. Parr, then seventy years of age, who looked to him "somewhat like his old friend Dr. Johnson,—wears just such a coat and waistcoat, and the same kind of dirty bob-wig,—and rolls himself about in his chair, as Boswell tells us Johnson did."

In general Ticknor preferred the polished to the more gen-

uine sorts of literary circle. Rogers he found "one of the most delightful men a stranger can see in London" because his "conversation was in keeping with his establishment, full of the past." He understood Campbell better, however, and saw through the idyllic poet at Sydenham, in his "pleasant little box" and with his "bonny little Scotchwoman" for a wife, the more tragic picture of a man who "labors under the burden of an extraordinary reputation, too easily acquired, and feels too constantly that it is necessary for him to make an exertion to satisfy expectation."

Ticknor was not quite so much at home with the kindly but bohemian circle of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Hunt. Hazlitt he visited at his rooms in the house formerly occupied by Milton and later by Jeremy Bentham. "Excepting his table," he says, "three chairs, and an old picture, this enormous room was empty and *un*occupied. It was whitewashed, and all over the walls he had written in pencil short scraps of brilliant thoughts and phrases, half-lines of poetry, references, etc., in the nature of a commonplace-book. His conversation was much of the same kind, generally in short sentences, quick and pointed, dealing much in allusions, and relying a good deal on them for success; as, when he said, with apparent satisfaction, that Curran was the Homer of blackguards, and afterwards, when the political state of the world came up, said of the Emperor Alexander, that 'he is the Sir Charles Grandison of Europe!' On the whole he was more amusing than interesting, and his nervous manner shows that this must be his character."

"The true way, however," he continues, "to see these people [and there may be a note of scorn in the term], was to meet them all together, as I did once at dinner at Godwin's, and once at a convocation, or 'Saturday Night Club,' at Hunt's, where they felt themselves bound to show off

and produce an effect; for then Lamb's gentle humor, Hunt's passion, and Curran's volubility, Hazlitt's sharpness and point, and Godwin's great head full of cold brains, all coming into contact and conflict, and agreeing in nothing but their common hatred of everything that has been more successful than their own works, made one of the most curious and amusing *olla podrida* I ever met.

"The contrast between these persons . . . and the class I was at the same time in the habit of meeting at Sir Joseph Banks's on Sunday evening, at Gifford's, at Murray's Literary Exchange, and especially at Lord Holland's, was striking enough. As Burke said of vice, that it lost half its evil by losing all its grossness, literary rivalship here seemed to lose all its evil by the gentle and cultivated spirit that prevailed over it, and gave it its own hue and coloring."

Among his numerous other portraits are those of Mary Russell Mitford in her cottage, and of Mrs. Siddons, dignified and masculine, sitting beside the graceful and delicate Lady Byron at the Byron home. He called on the Byrons a number of times, having been first introduced by Gifford. He never bettered the record of his first impression, however, because the poet was then (in 1815) at the height of his powers and popularity, before his separation from his wife and his ostracism from London society. "Instead of being deformed, as I had heard," says Ticknor, "he is remarkably well built, with the exception of his feet. Instead of having a thin and rather sharp and anxious face, as he has in his pictures, it is round, open, and smiling; his eyes are light, and not black; his air easy and careless, not forward and striking; and I found his manners affable and gentle, the tones of his voice low and conciliating, his conversation gay, pleasant, and interesting in an uncommon degree. I stayed with him about an hour and a half, during which the con-

versation wandered over many subjects. He talked, of course, a great deal about America; wanted to know what was the state of our literature, how many universities we had, whether we had any poets whom we much valued, and whether we looked upon Barlow as our Homer. He certainly feels a considerable interest in America, and says he intends to visit the United States; but I doubt whether it will not be indefinitely postponed, like his proposed visit to Persia. I answered to all this as if I had spoken to a countryman, and then turned the conversation to his own poems, and particularly to his *English Bards,* which he has so effectually suppressed that a copy is not easily to be found. He said he wrote it when he was very young and very angry; which, he added, were 'the only circumstances under which a man would write such a satire.' . . . He gave great praise to Scott; said he was undoubtedly the first man of his time, and as extraordinary in everything as in poetry, —a lawyer, a fine scholar, endowed with an extraordinary memory, and blessed with the kindest feelings." Twenty years later he called on Lady Byron and found a gentle and saddened lover of charity in the once beautiful but imprudently prudish Annabella Milbanke.

Ticknor saw Wordsworth at Rydal in 1819, and again at Ambleside in 1835. "I was at home with them at once," he says of his first visit, "and we went out like friends together to scramble up the mountains, and enjoy the prospects and scenery. . . . It was best of all, though, to see how he is loved and respected in his family and neighborhood. . . . The peasantry treated him with marked respect, the children took off their hats to him, and a poor widow in the neighborhood sent for him to come and talk to her son, who had been behaving ill."

In spite of the fact that his second visit with the family

followed close upon the death of Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, the mortal illness of Dorothy, and the sickness of Wordsworth's daughter, Ticknor was received "with entire kindness." "Wordsworth," he says, "was very agreeable. He talked about politics, in which his views are very gloomy. He holds strongly and fondly, with an affectionate feeling of veneration, to the old and established in the institutions, usages, and peculiarities of his country, and he sees them all shaken by the progress of change. His moral sensibilities are offended, his old affections are wounded, his confidence in the future is disturbed. But though he talks about it as if it were a subject that oppresses him, he talks without bitterness, and with the large and flowing eloquence which marks his whole conversation. . . . He was very curious too about our institutions in America, and their effect upon society and character, and made many shrewd as well as kind remarks about us; but is certainly not inclined to augur well of our destinies, for he goes upon the broad principle that the mass of any people cannot be trusted with the powers of government."

Southey he likewise saw on both trips, both times at Keswick. "He is certainly an extraordinary man," he says in 1819, "one of those whose character I find it difficult to comprehend, because I hardly know how such elements can be brought together, such rapidity of mind with such patient labor and wearisome exactness, so mild a disposition with so much nervous excitability, and a poetical talent so elevated with such an immense mass of minute, dull learning. He considers himself completely an author by profession, and therefore, as he told me, never writes anything which will not sell, in the hours he regularly devotes to labor. . . . After all, however, my recollections of Southey rest rather on his domestic life and his character as a man, for here

he seems to me to be truly excellent." In 1835, he says of him: "Southey was natural and kind, but evidently depressed, much altered since I saw him fifteen years ago, a little bent, and his hair quite white."

It was Scott, however, upon whom Ticknor called with the greatest feeling of reverence, as did Americans generally. He found him "in the ascendant now in Edinburgh." He continues, "I look upon him to be quite as remarkable in intercourse and conversation, as he is in any of his writings, even in his novels." He saw much of him socially in Edinburgh and, one morning, Scott proposed a walk. "He carried me round and showed me the houses of Ferguson, Blair, Hume, Smith, Robertson, Black, and several others, telling, at the same time, amusing anecdotes of these men, and bringing out a story for almost every lane and close we passed." Soon after this he visited Scott at Abbotsford and gives a fairly complete narrative of his stay, which is a parallel in many respects to those of Willis, Irving, and others.

It was Scott, too, that Edward Everett, in looking back over his European experiences from the standpoint of many years later, chose as subject for two of his *Mt. Vernon Papers* (1860). Everett was in Europe at the same time as Ticknor, studied at Göttingen, as did the latter, and traveled in England for his self-improvement with much the same point of view Ticknor held. His trip was likewise primarily for study, in preparation for the chair of Greek literature at Harvard, to which he had previously been appointed.

There is scarcely a better picture of Scott at Abbotsford than that which he gives in 1818. It is the portrait of a Scottish country gentleman drawn from life, a scholar yet a man of his family, surrounded by the scenes he loved

best, and warmed by his pride in his wholesome and intelligent children. Everett took walks with the family and stayed at Abbotsford for some time, as did every one who came there, and left with a genuine sense of gratitude for the kindest of hospitality. Many years later, in 1844, after the death of Sir Walter, he again visited Abbotsford and records the melancholy change that had come over it in the interval.

Among the other men of prominence who were sent abroad from Harvard in anticipation of faculty appointments, were the historian, George Bancroft, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. President Kirkland explained in Bancroft's letter of introduction that his friends had procured the means to send him abroad in order that he might "attend especially to philology, the ancient languages and Oriental literature, that he may thus be qualified to pursue theological studies to the greatest benefit, to give instruction as any opening may occur and invite, and become an accomplished philologian and biblical critic, able to expound and defend the Revelation of God." The trip was made, but the traveler's inclination was in another direction, and he devoted his life to expounding and defending instead the excellences and weaknesses of man.

Longfellow had the advantages of two such appointments, one at Bowdoin and the other at Harvard, both of them accompanied by trips abroad, the first in 1826 and the second in 1835. By far the major portion of his journeys and practically all of his writings were devoted to the continental countries. He stayed in London in 1835, and, armed with an introduction from Emerson, he called upon the Carlyles, only to find that Mr. Carlyle "has very unpolished manners and a broad Scottish accent, but such fine language and beautiful thoughts that it is truly delightful

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS

An engraving by John Sartain of an imaginary scene at Abbotsford, painted by Thomas Faed.

to listen to him," and that Mrs. Carlyle was "very talented and accomplished." There is lacking in these comments that urbanity which gives vividness to the similar records of Ticknor, who was his predecessor in the chair of modern languages at Harvard.

VI

Never far behind, and often identical with, the teacher is the scholar, the man who devotes his life to conducting investigations which add to the sum of human knowledge. American scholarship has always kept pace with her development along other intellectual lines, and in this first half century she produced at least two scholars of world reputation in two nearly allied fields, Jared Sparks in history and Noah Webster in philology. In the sciences she boasted many original thinkers and investigators, but none more important than the French-born John James Audubon.

The historian of necessity delves into the past, and the American scholar did not have to go back very far before he realized the close affinity between England and America in all matters of heritage. It is somewhat ironical therefore that Webster, who spoke so strongly against the education of American youth in England should be among the first of American scholars to seek British aid for his efforts and to go for necessary data to England in 1825, taking his son, William, with him. Like many another of his kind, however, he was too modest to push himself forward and he met with comparatively little encouragement. He was at Cambridge for some time before the scholars of the great English university knew of his presence, and even then he received only half-hearted aid and few subscriptions for his work.

His purpose is clearly set forth in a letter to the Rev. Sam-

uel Lee at Cambridge while he was staying there: "As I have crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of completing and publishing a dictionary of our language, it would be very gratifying to me and to my countrymen, and I think by no means useless in England, to settle, by the united opinions of learned men, some points in pronunciation, orthography and construction, in which the practice of good writers and speakers is not uniform, either in England or the United States. The English language is the language of the United States; and it is desirable that as far as the people have the same things and the same ideas, the words to express them should remain the same." The English scholars did not seem to agree with him on the point, and the rivalry of Johnson's dictionary prevented any widespread enthusiasm for Webster's plans. He returned to America in June of the same year and he shows later very little enthusiasm either for his reception or for his success in attaining the objects of his visit.

Jared Sparks was more of a fighter, a man of very decided ideas as to methods in historical research and means of attaining his ends. In 1828-29, during the time of his editorship of the *North American Review*, he went to England to search public documents for material dealing with various phases of American history upon which he was working, notably, the life and works of Washington. He was chiefly concerned with his efforts to obtain access to these documents, but his second, and by no means small interest, was his meeting with literary people like Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Bentham, and Campbell, of all of whom he recorded his impressions. Constantly in his mind when meeting with Englishmen was that effort, which so damaged the authenticity of his researches, to build up pro-American propaganda in England and in the world at large.

With his innumerable letters of introduction from prominent men in America to their friends in England, Sparks made the best of his time for sociability. Among those of whom he records his impressions is Wordsworth: "Mr. Sharp," he says, "gave me a letter to Mr. Wordsworth, and I called on him with it at his lodgings in Bryanston Street. He was exceedingly affable; talked about America; inquired particularly after Mr. Allston, the painter, for whom he said he had a high respect and entertained a warm friendship." In the course of the conversation the poetry of William Cullen Bryant was mentioned, and Wordsworth did not recall ever having heard of him. "Why yes, sir," said his daughter, "we have a piece by Bryant, which you admired very much." She then produced her thin morocco scrapbook into which she had copied *Thanatopsis,* and Wordsworth immediately recognized it.

Sparks's interest in Coleridge was chiefly based on the poet's friendly feeling for America. "Coleridge speaks," he says, "with great warmth on the subject, and deprecates in the strongest manner the tone which has pervaded the *Quarterly Review.* . . . Coleridge had formed a plan for a society of writers who should unite in endeavoring to promote a better spirit towards America by their writings and conversation. His ill-health prevented his organizing such a society."

This attitude on the part of Sparks is further illustrated by his own statement that, "The chief thing which is now wanting in England to promote a proper feeling in regard to America is knowledge, and this must be supplied by a newspaper established in London devoted to American affairs. Such an enterprise well conducted would be successful, and extremely serviceable to both countries. The people of England, who are enlightened on other matters, are often

ignorant to an extraordinary degree of the United States." Such efforts had been made before, but had never appealed to the typical American mind, which, in the early days at least, seems to have been remarkably free from the propagandist viewpoint.

The journal of the naturalist, John James Audubon, is a document so filled with the personality of its author and with keen and illuminating insight into the things which he saw and heard on his journeys that it is almost impossible to convey the spirit of it in a few words. Of French blood, its author was nevertheless the most American of Americans in his passionate love of his "native" woods and hills. His three years spent in England and France, from 1826 to 1829, were divided more or less evenly between Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, London, and the land of his birth, in his effort to obtain subscriptions which would enable him to publish his monumental work, with drawings of enormous proportions, on the *Birds of the United States*. He did little touring, and it made him very unhappy to have to spend so much of his time with people of influence and in cities when his real longings were for the country and its fields and woods. His financial status was none of the surest, but he managed to support himself by painting pictures of birds in oils and by holding exhibitions of his work. His reception by people of influence was immediate and open. His pictures were his card of introduction wherever art or science was appreciated. "Lord Stanley," he remarks, "is a great naturalist, and in an instant he was exclaiming over my work, 'Fine!' 'Beautiful!' and when I saw him on his knees, having spread my drawings on the floor, the better to compare them, I forgot he was Lord Stanley, I knew only he too loved Nature."

His skill at pen-portraiture was second only to that of

Ticknor, and he has the additional advantage of greater naïveté. Roscoe he found to be a thoroughly "come-at-able" person and hence the meeting with him was completely enjoyable to both. In the awesome presence of Scott, however, he felt too strongly to permit of a sense of equality. He had previously made the mental note that he would see Sir Walter Scott if he had to crawl on all fours for a mile in order to attain his end. But when he finally records the meeting he can only cry, "Poor me!—far from Sir Walter I could talk to him; hundreds of times have I spoken to him quite loudly in the woods, as I looked on the silvery streamlets, or the dense swamps, or the noble Ohio, or on mountains losing their peaks in gray mists. How many times have I longed for him to come to my beloved country, that he might describe, as no one else ever can, the stream, the swamp, the river, the mountain, for the sake of future ages. . . . Without Sir Walter Scott these beauties must perish unknown to the world. To the great and good man himself I can never say this, therefore he can never know it, or my feelings towards him—but if he did? What have I to say more than a world of others who all admire him, perhaps are better able to do so, because more enlightened." This reverence rather dulled his impression on his first visit, but his second was a friendly one, for he talked of his drawings.

On another occasion he dined with Professor Wilson and found him "a man not equal to Walter Scott, it is true, but in many ways nearly approaching him; as free from the detestable stiffness of ceremonies as I am when I can help myself, no cravat, no waistcoat, but a fine *frill* of his own profuse beard, his hair flowing uncontrolled, and in his speech dashing at once at the object in view, without circumlocution; with a countenance beaming with intellect, and eyes that would do justice to the *Bird of Washington*. He

gives me comfort, by being comfortable himself. With such a man I can talk for a whole day, and could listen for years." In contrast to which was his instinctive distrust of Francis Jeffrey for the shrewd look which he caught in his eye.

Audubon's chief criticism of England was the sharp line between poverty and riches which he found on all sides. On the one hand he considered the true English gentleman a model of politeness, but he could not help exclaiming, "Is it not shocking that while in England all is hospitality *within,* all is so different *without?* No one dare *trespass,* as it is called. Signs of *large dogs* are put up; steel traps and spring guns are set up, and even *eyes* are kept out by high walls. Everywhere we meet beggars, for England though rich, has poverty gaping every way you look, and beggars ask for *bread,* yes, absolutely for food."

When he is in intimate touch with his beloved nature, Audubon is at his best. "I looked with reverence and admiration on the beauties of nature and art that surrounded me," he says of the view from Edinburgh Castle, "with a pleasure seldom felt before. The ocean was rugged with agitated waves as far as the eye could reach eastwardly; not a vessel dared spread its sails, so furious was the gale. The high mountains of wild Scotland now and then faintly came to our view as the swift-moving clouds passed, and suffered the sun to cast a momentary glance at them. The coast of the Firth of Forth exhibited handsome villas, and noblemen's seats, bringing at once before me the civilization of man, and showing how weak and insignificant we all are. My eyes followed the line of the horizon and stopped at a couple of small elevations, that I knew to be the home of the Countess of Morton; then I turned to the immense city below, where men looked like tiny dwarfs, and horses smaller than sheep. To the east lay the Old Town, and now and then came to

my ears the music of a band as the squall for a moment abated. I could have remained here a whole day, but my companion called, and I followed him." It was only at such a distance as this that he could see any beauty whatsoever in a city. London he hated especially, but he was happy in none of them.

In spite of his great success and the warmth of the English welcome, Audubon suffered much before he attained his objective, so vast were his plans in their design and so expensive in their execution. Of the attention he received at English, and more especially Scottish, hands he never had, nor could he have, any complaint. The reception of an American scholar did not seem to have so much to do with his nationality as with the object of his quest, and when Audubon, Webster, and Sparks made their journeys, English wealth was far more generally directed toward the encouragement of art than of science or history. It was Audubon, the artist, and not Audubon, the scientist, who was cordially received.

It may therefore be seen that, although Americans, as early as 1800, ceased to regard education in England as almost prerequisite to success at home, the hold which the older country had over the younger in matters of intellectual and cultural progress was essentially as firm at the end as it was at the beginning of the first half century. The only difference was that in the beginning America looked to England for the instruction itself, while by 1835, she had reached the position where she sought merely aid and encouragement in her independent endeavors. The later pioneers in American education, like Emma Willard, found more general inspiration than practical suggestions in the English educational systems.

Chapter III

ARTISTS

American Art in England; Benjamin West—Elders of the Tribe of Ben—The Second Generation

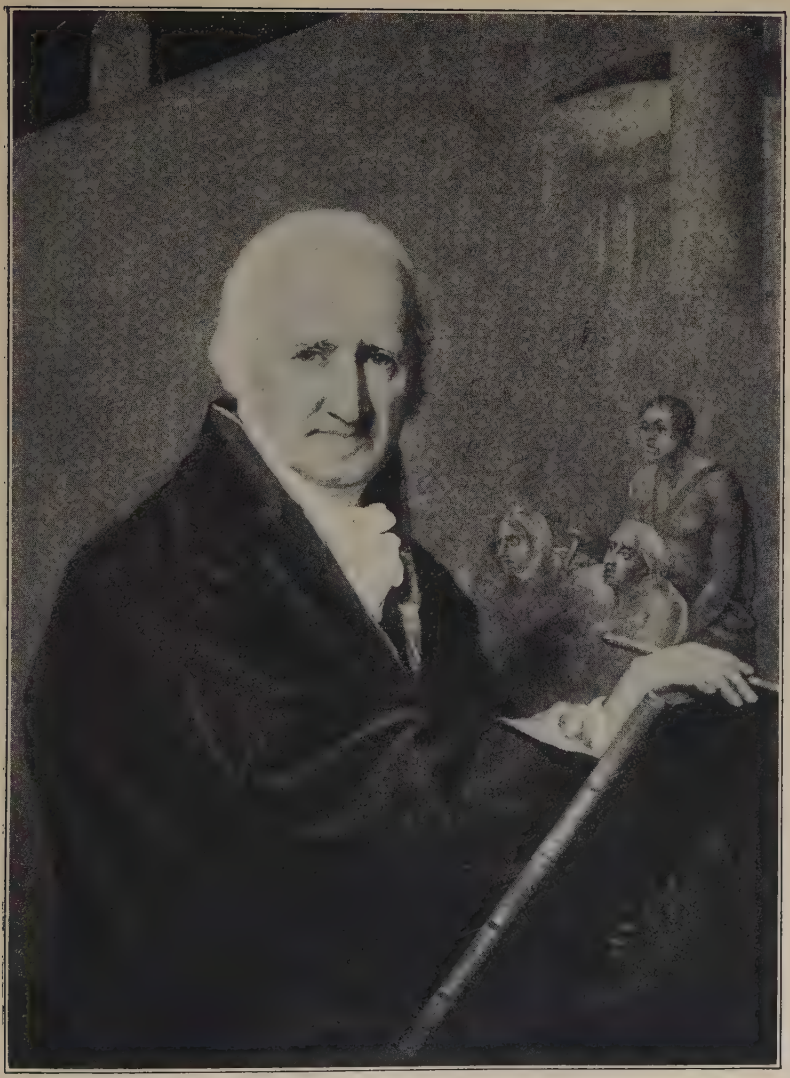
I

In very few lines of intellectual and cultural activity were the early American visitors to England privileged to give as much or more than they received. In painting, however, the part played by Benjamin West and his followers is almost as important to the history of English as to that of American art. These artists, because of their common love of their master and their feeling of close fellowship, have well been called, like the group which gathered about Ben Jonson in his latter days, "the sons of Ben."

Whatever may be the current opinion with regard to the excellence of West as a painter, there is no doubt that his position in his own day places him historically on a par with Reynolds and Gainsborough. His favor with George III made him a more valuable friend at court for John Adams than all the notables and nobles of the kingdom,[1] and from the day of his arrival in 1783, up to that of his death in 1820, no American in London would have thought of leaving without paying his respects to this most eminent of his countrymen at that time in the land.

It was sheer accident that caused West to settle for the greater part of his life in England. After three years of

[1] *Works of John Adams*, I, 405.



BENJAMIN WEST, BY GEORGE WATSON

A mezzotint engraving in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

study in Italy (where the shock of seeing so much magnificence after so much barrenness at home is given by his English biographers as the cause of a serious illness), he decided to return to America by way of England. Had his purpose been carried out, no doubt the many artists who later sought him out in London would have followed in his footsteps to Italy, and early American art would have been founded on Italian rather than British inspiration.

Such conjectures are dangerous. It is sufficient to note that upon his arrival in London, he found there several influential American families of his acquaintance, and through them met, among other English notables, Burke, Samuel Johnson, Archbishop Drummond of York, and later General Howe, of Revolutionary War fame, the Duke of Portland, Lord Rockingham, and Lord Spencer Hamilton. It was the Archbishop who proved his most valuable friend, for he gave him a commission to paint a historical picture of Agrippina, and then took both painting and painter to King George III, at the time a young man, says Galt, of "great simplicity and candor of disposition, sedate in his affections, and deeply impressed with the sanctity of principle."

After examining the picture carefully, His Highness called in the Queen and asked her opinion. When he was assured that his consort agreed with him in its excellence, a sudden thought came to him. Ringing the bell for an attendant, he had brought to him a copy of Livy, and he read West the story of the departure of Regulus from Rome. "Don't you think it would make a fine picture?"

"Magnificent," replied the artist.

"Then you shall paint it for me."

At that moment the future of American and British art was assured.

While the work was in progress, West spent much time at Buckingham Palace and often sat talking with the King until after eleven in the evening, always upon the one subject of the advancement of painting in Great Britain. It was not long before he found himself one of a committee of four appointed to organize a Royal Academy, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds was elected president before he even knew of its existence. The greater part of the remainder of his life was devoted to painting historical and biblical canvases of huge proportions for Windsor, for Greenwich Hospital, and for all the public buildings and churches in which the King took an active interest. He established an art gallery of his own on Newman Street, took pupils, spent a large portion of his time at Windsor, was unanimously elected the second president of the Royal Academy in 1792 upon the death of Reynolds, and throughout maintained a divided allegiance to the King and to America, rendering inestimable services to each without injury to his loyalty for the other. He was the only American of his day who performed this dangerous feat with such unqualified success.

It is to his students and contemporaries that we must turn for information about these years of prominence and success, because the narratives of Galt and his other biographers are singularly scant in their information. John Trumbull was one of the earliest of Americans to study under West. He had with him a letter from Franklin when he presented himself in 1780 and was, of course, most cordially received. The first question of the master was whether he had brought with him a specimen of his work. When Trumbull answered in the negative, West replied, "Then look around the room, and see if there is anything which you would like to copy."

"I did so," continues Trumbull in his *Reminiscences,*

"and from the many which adorned his painting room, I selected a beautiful small round picture of a mother and two children. Mr. West looked keenly at me, and asked, 'Do you know what you have chosen?' 'No, sir.' 'That, Mr. Trumbull, is called the Madonna della Sedia, the Madonna of the Chair, one of the most admired works of Raphael; the selection of such a work is a good omen; in an adjoining room I will introduce you to a young countryman of ours who is studying with me—he will show you where to find the necessary colors, tools, etc., and you will make your copy in the same room.' Here began my acquaintance with Mr. Stuart, who was afterwards so celebrated for his admirable portraits. With his assistance, I prepared my materials, and proceeded to my work. When Mr. West afterwards came into the room, to see how I went on, he found me commencing my outline without the usual aid of squares. 'Do you expect to get a correct outline by your eye only?' 'Yes, sir; at least I mean to try.' 'I wish you success.' His curiosity was excited, and he made a visit daily, to mark my progress, but forbore to offer me any advice or instruction. When the copy was finished, and he had carefully examined and compared it, he said, 'Mr. Trumbull, I have now no hesitation to say that nature intended you for a painter. You possess the essential qualities; nothing more is necessary, but careful and assiduous cultivation.' "

Stuart, Allston, Dunlap, and others tell of similar receptions. "I shall never forget," says Allston, "his benevolent smile when he took me by the hand; it is still fresh in my memory, linked with the last of like kind which accompanied the last shake of his hand when I took a final leave of him in 1818. His gallery was open to me at all times, and his advice always ready and kindly given. He was a man overflowing with the milk of human kindness. If he

had enemies, I doubt if he owed them to any other cause than his rare virtue, which, alas for human nature, is too often deemed cause sufficient." Again, in a letter to Fraser, August 25, 1801, he writes: "You will no doubt be surprised that among the many painters in London I should rank Mr. West as first. I must own I myself was not a little surprised to find him such. I left America strongly prejudiced against him; and indeed I even now think with good reason, for those pictures from which I had seen prints would do no credit to a very inferior artist, much less to one of his reputation. But when I saw his gallery and the innumerable excellences which it contained, I pronounced him one of the greatest men in the world. I have looked upon his understanding with indifference, and his imagination with contempt; but I have now reason to suppose them both vigorous in the highest degree." His physical activity as well was remarkable, for Morse says that at the age of 76 he could run up a flight of steps at the British Museum as nimbly as he could himself.

Dunlap describes West's rooms at No. 14 Newman Street in these early days as "a long gallery hung with sketches and designs—and then through a lofty ante-chamber, filled with gigantic paintings, to the inner painting room of the artist," where West himself was usually to be found before his equally gigantic canvas.

There he received not only his pupils, but other visitors from America as well. Even two years before his death he was visited by a young American adventurer and talked with him for two hours about the advantages which his country held for prospective artists; [2] and the same year he welcomed John Griscom, a fellow Quaker, if not an artist. "He was indisposed," says Griscom, "in his chamber, but on

[2] Noah, pp. 48-50.

receiving my letters of introduction, from ——, of Philadelphia, he directed the servant to invite us to his room. We found him seated behind a screen, in his gown and cap, with a table before him. His stature does not exceed the middle size; his features are rather small and sharp; but his eyes are very expressive, and give great animation to his countenance. He was feeble from a late attack of illness, and his voice incapable of its usual pitch. He received us cordially; and as the conversation turned upon America, its improvements in art and knowledge, and its future prospects, his voice and manner acquired greater energy, and he manifested, in the course of an animated conversation, the highest regard for his native country, and the most flattering expectations of its future greatness.

"In the drawing-room, adjoining that in which he received us, were a great number of pictures, all of the ancient masters. The gallery containing his own collection, occupies a suite of rooms in the lower story of his dwelling-house. It is very extensive, and is open to the inspection and gratification of respectable visitors, without cost, excepting a gratuity to the servant, who is always in attendance, to conduct visitors through, and explain the pictures." [3] Even after the death of the owner, up to the time of its sale, this gallery was kept open to the public.[4]

Among the few scattered letters of Nathaniel A. Haven, a Boston lawyer who visited England immediately after the War of 1812, is a rather long one describing West and his gallery. Haven had little but scorn for the Elgin marbles, but before this exhibition he felt nothing but wonder and admiration. "It seems impossible," he exclaims, "for an individual to have painted over so much canvas in a

[3] Griscom, I, 84-5.
[4] Green, I, 20-1.

century, as the pictures which he still retains in his own possession. In about eighteen months he is going to collect together, in one gallery, all that he has ever painted, and make one grand exhibition. He says they will fill a room four hundred feet long, fifty wide, and forty-two feet high! The Louvre in Paris, which contains the accumulated treasures of six centuries, and of fifty artists, is only one-third larger. . . . His picture of *Christ Rejected,* he says, has not its fellow in the world—not in execution, he added with a smile, but in subject. It has every passion, of which the human countenance is susceptible; and all the intermediate characters are there delineated, from the robber Barabbas to the Saviour of the world. . . . Some of Mr. West's pictures are, he says, thirty-six feet in height. *Christ Rejected,* which is twenty-four feet long and sixteen feet high, he calls, pleasantly enough, a half-size."

West's double loyalty throughout his life is the subject of many anecdotes. Dunlap asks, very reasonably, why two such kindly spirited gentlemen as George III and Benjamin West should have been disturbed by the differences between their countries. It was the King's ignorance of what was really going on which West himself assigned as the cause of the Revolution. One day he asked John Adams if he would like to take a walk with him and see the cause of the American war. The next day he took him out to Hyde Park and from there pointed out Buckingham Palace, a monument to royal flatterers and the immediate cause of many of the taxes which brought on the war. His Majesty, added West, "was from first to last kept in ignorance of the true state of the question." [5]

As a proof of this simplicity on the part of the King, we have the fact that he was accustomed to seek West's opin-

[5] William Tudor, *James Otis,* pp. 207-8.

ion on affairs in America, military and otherwise, even when the latter had not been in his native land for many years.

It was on one such occasion that Lord Cathcart tried to discredit the King's favorite by tempting him openly to avow his sympathy for the rebels. West saw the trap in time and, to his Lordship's question with regard to his feelings, merely replied, "I cannot say, my Lord, that the calamities of my native country can ever give me pleasure." The King was highly pleased with the answer and, putting his hand on West's shoulder, said, "The man who does not love his native country, can never make a faithful subject of another, nor a true friend." The trap had served only to increase the royal favor.[6]

It was through Trumbull, however, that West came nearest to a break with his royal patron. He had housed the former American army officer and taught him for some time when a group of loyalists contrived the latter's arrest for treason as a reprisal for the death of André. Again West's loyalties were torn, but he went directly to King George. "The King listened with attention," says Trumbull, "and then said, 'West, I have known you long, and have conversed with you frequently. I can recollect no occasion on which you have ever attempted to mislead or misinform me, and for that reason you have acquired my entire confidence. I fully believe all that you have now said, and assure you that my confidence in you is not at all diminished by this unpleasant occurrence. I am sorry for the young man, but he is in the hands of the law, and must abide the result—I cannot interpose. . . . But, West, go to Mr. Trumbull immediately, and pledge to him my royal promise, that, in the worst possible event of the law, his life shall be safe.' "

There are numerous similar anecdotes connected with the

[6] Trumbull, p. 312.

life of the father of American painting, but perhaps the most interesting of them all is that which West himself related to Ticknor when the latter was visiting his gallery in 1815. Just before Nelson went to sea for the last time, says Ticknor, "West sat next to him at a large entertainment given to him here, and in the course of the dinner Nelson expressed to Sir William Hamilton his regret that in his youth he had not acquired some taste for art and some power of discrimination. 'But,' said he, turning to West, 'there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a paint shop where your *Death of Wolfe* is in the window, without being stopped by it.' West, of course, made his acknowledgements, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted no more like it. 'Because, my Lord, there are no more subjects.' 'Damn it,' said the sailor, 'I didn't think of that,' and asked him to take a glass of champagne. 'But, my Lord, I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me such another scene; and, if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it.' 'Will you?' said Nelson, pouring out bumpers, and touching his glass violently against West's,—'will you, Mr. West? Then I hope that I shall die in the next battle.' He sailed a few days after, and the result was on the canvas before us."

Such was the honor accorded West throughout his career by Americans and Englishmen alike, and even up to the hour of his death and after. Richard Rush, then the American envoy, attended his funeral on March 30, 1820, and gives a very full account of this solemn occasion. It was conducted, he says, "under the immediate superintendence of the Royal Academy. Between forty and fifty mourning coaches, the horses of each having covers of black velvet over them, made part of the train. There were the usual ceremonies in other respects of a funeral of this de-

THE DEATH OF LORD VISCOUNT NELSON, BY BENJAMIN WEST

An engraving by James Heath, Historical Engraver to His Majesty, George III, in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

scription in London; such as marshalmen and cloakmen on horseback, (the cloaks all black,) mutes, and pages. The hearse was drawn by six horses covered with black velvet; and the mourning coaches being also entirely black, as well as the horses, the harness, and all the feathers and plumes, gave a solemn air to the pomp for the dead. The effect of the whole was heightened as the corpse was slowly borne into the immense cathedral of St. Paul's."

Rush was asked to serve as a pallbearer, together with the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir William Scott, Sir George Beaumont, General Phipps, Sir Thomas Baring, and Sir Robert Wilson, while the officiating clergyman was the Rev. Gerald Valerian Wellesley, brother of the Duke of Wellington. This array of distinguished men, together with a long line of private carriages of nobility and others, which exceeded the mourning coaches in number, attested the honor in which West was held by English society.

A share of the credit for establishing American art on a British basis should be given to John Singleton Copley, senior, a native of Boston, who, although a year older than West, sent a picture to him in London for his approval in 1766. West thought so highly of it that he procured its hanging in the exhibition of the Society of Incorporated Artists, the precursor of the Royal Academy. Practical considerations, however, kept Copley in America for some time, although he despaired of success in a land where "pictures are confined to sitting rooms, and regarded only for the resemblance they bear to the originals."

After several further successes in England, he was finally persuaded, in 1774, to go over himself, and was immediately procured influential sitters through the interest of West and Reynolds. Lord and Lady North sat to him, a severe test of his skill, as they were, by general consent, considered the

ugliest couple in England, and he started also his portraits of the King and Queen. He was followed shortly by his wife and, after a brief tour of Italy, settled in London at No. 25 George Street, Hanover Square, for the remainder of his life.

Copley's sympathies were, like West's, with the Americans in the war. At its outbreak he wrote to his wife, July 2, 1775, then on the eve of departure, "I know it may seem strange to some men of great understanding that I should hold such an opinion, but it is very evident to me that America will have the power of resistance until grown strong to conquer, and that victory and independence will go hand in hand."

Copley's success was not as spectacular as West's, but it was very nearly as substantial, even though he did not draw to himself those of his countrymen who went to England to study art. His son, later Lord Lyndhurst, as great if not a greater painter, was essentially English in his sympathies, and although he was associated closely with the American school, he could hardly be included in it.

II

The importance of the firm establishment of West and Copley in high places in England can not be minimized, especially in the case of the former. The results of his work were soon apparent in two clearly marked channels, in the dignity accorded historical painting in England, and in the large group of Americans who went over to study under him and who either settled in England for the greater part of their lives or returned to establish painting and the other arts on a broader basis in their own country.

West's own remark that in his day there were more good

judges of painting in England than there were good painters [7] gives a fairly clear picture of the state of affairs when he arrived. But even this is somewhat of an overstatement, because it was largely due to his influence that England could boast even of many good judges of painting. Many years later, on September 19, 1809, he wrote to his former pupil, Charles Willson Peale, describing the condition at the time of his arrival: "In England I found the fine arts, as connected with painting and sculpture, had not taken root; but that there were great exertions making by the artists to prepare the soil, and sow the seeds. It was those artists who invited me to appear among them, with a few essays of my historical composition in their annual exhibitions of painting, sculpture and architecture. Those exhibitions became an object of attraction to men of taste in the fine arts; the young sovereign was interested in their prosperity; and the artists were by his royal charter raised into the dignity, the independence, and, as it were, the municipal permanency of a body corporate." [8]

At the time of the American Revolution, England was enjoying that material prosperity and that spirit of nationalism which are the two chief foundations of an era of artistic endeavor. Wealth leads inevitably, among other activities, to that of collecting, and one of the most obvious things for a rich man to collect is pictures. Already the nobility of England had borne off innumerable treasures from the galleries of continental Europe, and could boast many exceedingly valuable collections at Burleigh House, Blenheim, Stamford, and many other places.

The next step was the centralizing of some of these treasures in a more public but still exclusive gallery, and, to-

[7] Rush, I, 130.
[8] *Port Folio* n.s., III, 8-13.

gether with this, the holding of annual exhibitions and the giving of instruction to younger artists. An effort had been made along these lines by the Society of Incorporated Artists, but, lacking royal patronage, it failed to draw that money and social influence which were essential to its success. The founding of the Royal Academy in 1768 at the diplomatic instigation of West, and its firm establishment at Somerset House, marked therefore the highest point in that era of art patronage which gave England its renaissance of painting in the latter eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. From that time forward one might enjoy, as one visitor put it, "the pleasure of a fashionable squeeze," even though one were of plebeian American blood.

Although Fuseli, and later Sir Thomas Lawrence also, were considered masters of their art, it was to Reynolds and West that fashionable and artistic London, as well as the rest of the English-speaking world, turned for inspiration, instruction, and guidance in taste; Gainsborough died in 1788. Reynolds was master of portraiture and West of historical painting, although the latter did portraiture as well. Pupils flocked to both masters from England, and only to West from America.

Of the first group of his countrymen who came to West for instruction, the most conspicuous in his success in painting was Gilbert Stuart, while the author of one of the most valuable reminiscences was John Trumbull. Together with Charles Willson Peale and Joseph Wright, they formed the first group of his students, and most of them were studying with him at some time during the period of the war. A few years later they were joined by William Dunlap, to whom we owe a large part of our knowledge of the beginnings of American art, and Robert Fulton, who was something of a painter as well as an illustrious inventor.

Most of the members of this group were in sharp contrast to West and Copley in temperament. Instead of the immense energy, application, and foresight which characterized their elders, the three most interesting ones, Gilbert Stuart, Trumbull, and Dunlap, were beset with the evil spirits of shiftlessness and adventure.

From the few letters which Stuart wrote, but chiefly from the impressions of his friends, notably Dr. Waterhouse and John Trumbull, we get a rather romantic picture of him and his activities. Arrived in London in 1775 with no definite plans, little money, and, as his only assets, considerable skill in the arts of painting and music, he lived a rather precarious existence for several years until he managed, quite accidentally, to procure a position as organist in a church. What money he had he seems to have expended on clothes, for he first presented himself to West in "a fashionable green coat."

This was in 1778. It would seem that even yet the young artist hesitated to apply to his elder for aid, for Waterhouse claims that, later in the same year, he was instrumental in bringing them together. At all events, in August, 1780, Trumbull found Stuart established at West's studio. Apparently Stuart not only differed from his teacher in temperament, but he also held contrary theories of art. Much less formal and precise, he imparted to his pictures a freedom of drawing which seemed improper to West. With Raphael West and Trumbull, he was given some special training in the evenings, but his lack of patience made this effort futile, probably much to the improvement of his later work.

The war does not seem to have had any marked effect on his career, but that of John Trumbull was twice interrupted. At its outbreak, while the latter was still in America, he gave

up his ambitions temporarily and enlisted in the army, soon becoming a colonel and aide-de-camp to Washington, but he resigned because he felt that his advancement was not commensurate with his abilities and the risks involved in his duties. In 1780, he proceeded to England and once more took up the study of painting. The story of his arrest at the instigation of loyalists, who had for long been trying to accomplish this end, has already been told. The threatened execution was changed to imprisonment, no doubt because of West's intercession, and he was given a choice of place for his incarceration. Tothill-fields Bridewell was the prison selected, and he gives in his autobiography a very full picture of his treatment:

"The building was a quadrangle of perhaps two hundred feet—an old and irregular building—the house of the keeper occupying one angle and part of a side. . . . After the first shock, during which I cared not where I slept or what I ate, I hired from Mr. Smith, the keeper, one of the rooms of his house, for which I paid a guinea a week. . . . The room was neatly furnished, and had a handsome bureau bed. I received my breakfast and dinner,—whatever I chose to order and pay for, from the little public house, called the *tap*. The prison allowance of the government was a penny worth of bread, and a penny a day; this I gave to the turnkey for brushing my hat, clothes and shoes. Besides these comforts I had the privilege of walking in the garden. Every evening when Mr. Smith went to his bed, he knocked at my door, looked in, saw that I was safe, wished me good night, locked the door, drew the bolts, put the key in his pocket, and withdrew. In the morning when he quitted his own apartment, he unlocked my door, looked in to see that all was safe, wished me a good morning, and went his way."

Finally, through the kind offices of Charles James Fox,

Burke became interested in the case and obtained an order of the King in council to admit the prisoner to bail on condition that he leave the Kingdom within thirty days. Copley and West were his sureties, the condition was complied with, and he sailed for America, only to return in 1784 to continue his studies.

On this second visit, he called upon Burke with a letter of thanks from his father, the Governor of Connecticut, for his earlier kindness in his behalf. After reading the letter, the statesman turned to Trumbull. "Your father speaks of painting as being the great object of your pursuit," the American quotes him as saying. "Do you not intend to study architecture also?" At Trumbull's answer that he knew enough of architecture already for use in backgrounds, Burke continued, "I do not mean that, Mr. Trumbull; you are aware that architecture is the eldest sister, that painting and sculpture are the youngest, and subservient to her; you must also be aware that you belong to a young nation, which will soon want public buildings; these must be erected before the decorations of painting and sculpture will be required. I would therefore strongly advise you to study architecture thoroughly and scientifically, in order to qualify yourself to superintend the erection of these national buildings—decorate them also, if you will." Trumbull had cause to regret not having followed this "wise and kind advice" when he was commissioned to do the Capitol paintings.

Although by his own testimony Trumbull was the successor of Stuart as the favorite pupil of West, and for more than thirty years was almost in the relationship of a son to him, there seems to have been some bitterness between the two men toward the end. The cause lay in Trumbull's lack of success as a historical painter in England, a circumstance fortunate in that it turned him to his own country. As an

artist he was probably inferior to his master, but he did much of what we may presume West would have accomplished for American historical painting, had he likewise been sufficiently tempted to return to his own country.

In his *Rise and Progress of the Art of Design in the United States,* William Dunlap discusses his own life and work in its proper chronological place among the biographies of these early American painters. He was, however, more of a historian than an artist, and our debt to him is greater for what he has recorded of the early development of art in America than for what he himself contributed to that development.

"Seeing that I aspired to be a painter, and talked of West and Copley, and read books on the art, my father looked out for an instructor for me," he says in this autobiography. The teacher engaged was a certain New York sign painter who had been a student of West, and Dunlap "commenced portrait-painter" in 1782. But, alas, "the world was a wilderness of roses" and he was not content from roving until he set sail for London in the spring of 1784. "Heretofore," he says, "going from America to England was called going home—that time had nearly passed away—but I did not feel that I was going to a land of strangers."

In London he was introduced to West and began his studies in earnest. But the roving spirit was still upon him. "Many a day was wasted," he regretfully acknowledges, "in walking to the New York Coffee House, near the Royal Exchange, under pretense of looking for letters from home. The morning lounged away, I dined at the Cock eating-house, where the master with a white apron waited upon me to know if all was satisfactory, and then (the business of the day over), rolled away in his coach to his country seat. Dining and port wine over, there was no use in going home,

the theatres stood midway; and when the play was over, I might rest from a lost day, and not dream that I had been doing wrong or neglecting right."

This may not be a very good way to make painters, but it makes admirable gossips and writers of personal histories and memoirs. Dunlap was preparing for his real profession during his stay in England, even though he did not know it at the time.

It is worthy of note that not only did this first group of West's students return and spend the greater part of their careers in the United States, but they likewise did much to forward the beginnings of art in this country. Charles Willson Peale, almost a contemporary, but also one of West's earliest students, succeeded after repeated failures in establishing in 1809 the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and Robert Fulton, who studied under West in 1786, not only made efforts toward the same end, but arranged for the sale of all his master's paintings to his countrymen, a plan, which, if it had succeeded, might have brought West himself back to America. His failure to return was, however, due to no lack of interest in his country's artistic future, for, in a letter to William Rawle, September, 1805, he shows great concern for American art, particularly for Philadelphia as its center, and offers both advice and casts for copying by students.[9]

III

The second group of artists who went to London for study may scarcely be called more than foster sons of Ben. They arrived after the year 1800 when West was at the height of his influence but in the decline of his powers. Art

[9] Ms. in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

had in the meantime increased and improved so in America that when they went over they were fairly well started on their careers and therefore looked to the President of the Royal Academy more for approval and encouragement than for actual aid. Nevertheless, West still took an exceedingly active interest in their welfare, for on February 12, 1811, he wrote to John Taylor, thanking him for a clipping from the *Sun* which contained a notice of an exhibition in the Gallery of the British Institution, in Pall Mall. He declared himself particularly grateful for the "friendly warmth" with which Taylor had spoken of the work of these younger men, his "children of the pencil," and he gives a momentary glimpse into his own personality when he refers to himself as their "venerable father in art." [10]

Allston, Leslie, and Morse were close friends and did much of their work together, while Charles King, who had been in London for several years, welcomed Thomas Sully in 1809 to his humble lodgings and his fare of bread and water. The younger Peales were also studying under West at this time. Allston assumed the leadership of the group during his stay, after which it was taken by Leslie, and several of these Americans studied under Lawrence and others as well as under West. West had become by this time more the monitor of taste than of young genius.

Washington Allston, the son of a South Carolina planter, was one of those exceedingly sensitive geniuses who, like Lamb or Lanier, drew others of strong sensibilities into the bonds of intimate friendship almost immediately. Like Lamb, he became the warm friend of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whom, with Irving, he met in Italy in 1805. John

[10] Ms. letter in the Dreer Collection, Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Howard Payne, the American actor, was likewise drawn into the circle.

It is not here intended to rank these painters in terms of their art, but rather on the basis of their reputations and their influence on others. On such a basis, both in his own day and since, there is little question of Allston's position being very near to that of West. Nevertheless he looked up to West with the greatest reverence, and it was to him that he first went when he arrived in London in 1801, although he was too independent to become, strictly speaking, his pupil. West at all times admired him and his work with reciprocal intensity. When Allston was as yet only slightly known, the older man called at his studio to see his large canvas, *The Dead Man Revived*. His admiration was unqualified and he predicted the artist's success with the words, "There are eyes in this country that will be able to see so much excellence."

Allston in turn ranked West as the first of all living painters in England. Fuseli he thought second in excellence. It was Fuseli who, not knowing that the American had received his patrimony before sailing, greeted him with the cheering remark, "You have come a great way to starve," meaning that of financial success he could have little hope in London. Allston refused to laugh at this eccentric painter, as many did, and appreciated the sublimity in his extravagance. Opie and Northcote also aroused his qualified approval. Northcote's jealous query, "Well, then, you think he means to coot me out?" revealed an attitude that was received without malice by the American in his relations with the self-appointed successor of Reynolds. To Lawrence and Beechey, Allston granted a small moiety of respect, but the rest, he says, much to the dismay of his biographer,

"are the damnedest stupid wretches that ever disgraced a profession."

Allston was as free spoken as he was independent in his judgments. In a letter of July 28, 1803, to his friend Knapp, he scores those critics who, through a sense of modesty or fear, hesitate to judge or speak for themselves. "Let modesty," he advises, "be considered in an agreeable light, but only as a buoy on the ocean of literature, to warn each adventurer of the wreck beneath it." Let it remain "the most graceful ornament of private life," but avoid it in the literary world!

There was none of the exuberant traveler, with his eyes and mouth open, in Allston on his arrival in England. "I landed in this country big with anticipation of every species of grandeur," he writes on August 25, 1801, "but I have found London but a city, and its inhabitants like the rest of the world, much in them to admire, more to despise, and still more to abhor." The country, however, was, "beyond my expectation, beautiful and picturesque."

His affection for England was, nevertheless, soon to find deep root and was entirely commensurate with his success within her borders. He was much slower in attaining recognition than was the first group of American painters, and it was not until 1818, on the eve of his final departure for America, that the English nobility began to purchase his work for any great sums. His artistic success was, however, slightly more rapid. The picture which West had so much admired, *The Dead Man Revived,* Allston's first important work to be shown to the public, won the first prize at the British Institution in 1814 and met with the unqualified admiration of the highest artistic circles, especially of Sir George Beaumont, the friend of Wordsworth.

Allston's only pupils of note seem to have been Leslie

and Morse, both of whom were more friends than students. Of him Morse wrote in 1813, "You must recollect, when you tell friends that I am studying in England, that I am a pupil of Mr. Allston and not Mr. West; they will not long ask you who Mr. Allston is; he will very soon astonish the world." This prophecy was soon to be fulfilled. Encouraged by Coleridge and his other friends, Allston exhibited in 1818 his picture, *Uriel in the Sun,* at the British Institution, where it won the highest prize and was immediately purchased by the Marquis of Stafford. His picture, *Jacob's Dream,* was soon after purchased by Lord Egremont, and among those who voiced their appreciation was Wordsworth, from whom Allston received a note after his return to America. Success was now assured and there seems some reason to believe that, had he remained in England, he would have been elected to the presidency of the Royal Academy before Sir Thomas Lawrence. As it was, he had hardly landed in America before he received the official notification of his election to associate membership. "Next to my own," he had written in 1816, "I love England, the land of my adoption," but he confesses later that, "a homesickness, which (in spite of some of the best and kindest friends and every encouragement that I could wish as an artist) I could not overcome, brought me back to my own country in 1818."

Never did a man so definitely and so deliberately turn his back on material success. His career in this respect was the exact reverse of that of Benjamin West, although in possibilities the two lives were almost identical. "I am convinced," Sir George Beaumont wrote to him on June 29, 1818, "you are quitting this country at a moment when the extent of your talents begins to be felt, and when the encouragement you are likely to receive will bring them to

perfection;" and Irving wrote to Leslie, "I regret exceedingly that he goes to America, now that his prospects are opening so promisingly in this country."

A poem entitled *America to Great Britain,* by Allston, was published by Coleridge in his *Sybilline Leaves.* It will serve to define more clearly the American's attitude toward both countries, an attitude which, except in its outcome, was remarkably similar to that of his close friend, Washington Irving:

> While the manners, while the arts,
> That mould a nation's soul,
> Still cling around our hearts—
> Between let ocean roll,
> Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
> Yet still from either beach
> The voice of blood shall reach,
> More audible than speech,
> We are One.

Samuel F. B. Morse went to London in 1811 and put himself under Allston's guidance. The latter had come back to America to marry Miss Channing, and Morse sailed on the same packet with them when they returned to London.

In a letter of May 25, 1812, to his parents, he says: "I have told you in former letters that my lodgings are at 82 Great Titchfield Street and that my room-mate is Leslie, the young man who is so much talked of in Philadelphia. We have lived together since December and have not, as yet, had a falling out. I find his thoughts of art agree perfectly with my own. He is enthusiastic and so am I, and we have not time, scarcely, to think of anything else; everything we do has a reference to art, and all our plans are for our mutual advancement in it. Our amusements are walking, *occasionally* attending the theaters, and the company of

Mr. Allston and a few other gentlemen, consisting of three or four painters and poets. We meet by turns at each other's rooms and converse and laugh." But he likewise presented letters to West and, although he did not study directly under him, he expresses his great admiration for him in a long and eulogistic entry in his diary.

One day Coleridge entered the rooms of Leslie and Morse in a fit of despondency such as were very frequent with him in his latter days. His friends, however, had previously planned a means of attack. Morse saw that diplomacy was needed, and immediately greeted Coleridge with the statement that he and Leslie had just been arguing about beauty and wanted his opinion. Leslie sensed the nature of the situation and took up the argument, as it were, in the midst. Coleridge soon became interested and launched forth on one of those floods of eloquence which were at once the joy and the dismay of his friends.

Although Morse's subsequent reputation is of course based chiefly on his invention of the telegraph, his thoughts at this time were totally absorbed in art, especially in relation to his own future and the future of painting in his own country. He was more concerned with this latter subject than was any American artist up to his time, with the exception perhaps of the elder Peale, and he had more to do with establishing art in America on a firm footing than had any other. That from the start he thought more of his country than of himself is shown by a letter of March 12, 1814: "It is really a pleasant consideration that the palm of painting still rests with America, and is, in all probability, destined to remain with us. All we wish is a taste in the country and a little more wealth. . . . In order to create a taste, however, pictures, first-rate pictures must be introduced into the country, for taste is only acquired by a

close study of the merits of the old masters. In Philadelphia I am happy to find they have successfully begun. I wish Americans would unite in the thing, throw aside local prejudices and give their support to *one* institution. Let it be in Philadelphia, since it is so happily begun there, and let every American feel a pride in supporting that institution. . . . Then might the arts be so encouraged that Americans might remain at home and not, as at present, be under the painful necessity of exiling themselves from their country and their friends. This will come to pass in the course of time, but not in my day, I fear, unless there is more exertion made to forward the arts than at present." Again, on May 2d of the same year, he writes, "The Americans at present stand unrivaled, and it is my great ambition (and it is certainly a commendable one) to stand among the first." His personal ambition followed close on the heels of his patriotism.

As an artist, Morse was not without success in London. His picture, *The Dying Hercules,* was spoken of very highly when it was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1813, and the critic of the *Globe* ranked it among the first twelve of nearly two thousand pictures there exhibited.

He was not, however, so absorbed in art as to be unaware of the condition of affairs about him, both in respect to the internal state of poverty and brooding rebellion throughout England, and to the growing hatred for America in the days before and during the second war between the two countries. Upon his arrival he made entry in his diary (August 16, 1811): "I find I have arrived in England at a very critical state of affairs. If such a state continues much longer, England must fall. American measures affect this country more than you have any idea of." And later the same year (December 1, 1811): "This country appears to

me to be in a very bad state. I judge from the increasing disturbances at Nottingham, and more especially from the startling murders lately committed in this city. . . . The inhabitants are very much alarmed, and hereafter I shall sleep with pistols at the head of my bed . . . as I find many of my acquaintances adopting that plan."

The situation continued to grow worse, and on April 12th of the next year he says: "The country is in a state of rebellion from literal starvation. Accounts are daily received which grow more and more alarming from the great manufacturing towns. Troops are in motion all over the country, and but last week measures were adopted by Parliament to prevent this metropolis from rising to rebellion, by ordering troops to be stationed around the city to be ready at a moment's warning. This I call an alarming period."

Morse's father was a violent opponent of war, and was constantly writing what seemed to the young man unpatriotic and narrow ideas. Immediately after the outbreak of actual hostilities, Morse wrote home, "I am sure I could convince you that neither Federalists nor Democrats are Americans; that war with this country is just, and that the present Administration of our country has acted with perfect justice in all their proceedings against this country. . . .

"To observe the contempt with which America is spoken of, the epithets of *a nation of cheats, sprung from convicts, pusillanimous, cowardly,* and such like,—these I think are sufficient to make any true American's blood boil. These are not used by individuals only, but on the floor of the House of Commons. The good effects of our declaration of war begin to be perceived already. The tone of their public prints here is a little softer and more submissive. Not one has called in question the justice of the declaration of war; all say, 'We are in the wrong and we shall do well

to get out of it as soon as possible.' " His optimism, was, however, a little unfounded, as he writes from Bristol two years later (October 11, 1814): "All public feeling is absorbed in one object, the *conquest of the United States.*" His plans for escaping to the Continent on account of this unpleasant atmosphere were, however, put aside on the wise advice of his parents.

Morse returned to America in October, 1815, married, and took up the painting of portraits as a profession. He was instrumental in founding the National Academy of the Art of Design and was its president from 1826 to 1842. Between 1829 and 1832 he was again in Europe studying art, but he remained chiefly in Paris and Italy.

The third of these close friends, Charles Robert Leslie, was born in London of American parents on October 19, 1794. He also spent a large part of his life there, but may be considered an American artist because both his parents were natives of Maryland, and his close association with American artists held his sympathies with the younger country. His early years in America were devoted to drawing, a fact which made him anxious to go to England to study. This was arranged through the interest of a business friend, and he set forth on November 11, 1811, with letters from Sully to West, Beechey, and Charles King. With the exception of an experimental trip to America in 1833 with his wife and family, as Professor of Art at West Point, he spent the remainder of his life in England. He is the author of lives of Reynolds and of Constable, and his *Autobiographical Recollections,* published in London and Boston in 1860, gives as full an account of the lives of this latter group of American painters as any other one source. His success in England, both with his painting and with the wealthy nobility, was greater than that of any American

except West. It was to him that American artists in London, among them Stuart Newton, looked for aid and encouragement after the death of West.

One of the most notable artists of this second generation of the Tribe of Ben was Thomas Sully, who joined Charles King for a short stay in London in 1809, but he has left a comparatively scant record of his experiences. He presented his letter of introduction from William Rawle to Benjamin West and was given the usual task of showing a specimen of his work. This he did, and West, noting some uncertainty of line, advised him to study anatomy. With but $400 in his pocket, he lived on potatoes, bread, and water in lodgings with King, and worked most industriously. At the end of nine months he returned to America greatly improved in the mastery of his art.

Sully had promised the gentlemen who had financed his expedition a copy each of a classic masterpiece. When he arrived in England, however, he found that copying was not permitted in the British galleries, and he was on the point of using some of his valuable funds and time in a trip to France when West exhibited his widely praised benevolence and generosity. Not only did he grant Sully permission to copy the masterpieces in his private gallery, but he allowed the young artist to take them back to his own studio in order to work with more leisure and comfort.

With the departure of Allston in 1818 and the death of West in 1820, the close bond in art between America and England came to an end. Painting was less flourishing in England in the following years, as its later rulers were not as active in their patronage as George III had been before his decline, while art in America, with the establishment of several rival academies, was on a fair footing for progress and development. American artists, among them Os-

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good, Horatio Greenough, and Robert M. Sully, the nephew of Thomas, still continued to go abroad for study, but most of them sought the Continent rather than England. The reason for this may perhaps be found in the statement of Robert Sully, who was in England from 1824 to 1828: "The older artists I found little disposed to aid their younger brethren in art, either by advice or the loan of their pictures. I must make one exception; Mr. Leslie was not only very kind in directing my studies and criticizing my work, but in lending me many of his own studies." [11] The tradition of the tribe of Ben was still maintained, however diluted it had become.

[11] Dunlap, II, 398.

Chapter IV

ENVOYS, CHIEFLY OFFICIAL

The Envoy Without a Country—Recognition with Reservation—The Lord Mayor's Welcome—Gold Lace and Silver Dinner Service—The Fifth Decade

I

Fortunately men are not very often required to meet more difficult situations than that which confronted the American envoys at the Court of St. James during the fifty years following the Revolution. Their story, as far as its political aspects are concerned, has been told many times in terms of brilliant victory. The work that these men accomplished by honesty and fearlessness in the midst of the intricate machinery of European diplomacy has seldom been equaled in the history of nations; but their task had other than political aspects. In diplomacy, particularly of the old school, social recognition is almost as vital as official business dealings. The fight of our envoys for that recognition is a thin thread of human history which spins its way through a huge mass of diplomatic correspondence, state papers, private journals, and letters.

America was not regarded in England after the Revolution as a hostile foreign power. She was not thought of as a nation at all; sometimes not even thought of. Her independence had been grudgingly granted, and the common belief was that it would be of short duration. An error had been made, an oversight which time would remedy. Meanwhile the best policy was good-natured tolerance for this

handful of rebels, a patronizing calm which would show them how little their victory really harmed the great nation of England.

On the other hand, America realized that recognition in England meant existence in the eyes of the rest of the world. Her envoy at London must represent a nation. The average American hated and scorned the artificiality and show of diplomatic circles, but in his heart he hungered for the recognition which that very artificiality alone betokened. The result was that the new country sent her best minds abroad. The leaders of American political life, when they were not occupying the president's chair or shaping the development of their country in Senate or Supreme Court, might usually be found at one of the courts of Europe struggling to establish her national existence abroad as well as at home. The more difficult the diplomatic task, the more accomplished the diplomatist demanded; and in the judgment of the early Americans the qualities which made for successful diplomacy were strength of mind, intelligent judgment in dealing with men and situations, and a thorough saturation with American ideas and ideals. Trickery, or the ability to make the best of a situation by a compromise of ideals to practical advantage, did not recommend a foreign representative of the United States to his countrymen. Even the bad manners of Morris were preferable to the expediency of Jay, and the open-mindedness of an Adams or a Rush, in order to find favor at home, must be tempered by an insistence on the right of an American to hold or express his opinions at will.

Almost without exception these early envoys were as near to being social aristocrats as it was possible for an American of the time to become. The majority of them were from the two oldest colonies, Massachusetts and Virginia, and

from the oldest families of those colonies. All were well educated, many of them in schools and universities of England and the Continent, and practically all were called to politics through the service to an ideal in times of stress rather than through any ambition to make of it a profession. The war had been fought to a conclusion on the battlefield; it remained, after 1783, for the American envoys to fight it in the mind of the English nation and in the diplomatic circles of Europe. The very foundation of their work consisted in bringing other nations to a realization that America existed politically, and to accomplish this, almost the first step was to force the representatives of these other nations to acknowledge that he himself existed socially.

Many of the early American envoys realized this necessity only subconsciously and against their will, while the thought was almost wholly foreign to their countrymen at home. If any one had suggested such a thought, he would have been considered a traitor to the ideals of American democracy. The envoy at court was therefore caught between two irreconcilable dilemmas. By nature he was fitted to meet a situation which his ideals denied but which his instinct told him must be faced; and the men with whom he was forced to associate and work not only gave him a grudging welcome, but were constantly tempted to ignore him except where the business of diplomacy made association obligatory.

It was an impossible task, therefore, which confronted John Adams when he arrived in London in 1785 with the authority of a congress but not actually of a nation behind him. It was his mission to bring about the recognition by her enemy of a country which scarcely yet believed in her own existence and was still rather uncertain as to what form that existence was likely to take. He had, together

with Jefferson, Jay, the Pinckneys, and others, tasted of the sort of diplomacy which centered around the benign Franklin, who, his active work done, had retired to Passy, near Paris. He had a clear-cut idea of what he hoped to accomplish and a rather vague though powerful presentiment of the difficulties which he would be called upon to face.

It was a pleasant surprise, therefore, when the King and Queen received him formally "with some marks of attention." The Queen replied to his suitably respectful and dignified address by saying simply, "I thank you, sir, for your civilities to me and my family, and am glad to see you in this country," and then inquired whether he had provided himself with a house. From this he thought it might fairly be concluded that it was the intention of the royal family and of the ministers to treat America like other foreign powers; but he hastens to add that it would not be safe for inference to go further.

Adams was conscious of the fact that his example might be valuable to his successors, and he therefore reports his audience with the King at great length. He had been warned that he should make his speech as complimentary as possible, and as usual, he was unwilling that an inherent shrinking from small hypocrisies should block the attainment of greater ends. George III was apparently moved, both by the extraordinary necessity of thus courteously receiving a rebel, and by the great propriety and dignity of this gentleman. He assured Adams, however, that only duty to his people had prompted his recent military activities, and that he was all willingness now to "let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood have their mutual and full effect." After some further conversation, with visible emotion on the part of each, the audience was courte-

ously concluded, and the American withdrew. His surprise and pleasure at the King's restrained cordiality, however, is tempered by his essentially American directness of thought. "It is thus," he concludes his account of the incident, "the essence of things is lost in ceremony in every country of Europe. We must submit to what we cannot alter. Patience is the only remedy." It is a pity that more of his contemporaries and successors did not have the same combination of insight into the hollowness of formalities and appreciation of their necessity in the existing order of things. The lack of one or the other of these qualities delayed the restoration of a fellowship between England and America more, perhaps, than is generally believed. His audience of leave, slightly colder than that of his welcome, was not in any degree unpleasant except in the formalities, "more of which, I believe," he reported in his official letter to Secretary Jay, "has fallen to my share, than ever happened before to a son of liberty."

That his conciliatory attitude was duly appreciated is witnessed by the fact that he was kindly received as Lord Mansfield's friend in the House of Lords, an event which Benjamin West enthusiastically called, "one of the finest finishings to the picture of American independence." He could expect no more and he received no more. His life seems to have been absorbed with personal matters and with the formalities which were obligatory to his position, and in no place does he give any evidence that the Diplomatic Corps or any other level of English society took active cognizance of his presence. His own attitude toward the people is dominated by the necessity of patience, but is colored with little hope either for them or for the future relations of the two countries. "There is an awkward timidity in general," he says. "This people cannot look me

in the face; there is a conscious guilt and shame in their countenances when they look at me. They feel that they have behaved ill, and that I am sensible of it." And again: "The real friendship of America seems to me the only thing which can redeem this country from total destruction. There are a few who think so here, and but few, and the present ministers are not among them; or at least, if they are of this opinion, they conceal it, and behave as if they thought America of small importance." "Now the utmost contempt of our commerce is freely expressed in pamphlets, gazettes, coffee houses, and in common street talk," he adds later, and he urges here as everywhere the necessity of patience in order to allow America to prove her worth and her strength, but he has little hope of anything good from a country in which "the people are discouraged and dissipated, from the general profligacy and want of principle, from the want of confidence in any leaders, from the frequent disappointments and impositions they have experienced in turn from all parties. Patriotism is no more."

A visit to Bath for his health and an occasional dinner, in which, it must be confessed, he seems to take little relish, are among his rarely recorded ventures into things not strictly in the path of his mission. "If my business had been travels," he says, "I might write a book. But I must be as brief as possible." He appreciated the taste and simplicity of Windsor, especially of the King's library, in comparison with Versailles, but the beauty, convenience, and utility of the various country seats impressed him more with their futility than with their artistry. "Mere ostentations of vanity," he calls them, and hopes that it will be long before they "grow so much in fashion in America." It is easy to see that there was more than one reason why the English

nobility did not receive this first official American envoy with open arms.

As there were no regularly appointed consuls of American birth and no fully accredited envoys in the British Isles before 1790, the interests of the United States and her citizens had to be guarded by a rather miscellaneous group of Americans, present in Europe for a variety of motives. Franklin in France was, of course, the outstanding example of such representation, but there were many others. Jay was always prominent in these foreign negotiations because of the constructive work which he had already accomplished. Others who performed similar services were Silas Deane, Christopher Gore, John Laurens, Rufus King, Bayard, Campbell, and many more. But of them all, those who leave us the most complete records of their impressions are Gouverneur Morris and Thomas Jefferson.

Jefferson was in France in 1796 and was called by Adams to London "as he thought he discovered some symptoms of better disposition toward us," and desired assistance in encouraging and stimulating such feelings. Morris, already in Europe on behalf of Robert Morris, with whom he was in business partnership, was appointed by Washington in 1791 as his confidential agent to inquire into certain unfulfilled articles of the peace.

Jefferson's attitude toward England was what might have been expected of the opponent of Adams in domestic politics. Fundamentally, the two men sympathized in their contempt for regal courts and hollow formalities, and in their pessimistic view of England and of her attitude toward America. They differed only in their willingness to make concessions and to court good will. Jefferson lacked what little conciliatory spirit Adams was able to foster in himself.

Kings and courtiers, he says, "were to be seen as you would see the Tower of London or menagerie of Versailles with their lions, tigers, hyenas, and other beasts of prey, standing in the same relation to their fellows. A slight acquaintance with them will suffice to show you that, under the most imposing exterior, they are the weakest and worst part of mankind." "On my presentation, as usual, to the King and Queen, at their levees," he says, "it was impossible for anything to be more ungracious, than their notice of Mr. Adams and myself. I saw, at once, that the ulcerations of mind in that quarter, left nothing to be expected on the subject of my attendance." Later, the conference with Caermarthen, Minister for Foreign Affairs, "confirmed me in the belief of their aversion to have anything to do with us." His conclusion is: "That nation hate us, their ministers hate us, and their King, more than all other men." He even felt the threat of another war in the air as early as 1796 because of the sympathy on this point between the King, the majority in the public councils, and the whole mass of the people, and he believed that the general sentiment of the English nation was that if America petitioned Parliament to be again received on her former footing, the petition would be generally rejected.

There is no room for dispute about the attitude of a man who speaks in terms so unqualified as these. It is with little surprise, therefore, that we discover his tourist attitude to be in whole sympathy with his political antipathies. "Both town and country fell short of my expectations," defines his consistent and final opinion, but at the same time he did everything in his power to encourage Americans to visit England. He himself made a tour of her gardens with Whateley's book on gardening for his guide, and he kept careful notes of his observations. This notebook is little

more than a list of the physical details of those features of gardens which interested him because of their novelty or excellence. His general attitude is one of dislike for the conventional, but, as he says himself, his inquiries were directed chiefly to such practical things as might enable him to estimate the expense of making and maintaining a garden in English style. If imitation be flattery, here is one point at least on which the tables were turned and Jefferson admired where Adams criticized.

This apparent inconsistency is fully explained by his traveling notes, dated June 3, 1788, for Rutledge and Shippen, who were then departing for Europe. Everything he recommends to the attention of the American traveler has in it some practical element which might be imported or imitated to the material advantage of the younger country. Together with his scorn for the hypocrisies of older civilizations, Jefferson feels, perhaps more than any other American traveler of the early days, the appalling needs of his country in matters of material welfare and progress, of luxury, and in some degree, of culture. Of the things listed as worthy of earnest study, he lays particular emphasis on agriculture, mechanical arts of all sorts, gardens, and architecture. Internal politics should be noted only for their affect on social conditions, and the economic state and happiness of the people, especially of the laboring classes, should be made the objects of special studies wherever possible. Paintings and statuary were all very well in their way, but time spent on their study was wasted, for the United States as yet was too poor for the cultivation of connoisseurs in the fine arts. It was all very well to see them, but not to take time to study them. Finally, courts and kings were in a class with the zoo. Jefferson appears, therefore, to have been both one of the most bigoted and one of the most fore-

sighted of the early Americans in England. He was scornfully antagonistic to anything which directly or indirectly seemed to violate American political idealism, but he was ready to learn wherever knowledge could hasten his country's development and increase her prosperity. His scorn and hatred of the English was as much based on his political philosophy as was his affection and sympathy for France; and from both nations he would have his own country learn.

Morris was one of those people who, through the cultivation of personal eccentricities of character, tempt caricature rather than fair treatment from their commentators. The classic story of his wooden leg and the Paris mob is a good illustration of the peculiarities of his character. He had the Yankee independence of Adams and Jefferson, but it took the form of personal vanity and frequently of unguarded self-assertion. He was a curious mixture. In 1794, John Quincy Adams expressed admiration for his theory of openness in diplomacy, but was suspicious of its real meaning, while Morris in turn criticized the younger Adams for openly talking against England at a time when he happened to be free of any diplomatic necessity for courting her favor. Thus two men, equally frank, were equally suspicious of the brand and of the evil effects of each other's frankness. Monroe went even further in his antagonism to Morris. "Any old woman from our country," he says, would have been equally successful in negotiations.

Morris's first impression of the English is similar to that of many Americans, even to-day. He found them cold, haughty, and reserved. Not being under the necessity of courting favor with the King or of submitting himself to a court presentation, he approached English society at a slightly lower level than did his compatriots. Coming from

France, he was impressed with the cleanliness of the English towns to a degree which he probably would not have felt had he approached from another quarter. The manners of the English toward him and his own toward the English seem to have been reciprocally bad, if we take his word for it. He finds their attitude toward him good, "considering . . . that I am an American," but when he discovers a certain Mr. Elliott evincing too great a gentility, he assumes that "he must be a Scotchman, although his dialect is pure." Liberty, he feels, must be confined to the House of Commons if the "haughty coldness of the nation" be taken as indicative of their social freedom. His good nature, rather than his political judgment, makes him feel that the Queen is "a well-bred, sensible woman," and that the Prince of Wales "has the eye of sense and spirit;" and similarly his sociability makes him accept invitations to routs and dinners which his judgment scorns with the vehemence of Jefferson. He concludes that he will not do for the "tonish circles" in London, for he will not play at the "dull drudging" of cards; he expresses disgust at the way the races at Lewes in August tie up everything and occupy the whole public attention; he finds Blenheim "a thing to look at, not to live in;" and after an evening at a rout he sums up his opinion of English society in one of those jingles with which the pages of his diary are plentifully sprinkled:

> Your conversation, like your coin,
> Is gold, but yet 'tis strange
> How oft, when social circles join
> You want a little change.

Nevertheless he is careful to remark that he attended a *conversatione* at the house of "the noted Mrs. Montague, . . . one of the finest in London; and, indeed, there is a

room in which we sat that, if less gilt, would be very fine." It was not until 1795 that he made anything like an extensive tour of the country outside of London to judge for himself of the condition of things.

This trip was of a practical nature and was prompted by much the same motives as those which dominated Jefferson's interest in English conditions and institutions. The scarcity and high price of bread and other necessities of life had led to mob violence in London; there had been a riot in Moorfield and a mob had even broken Pitt's windows. As Morris was first a business man and only secondarily a statesman, these events aroused his interest and curiosity. His trip included, therefore, the chief manufacturing towns, and he was one of the earliest American travelers to make industry the chief object of his observations.

Morris's diary and letters are as eccentric as he must have been himself. They reflect changing rather than constant attitudes toward the things he saw and the people he met. He was much more responsive than either Adams or Jefferson, and when, by 1796, he had dined with Pitt, Greville, and others of importance, his feeling for the English somewhat approximated in warmth his sympathy with the French. His comments are succinct and fearless, but not always founded upon good judgment or good taste. There was something of the suppressed aristocrat in the appeal of good society to him, and much of the militant democrat in the leveling directness of his criticisms. He was a vital, though not always a balanced person, and the full force of his vitality finds expression in his journal. He spent the best part of ten years in Europe and a large share of them in England.

II

When Morris was given the appointment to France, Thomas Pinckney[1] was made Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain. In a very significant sense these appointments, particularly the latter, mark an epoch in our diplomatic history. Pinckney had, when he came to London in 1792, an advantage over Adams in one very important respect. The government of the United States was now on a comparatively stable footing and her envoy represented a ruler to a ruler, a very different status from that of the representative of a temporary congress. This may not have seemed so important a difference from the American point of view, but to the English government and people it made Pinckney official where Adams had been only partly so. On the other hand, the diplomatic relations between the two countries, complicated by France, were growing worse rather than better. Pinckney had, therefore, as hard a diplomatic task as Adams, if not harder, but his social position was more clearly defined and the way was paved for those social victories which sometimes count for as much as formal negotiations between powers.

There was hardly a man in the United States who was more fitted to be her envoy at this time. Educated at Westminster, Oxford, and the Temple, with nineteen years of his young life spent in Europe together with his brother, Charles, not only had he gained a degree of social grace and propriety of manner which most Americans of the day did not find time nor opportunity to cultivate, but he had built up for himself a large group of influential friends in high circles of English society. Added to these circumstances was his absolute willingness to conform to English

[1] C. C. Pinckney, *Life of General Thomas Pinckney*, Boston, 1895.

social usage and his reputation as an accomplished gentleman. What little welcome he received may be attributed rather to his urbanity than to any diplomatic prowess, and he therefore made the reception of future American envoys easier for both parties, but he unfortunately came at a time when the political jealousies, which, twenty years later, resulted in the War of 1812, were beginning to make themselves felt. Unfortunately, he kept no journal of his impressions, and we have therefore little direct record of them. Characteristic of him is the fact that he always wore the costume required by the court and the occasion. Of his reception by George III, he says, "I have been constant in attendance at the King's levees since the return of the Court to St. James, and, placing myself in the circle of foreign ministers, his Majesty never fails to have a few moments' conversation with me on the weather, or other topic equally important; but notwithstanding the great variety of incident that has lately occurred in European politics, he never touches upon that subject with me."

The Queen's attitude was equally distant. She received him, he says, with great affability at his audience; but at the drawing rooms, though she condescended to say a few words to him, yet she gave a marked priority to any person near. He shows that his social training makes him more susceptible to slights, to which many another American would be oblivious, by adding, "It is, in short, very evident that I am by no means in favor in any of the apartments of St. James."

It was a difficult task which Pinckney attempted to perform, and it was a task which, for his successors, grew increasingly difficult, until, in 1808, it became impossible. The men upon whom this task fell were Jay, King, Monroe, and William Pinkney.

In spite of the difficulties of the situation, however, Jay seems to have been thoroughly optimistic, in contrast to the attitudes of his predecessors. Like Adams, he concentrated all his energies and time on his mission, and has little to say of impressions other than those connected with his work. "Want of time represses my curiosity, and will not allow me to pay much attention to objects unconnected with those of my mission." However, he wished his son to do as Jefferson had done and "form a right estimate of whatever may be interesting to our country."

After his reception at court he was skeptical but hopeful. "So far as personal attentions to the envoy may be regarded as symptoms of good-will to his country, my prospect is favorable," he comments. "These symptoms, however, are never decisive; they justify expectation, but not reliance." And he adds later: "I am convinced, that next to the King, our President is more popular in this country than any man in it." The convictions that the best disposition prevailed toward the United States and that war was becoming less and less likely seemed to grow upon him. Similarly, he regarded the King with eyes less prejudiced than those of some other Americans, and disposed of him in a word as "a great man in little things."

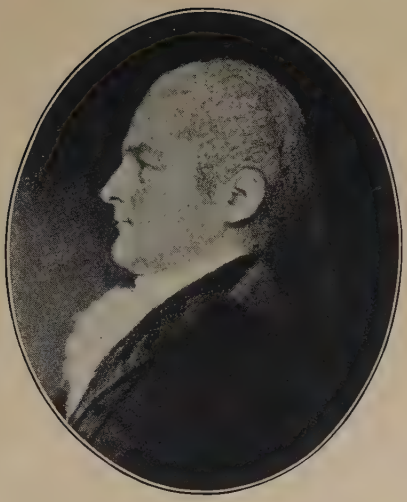
Jay added, therefore, to Pinckney's good breeding, a greater degree of experience in statecraft, and he was likewise of considerable firmness of mind and character as well as of a willingness at least to hope for the best. A similarly dignified picture is presented by Rufus King, who succeeded him.[2] When the American envoy refused to be presented to Buonaparte for fear it would injure his relations with

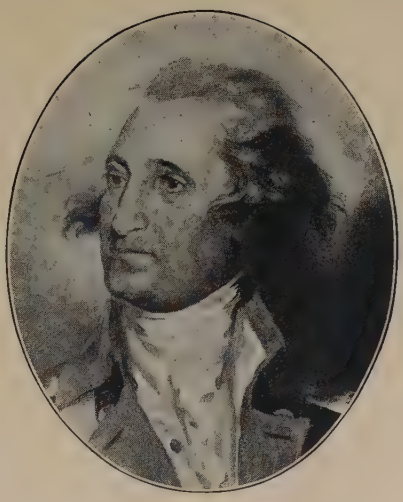
[2] A ms. memorandum of King's account of his reception by George III is in the possession of the Wm. L. Clements Library, University of Michigan.

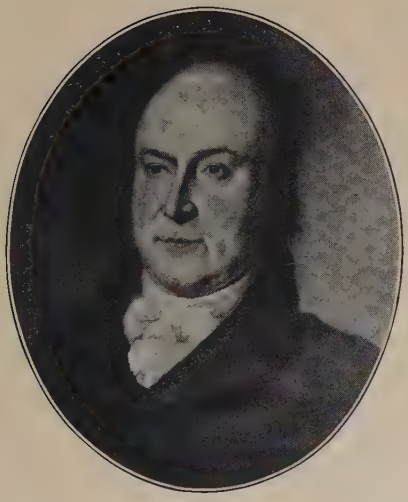
George III, the King thanked him and said, "You have treated me like a gentleman, which is more than I can say of all my subjects," a rather ambiguous statement which nevertheless has considerable significance. King obviously admired George III as a man, and he shows his admiration in his account of the attempted assassination at Drury Lane, a situation in which His Majesty seems to have acted with great presence of mind and royal dignity. Finally, at the farewell levee, both the King and the American minister showed marked firmness and good faith beneath the customary superficial pleasantness, and His Majesty remarked that his conduct had been entirely proper.

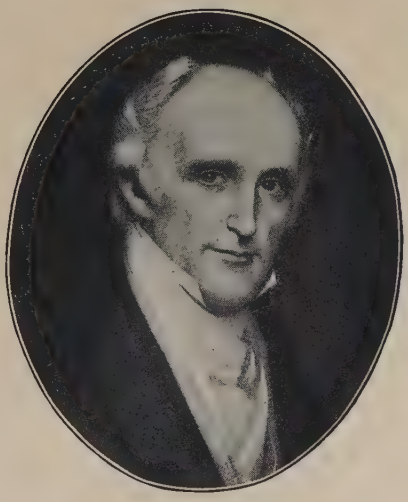
Rufus King's letters are perhaps less interesting than those of any other American envoy who wrote as voluminously as he did. The reason is the same one which made him acceptable at the Court of St. James. They are constrained, dignified, to the point, and they reflect his seriousness in his mission more than any other quality in his personality. "I have no reason to doubt the sincere desire of this government to cultivate our esteem," he remarks, and he did everything that dignity of personality could to bring that esteem about.

Monroe was neither so tactful nor so fortunate. The climate of London disagreed with his family so that he had to take them to Cheltenham and Bath for their health, and the fact that he, like other Americans, found expenses in England far greater than in his own country, did not help materially in the cultivation of his good temper. However, he wrote to Secretary Madison that he was taking particular care in the "whole" of his conduct, especially in matters of social etiquette, where "the King, the old Lady, and the ministers" were involved. He did his best to be gracious and tactfully to keep out of political disputes, but his in-









AMERICAN ENVOYS TO LONDON

(1) John Adams, *a pastel portrait, by James Sharples;* (2) Thomas Pinckney, *a copy by Albert Rosenthal of the painting by John Trumbull; both in the National Portrait Gallery, Independence Hall;* (3) John Quincy Adams, *by Charles Willson Peale;* (4) Richard Rush, *an engraving by John Sartain; both in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.*

herent hostility can only be matched by that of Jefferson. His formal reception at court did not deceive him, as he soon saw that this honor was granted to "every one of good appearance and decent society who would incur the heavy expense of a court suit," while in the matter of precedence among the ministers, he resented, as representative of the United States, his assignment to the lowest grade, although he preferred submission to the disagreeable consequences of an open objection.

It is refreshing to find once more the willingness on the part of the American envoy to put in his official dispatches such frankly hostile and scornful comments as these. It was a symptom of approaching war, and Monroe's attitude probably did little to prevent its coming. He finds the root of the trouble in England's ignorance of America's rapid growth, and at the same time her jealousy of whatever increase in power she saw. "They knew as little of us as they did of the Cape of Good Hope," he says of Lord Castlereagh and his kind, and he feels that nothing which was likely to succeed would be left untried to impair the growing prosperity of his country. It is a short step from the expression of such sentiments to an open declaration of war. Yet this was only 1805.

It would be folly to presume, from the conflicting attitudes of these envoys of the newly formed United States, that the relations between the two countries were as vacillating as the evidence would suggest. The record of history tells a different story; but this very contrast of extremes shows the position of the American minister at the Court of St. James before the War of 1812. He was not socially accepted, however seemingly cordial his formal welcome by the King and his Court might be. He was absorbed by the difficulties of his mission, and his mind as well as his

time were so filled with politics that he could hardly look about him, even if the people in his own class in society had been willing to accept him. He had a choice of two extremes in attitude: either he might accept the situation as best he could, forgetting the social aspects of diplomacy and welcoming the crumbs of favor which were thrown in his way occasionally by a moody but usually gracious and human king; or he might resent the implied insults of every moment of his existence, and storm until he had no longer breath for speech. However much his nation might load him with the cumbersome title of "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary"; however punctiliously he might lay in his wardrobe of court costumes; however dutifully he might make the rounds of formal calls upon the representatives of other foreign nations; whatever he might wish or do, he was to the court circle, to the nobility, and to all other levels of English society, the gentleman from a semi-barbarous America, who might be consulted on matters of disagreeable business when necessity absolutely demanded, and ignored at all other times. It is not surprising that these early envoys were not tempted to make permanent records of their impressions of the people and the country of their enforced visit.

III

Diplomatic relations between the United States and Great Britain were strained, temporarily severed, and altogether disorganized by the War of 1812. Caught between France and England, the young country was forced to a declaration, not merely of her independence, but of her existence. Only a miracle or a war with France or England could attain for her the recognition among world powers which her national

growth demanded. The war came first, and after it, seemingly, the miracle. Henry Clay, the most ardent proponent of war of them all, returned from the negotiation of the Treaty of Ghent with an entirely new note in the record of his impressions. His enthusiasm carries him from one extreme to its opposite when he exclaims, "Abroad, our character, which at the time of its declaration was in the lowest state of degradation, is raised to the highest point of elevation. It is impossible for any American to visit Europe, without being sensible of this agreeable change, in the personal attentions he receives, in the praises which are bestowed on our past exertions, and the predictions which are made as to our future prospects." As a demonstration of the close sequence between political and social recognition we have only to note the following invitation:

15 Great George Street,
Monday Forenoon.

Sir James Mackintosh is so eager to have the honor of Mr. Clay's acquaintance that he ventures to request his company this evening, to a small party, when Lady Mackintosh will be most happy to receive him, at nine or ten o'clock, with any gentlemen of his suite who may be so good as to honor them with coming.[3]

America's post-war envoy was again an Adams, but this time a man through inheritance and political faith an American aristocrat, through schooling and experience a European. John Quincy Adams was consistently in sympathy with principles of liberty and social democracy, but his stay in England with his father, his schooling near Paris and in Holland, and finally his earlier diplomatic services and his travels over the greater part of continental Europe, made him the most thoroughly trained envoy who had as yet journeyed to London with papers accrediting him as representa-

[3] C. Colton, *Life . . . of Henry Clay*, N. Y., 1864, IV, 45.

tive of the United States Government. From the age of eleven years to the time of his appointment, he had spent the greater part of his time in European travel or in the diplomatic service.

During the latter days of the war he viewed England with suspicion and little favor from the vantage point of his post in Russia, where he was the first successful accredited minister from America. In April, 1813, Bayard joined him, and in January, 1814, Clay, Russell, and Gallatin were added to the mission for the negotiation of peace. It was not long before the seat of negotiations was moved to Ghent, and Adams was succeeded at St. Petersburg by William Pinkney. The story of the drawing up of the treaty is too familiar to be here recounted. During the hundred days of Napoleon's return, Adams was in Paris, a city which held for him the same fascination which it does still for the rest of the world, and he lodged at the same hotel where he had stayed with his father in 1778. Then, on May 16, 1815, he set out by fast stages for Havre on his way to London.

It is to his careful and remarkably consistent habit of keeping a diary that we owe perhaps the most complete picture of these troublous times in England. He tells us that the habit, formed when he was a boy of thirteen, was somewhat intermittent during his early years, but that in 1795 he became more consistent, and from that time to July, 1816, he never missed a day. The greater part of this diary is preserved, although some of it was lost in Russia. The account of his mission to England is complete. In it, for the most part, he avoids personal and family matters and recounts at length those of his actions which had direct bearing on his public business. Add to this his correspondence covering the same period and little is left unsaid. His early letters are, like most diplomatic correspondence, chiefly tech-

nical and impersonal, as he left to his son, George, at school at Ealing, the responsibility of writing a weekly letter to the elder Mrs. Adams in America. When the teacher forbade this practice, however, as injurious to the boy's handwriting, the father took up the task, and his later letters are full of comment, especially on social reform, in which at that time he was mainly interested.

"We breakfasted this morning at six," he says in his *Memoirs,* on May 25, 1815, "and at seven left Dover with two post chaises, Mrs. Adams and myself in one, Lucy and Charles in the other." There follows an itemized account of the expenses of the trip and a few comments on the familiar aspects of the country which, in the eighteen years since his last visit, had changed very little. "We met on the road a regiment of soldiers, marching to Dover, to embark for Flanders; many beggars, and families of apparent paupers, wandering about the country, without shed or shelter. The cities have all the show of prosperity, but with an extraordinary proportion of cards upon the houses, advertising them for sale." This comment on the social conditions of the people is characteristic of the writings of many of the Americans of the time. The more discerning and critical the visitors—and none were more so than John Quincy Adams—the more they sought the underlying causes of conditions rather than the merely external aspects.

Upon his arrival at London, his first duty, a call upon the foreign minister, Lord Castlereagh, was performed, and the conversation is recounted with the great detail and cold detachment characteristic of all subsequent meetings. Adams was a true American in his inherent scorn of formalities, but he recognized the necessity of compliance with them even more than had his father. One of his first calls was upon the Russian minister for pointers on diplomatic eti-

quette, but it was not long before Robert Chester, Assistant Master of the Ceremonies, waited upon him and set him straight on all matters of form.

At this time, King George III was in retirement at Windsor, as insanity had finally overcome his reason, and the Prince Regent occupied the throne. His formal presentation to the Queen was long in being arranged, but he was at last "most gracously received," in some contrast to the "fawning malice" of royalty in the earlier days. Adams found her pleasant, but of failing memory, and he felt no great sorrow when, upon his departure from England, illness prevented her from granting him the customary private interview.

The Prince Regent won his unqualified scorn. His reception of the American envoy was cold and formal, but likewise polite and conciliatory. The Prince tried to be gracious, and inquired after those "very gentlemenly men," Mr. King and Mr. Pinckney. He was a trifle confused as to just which Mr. Pinckney he meant, and after some superficial talk about the Belgian cities of Ghent and Brussels, the audience was concluded with the Prince's hardly discerning comment, "There are a number of those great old cities there." He seemed to forget that the War of 1812 had been settled in one of them.

In his social graces he was even more repulsive to the American. "We were there [at Mrs. Wellesley Pole's rout] nearly two hours," says Adams, "during which the Prince sat lolling on a sofa, between two old ladies dressed in black (a court mourning for the Queen of Portugal), dropping now a word at the right hand, now a word at the left, and unapproachable to all the rest of the company." During his matrimonial difficulties, however, Adams's sympathies, as far as they departed from the cold semi-detachment of his official manner, seem to have been with the Prince. Of

the unhappy lady he says, "All the English ladies who accompanied her when she first went have left her and returned to England, and she is now traveling about, living publicly with an Italian adventurer, in such utter contempt of all decorum, that some of the captains of the English men of war have refused to admit the paramour with her at their tables." His opinion of the Prince, however, seems to have improved only slightly, if at all, although on his departure from England, his leave-taking was informal and friendly. "The character of this person," he says at the time, "is a composition of obtundity and frivolity. He is a Falstaff without the wit, and a Prince Henry without the compunctions. His only talent is that of mimicry, which he exercises without regard to dignity or decorum, to the fitness of his own character, or the feelings of others. His supreme delight is to expose persons dependent upon him to ridicule, and to enjoy their mortification. He seemed not to comprehend how it was possible to manage a government where the members of the executive government could not sit as members of the legislature, and he thought the mode of communication between the legislative and executive departments, by means of committees, was a sucking of the brains on both sides, which must encumber all public business and increase all its difficulties. He spoke, however, in perfect good humor, and dismissed me as graciously as he had received me."

Of his father, the now somewhat tragic George III, Adams seems to have shared the usual opinion, although he speaks of him only by hearsay. "His bodily health is good, his appetite regular, and the Archbishop [of York] says he considers him as the best life of his age in the kingdom. He is blind, but immediately recognizes by the voice every person whom he has known. His principal amusement is music

—playing upon a bad piano which he has in one of his chambers. He is attentive to the neatness of his person to great excess. He had for some time a long white beard, but is now regularly shaved." It was the King's fortune to excite admiration from Americans chiefly when his stupidity was beyond the possibility of harmfulness.

A certain amount of attendance upon public functions was obligatory to the American envoy, but Adams retreated to his home at Ealing and avoided as many as he could. He did not even "bustle in the country, or at the watering places," in the proper season when Parliament was not in session. The embassy at this time was in a house in Harley Street, over the door of which, according to an American visitor,[4] there was a sign announcing that hot and vapor baths could be had at the establishment. Adams reveals his feeling in social matters rather by silence than by deprecating comment in his diary. He merely notes the acceptance of an invitation to the marriage of the Princess Charlotte to Frederick, Duke of Saxe, and his account of the wedding of the Princess Mary and her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, is a brief paragraph of facts. Similarly, he was more amused than impressed, upon his several visits to Parliament, at the pompous formalities and ceremonies indulged in by the members, but he expresses his feeling again by a dignified detachment and more implied than stated comment. His only serious departure from diplomatic etiquette seems to have been his refusal of presents at his leave-taking, an act prompted by a prohibition in the Constitution of his country.

Although he was thus alien in his feelings to the circles of the Court and the Diplomatic Corps, and excluded from them, partly through their refusal to admit him and partly

[4] Joseph Ballard, *England in 1815*, Boston, 1913, p. 141.

through his own refusal to be admitted, his own social life was not altogether one of barren isolation. Early in his stay he attended, in the company of Clay and Gallatin, numerous functions of the lesser nobility and the upper middle classes. He spent, at Mr. Douglas Kinnaird's, one evening with a company of some three hundred persons who managed to pass "a couple of hours in looking at one another." At the apartments of the Duke of Clarence in St. James's Palace, he dined, together with ambassadors and other envoys, with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg upon "turtle soup, venison, and strawberries, with other dishes more in season," and wine which was "merely good." But at all these dinners and routs he was distinctly uncomfortable, and felt, what was probably the case, that nobody cared very much whether he were present or not.

It was the Lord Mayor who first received him with genuine cordiality, and he responded with equal warmth. To his dinner, Matthew Wood, of the Company of Fishmongers and twice Lord Mayor of London, invited "all the princes of the blood royal, the ministers of the country, and the foreign ambassadors; but there were present only the Duke of Kent, none of the ministers of state, the Austrian Ambassador, the Ministers of Bavaria, Portugal, Württemberg, and myself. The rest of the company consisted of Lord and Lady Torrington and the aldermen and other city officers, their wives and daughters." He describes at length a more pretentious dinner at the Mansion House some weeks later. "The men of official character were all in full Court dresses, and the Lady Mayoress wore the court hoop." There were four hundred persons present, but of foreign ministers only the Chevalier de Freire, of Portugal. "The same toasts, and the same order of them, were given, but the golden loving cups, and the basins of

rose-water, were not passed around. The King, the Prince Regent, the Queen and family, the Princess Charlotte and a happy union were successively toasted—the first in silence, and each of the rest with the cheers of three times three huzzas." The Dukes of Kent and Sussex responded to their toasts with brief speeches, and when the toast, "The President of the United States," came in its turn, "I arose from my seat and said, 'My Lord, I pray your Lordship to accept my hearty thanks for the honor which you have done my country in drinking the health of its Chief Magistrate. I receive it as an earnest of peace, harmony, and friendship between the two countries. . . . In return for your Lordship's obliging toast, I beg leave to drink: "All religious blessings and all temporal prosperity to the Metropolis of the British Empire and its Chief Magistrate." ' " Other toasts and speeches followed and the last, to "The wooden walls of Old England," was accompanied by the playing of *Rule Britannia* by the band and the general good feeling of the entire company. The Lady Mayoress then made the move upstairs where the dancing was to be, and the crowd followed in so great numbers that the women fainted and "the Lady Mayoress sat in state with her smelling-bottle constantly at her nostrils." A minuet was danced with moderate success, and then "there was an attempt to dance a country dance; but it was impossible for more than four or five couples to stand up, and the crowd soon pressed upon them so that they could not proceed." Even the threat of his Lordship the Mayor to call in the constables had no effect, and the Lady Mayoress was finally forced to adjourn her reception to Egyptian Hall where "the dinner tables were yet standing, and covered with people standing on them." The American envoy, his wife and his guests, Mr.

and Mrs. King, then left the company after a suitable exchange of compliments with their host and hostess.

Another great occasion of the kind was an anniversary dinner at the Fishmongers' Hall when the Dukes of Kent and Sussex were sworn in as members of the Company; but the most interesting and enjoyable of all was a trip down the river on the Lord Mayor's barge in a similarly gay and democratic group. Mr. and Mrs. Adams embarked at Westminster Bridge at eleven o'clock in the morning of August 22, 1816, and within the hour the Lord and Lady Mayoress and a company of a hundred of various ranks and dignities had joined them. "The barge was elegantly ornamented with streamers, and the Duke of Kent's band was on board." At noon they started, and were rowed down the Thames to Richmond. "The weather was fine, and the barge was surrounded all the way down by a number of boats, perhaps twenty, filled with company, ladies and gentlemen, as witnesses of the scene." At five, the barge was brought back to Richmond Bridge and anchored while "the whole company sat down to an elegant cold dinner. The carriages were ordered to be at Kew Bridge at eight o'clock, but it was nine before we left the table, and ten by the time we got back to Kew Bridge." The interval was filled with toasts, speeches, and informal chat, and the company was excellent. Perry, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle,* Lord Erskine, as well as various sheriffs and aldermen were among those on the barge. It was after dark when the Adamses finally met their carriage and returned to their home.

All this reveals the fact that the American envoy had at last found a level in English society where he enjoyed himself and where he was welcome. It was the one group in which the barriers between the East and the West End,

the City and the Town, were temporarily removed, and men who inherited met men who earned their money around the same dinner table. It was natural that the American should find himself at home in such a circle, and not only appreciate the contact with lords and dukes, but enjoy as well a friendly chat with a successful business man. At the Lord Mayor's parties he could have both, and there at last he found himself socially recognized. True, the nobility felt that they were somewhat lowering themselves by their attendance and the foreign ministers, except those of the lowest rank, seldom appeared. The reason for this was that at the table they were set below the members of both Houses, while in their own exclusive circles they came next after the blood royal. "But," says Adams, "I was not disposed to dispute the place assigned to me." Such conditions made the American envoy feel all the more at home.

One other social group made John Quincy Adams welcome. There were in London at this time innumerable charitable societies which naturally interested one who thought more of the general betterment of society than of his own importance. The custom was to ask either the Duke of Kent, of Sussex, or of Gloucester to act as chairman of their meetings, and then to invite any who might be interested or who might help in the work. His sympathy with these efforts led Adams to any number of these meetings, and there he was given the sort of recognition he most desired. Through him, the United States was appealed to as a nation sympathetic with reform, charity, and social progress, and their envoy rose with conviction in his mind and spoke of the ideals and interests of his own country. At a dinner of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, he emphasized the desire of his country to imitate and even at some future date to rival, as well as

to coöperate with, "her parent," and on other such occasions his remarks followed similar lines.

This interest in industry, charity, and reforms of all kinds led Adams into many unusual contacts. He followed the course of popular uprisings with eager attention, as well during his earlier stays in England as at the time of his official mission. "The extremes of opulence and want are more remarkable, and more constantly obvious, in this country than in any other I ever saw," he says in 1816, after he had lived in most of the countries of continental Europe, but at the time the conditions did not seem to him to be alarming. He felt that the storm was brewing but was not ready to break, that the pictures of poverty among workmen were highly colored in order to raise wages, and that the chief difficulty lay in the stupidity of the people, who did not know how to appreciate their own prosperity. By February of 1817, however, conditions became far worse, and what little confidence he felt in the power of the Prince Regent and of Parliament to avert catastrophe seems to have dwindled to almost nothing. "The very elements of the political system seem to be breaking up," he says, and he feels that, although the government may live through it, he has just cause to congratulate himself on being an American.

His theoretical interest in such matters soon led him to personal contact with the rather miscellaneous group of men who were at the time agitating for violent reform, notably Owen, Bentham, Cartwright, and even Place, the tailor, whom he visited in the company of Bentham in his library, a small room behind his shop in Charing Cross. They had a good talk, and Place asked where he could obtain a copy of the Constitution of the United States. Adams also felt some skepticism when Owen called and explained to him his plan for a communist community,

and he found Cartwright rather dull, "a grave old gentleman of seventy;" but in Cobbett he had a great interest. He did not meet him, for at the time he had "shrunk from the crisis, and taken his departure for America," but he felt that in him they had broken down "the main pillar of parliamentary reform." Hunt also, "the itinerant orator" of the cause, he failed to meet.

Most of these contacts came from his growing intimacy with Jeremy Bentham. The sage old reformer called upon Adams to interest him in a proposal which he had placed before President Madison in 1811 and to which he had received a polite negative. His offer was to codify, for the benefit of the United States or of any one of them, the common law, in such a way as "to embrace in a very small compass the whole system of legislature." He was then over seventy, "somewhat eccentric in his deportment, but of great ingenuity and benevolence." The invitation to dine at his house was accepted and there Adams met among others the young John Stuart Mill, then "a boy of twelve or thirteen, whom Mr. Bentham is educating." At the dinner "many things were said of which I should have been desirous of taking note," but time prevented. The dinner and the walk in the garden were thoroughly enjoyable, as well as the old philosopher's conversation, and the two men formed an intimacy which lasted through the remainder of Adams's stay in London.

Not the least interesting of their common activities were the walks in the morning before breakfast about strange parts of London. These sometimes extended to three hours or more, and Adams entered whole-heartedly into the plan, at first as Bentham suggested it, and later with a more substantial fare than mere food for thought before he started. Their talk was of the sort that makes us wish that the

voluminous diarist had been even less sparing of his record. The philosopher argued and expounded at length and with enthusiasm, while his listener drew him on by the Socratic method of question and answer, carefully keeping his own views to himself, and only letting us know that on one occasion at least he led Bentham to the conclusion that his ideas, if carried out in England, would inevitably lead to revolution. The last record which Adams makes in his *Memoirs* of this mission is of one of these walks and talks; and on his departure from England, he carried with him in his trunk twenty-five copies of each of Bentham's works for circulation in the United States, a gift which must have added considerably to the physical weight of his luggage. One copy was to be given to each of the governors of the United States and the rest to be distributed where they might fall on fertile soil. Adams does not say whether he carried out his friend's wishes or not.

It may be seen that a fundamental change had come over the position of the American envoy in London between the missions of the Adamses, father and son. In 1794 the younger expressed nothing but scorn for those men "whose action is an ambush and thought a stratagem," and for the base servility of "the puny cits and courtiers." By 1816, his attitude had changed only in its less vehement and partisan expression, yet his reception was altogether different. He loved England no better, but he had in the meantime become constructively interested in her welfare, and he felt more hope for the future relations of the two countries. In the first visit he and his father had met with nothing but disdain and hostility, openly expressed or thinly veiled by a transparent coating of formal necessity; after the War of 1812, the worst treatment he received was merely to be ignored, a fact which worried him

not at all. With even such negative recognition, he was able to lay the foundations for the reception of his successors on something more substantial than had been the social footing of any of his predecessors. His detachment and his critical attitude kept him from intimacy with the Diplomatic Corps and the court circle, but he set his feet firmly on that stratum of English society which he found congenial to his democratic social philosophy.

IV

It is hard to believe, when we follow Richard Rush about the colorful round of entertainment of the Diplomatic Corps, that we are reading of John Quincy Adams's immediate successor. As Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, Rush arrived in London with his wife, four small children, his secretary, Mr. Taylor, and three servants on December 22, 1817.

"Enough," he says, "has been written and said on both sides to irritate. My desire is, and such my effort, to soothe." He seems to have realized this admirable purpose, not only in his book, but in his actions as well. At heart the American envoy was a Tory in his sympathies with political England. "To my speculative observation," he declares, "a Tory administration seemed rather the most in unison with a country, the institutions of which were essentially aristocratic. . . . Tory administrations in England had been found to treat us [the diplomats] best." His intention, both in the society in which he moved and in the account which he wrote of his actions, was to create a consciously favorable impression, and he did his utmost to preserve a sympathetic attitude both with English customs and American ideals. In matters of internal politics,

he retained a judicious silence, with the result that he was received as no previous American envoy had been, and no complaint ever reached him of his method of telling his story in print in spite of the fact that the *Quarterly Review* proclaimed it a dangerous precedent. The result was that he realized for his successors an enviable position. "How happy you must feel in these times when none of us know what is to happen in Europe," said another member of the Diplomatic Corps to him on one occasion. "You belong to us, yet are independent." It was his good fortune that his natural sympathies and his personality fitted him not only to realize, but to improve to its utmost, this situation so unique and unprecedented for an American at the Court of St. James.

Rush's *Residence at the Court of London* (1833), and its sequel (1845), is the only professed travel book written by an American envoy in England during this period. As he confesses that his purpose in publishing his impressions was the establishment of friendly relations between the two nations, his record must not be taken wholly on its face value for the ascertaining of facts. He gives us a picture of English society which was entirely outside the experience of previous American envoys. The reason for his entrée may perhaps be attributed both to his own attitude and to the changed attitude of the English nation as a whole toward America, a change of which Adams and Clay give unmistakable testimony. Rush's attitude agrees, too, with that of the great majority of Americans in England at the time for other purposes, and need therefore be doubted or qualified very little. His motives, though biased by a desire to please, were otherwise uncolored.

The root of the matter was that the English had at last accepted America as a nation. Although doubt was some-

times expressed as to her future, the Revolution was spoken of in society as history and nothing more, while Franklin was remembered as a quaint old philosopher. The feeling for Washington, too, was wholly one of praise for his character rather than blame for his disloyalty to England.

On the other hand, Rush was not afraid to feel and to give expression to his kinship for the English and their country. In speaking of the natural warmth which any American in England must feel, he says: "Her fame is constantly before him. He hears of her statesmen, her orators, her scholars, her philosophers, her divines, her patriots. In the nursery he learns her ballads. Her poets train his imagination. Her language is his. . . . In spite of political differences, her glory allures him. In spite of hostile collision, he clings to her lineage." The War of 1812 had, in three years, sunk very far into the background. The openness and frankness of the government was to him beyond suspicion, and when he heard of anti-American agitation, he dismissed it with the casual remark that both England and the United States were strong enough to thrive rather than perish under the onslaughts of propaganda.

Like most foreign diplomats, Rush had little time to visit the sights of England, and little desire to write a record of his travels. A fellow diplomat told him on one occasion that he himself had been eight years in London without seeing the inside of Westminster Abbey, and the American was content to visit merely the most obvious points of interest. After being in England three years he finally visited the Woolwich Arsenal and described it in full, but for the most part he felt that guide books gave better descriptions of such places than he possibly could.

The interests which had formed the center of Adams's

social activity were usually viewed from afar by his successor. He visited Bentham in his "unique, romantic little homestead" in the heart of London, was cordially received and favorably impressed, but there is no record of any further intimacy; while the indefatigable Wilberforce, who called upon each succeeding American envoy in an effort to enlist his sympathy for his anti-slavery propaganda, is pictured in the midst of an animated society—an influential man rather than a scorned reformer. He had a similarly detached interest in the great charitable and religious societies. The long lists of charitable hospitals in the newspapers seemed to him stupendous, and their innumerable meetings intensely interesting, but he regarded them rather as an evidence of the inherent goodness of the upper classes than as an indication of the appalling poverty of the lower, and the crying need for reform.

The explanation of this attitude is in his own statement in the preface to the first volume of his *Residence:* "The opinions in which I feel most confidence, and which are most important, are those which refer to the wealth and power of England, and their steady augmentation. . . . No nation, ancient or modern, of the same population, has ever paid so much under the regular operation of tax-laws, most of it on time." He consistently views taxes in the light of national wealth and seldom as an agency of oppression; and he admires rather than questions the wealth of certain of the nobility and the prosperity of the London shopkeepers and their shops. The glitter of gold and the shimmer of silver are not such evils after all when one is striving to win favor with the makers and rulers of empires.

It is not surprising, then, that Rush's account of the Regent and his Court is at once the fullest and the most sympathetic. Even when the Royal Bell-ringers came to

him at Portsmouth, with their long coats and their longer faces, and asked him to put his name in their book and his hand in his pocket, he treated formal ceremony with an easy acquiescence and a genuine enjoyment. He looked upon all such matters as curious, but to be observed and honored without question.

For the old King and his consort he felt what may be described as a calm benevolence. George III seemed, he says in 1820, "to have outlived political animosity, and to have closed his long and eventful reign amidst the general good will of his people; a feeling, extended and strengthened by the purity of his private life;" and the Queen, just before her death in 1818, presented a benign picture of wifehood and motherhood, the portrait of her husband about her neck being symbolic of the "fifty years this royal pair had lived together in affection. The scene would have been one of interest anywhere." On the occasion of her birthday reception she addressed some conversation to the wife of the American, as a stranger, a thing which "she could not do to all, time not permitting." "The conduct of the Queen," he says further, in describing the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, "was remarkable. This venerable personage, the head of a large family—her children then clustering about her; the female head of a great empire—in the seventy-sixth year of her age—went the round of the company, speaking to all. There was a kindliness in her manner from which time had struck away useless forms." And again at her death: "The Queen enjoyed in a high degree the respect and affection of a very large portion of the inhabitants of Great Britain. For more than half a century, her conduct upon the throne had been, to the nation, satisfactory. . . . All agree, that in the relations of private life, her conduct was exemplary; and that

the British court maintained in her time, a character of uniform decorum and chastened grandeur."

The one-sidedness of Rush's brilliant picture is again marked in his discussion of the Prince Regent. We may infer that this gentleman did not win such respect as his father and mother had by the fact that the American frequently mentions him, but seldom comments on his person, actions, or character. He describes his levees and his coronation at great length, but with little or no comment on the man himself.

When the opportunity afforded for the description of the social events of royalty, however, Rush spared no effort in painting a picture as glowing and colorful as possible. Such an occasion was that of the Queen's last birthday in 1818. Mr. and Mrs. Rush arrived by carriage at the palace. "We were soon set down," he says, "and entered the great hall. What a contrast! The day before, I had gone up the staircase alone. Now, what did I see? We were not out of time, for, by appointment, my carriage reached the palace with Lord Castlereagh's; but whilst hundreds were still arriving, hundreds were endeavoring to come away. The staircase branched off at the first landing, into two arms. It was wide enough to admit a partition, which was let in. The company ascending took one channel; those descending, the other; and both were full. The whole group stood motionless. The openings through the carved balusters, brought all under view at once, whilst the paintings on the walls heightened the effect. The hoop dresses of the ladies, sparkling with lama; their plumes; their lappets; the fanciful attitudes which the hoops occasioned, some getting out of position as when in Addison's time they were adjusted to shoot a door; the various costumes of the gentlemen as they stood pinioning their elbows,

and holding their swords; the common hilarity from the common dilemma; the bland recognitions passing between those above and below, made up, altogether, an exhibition so picturesque, that a painter might give it as illustrative, so far, of the court of that era. . . .

"Four rooms were allotted to the ceremony. In the second was the Queen. She sat on a velvet chair and cushion, a little raised up. Near her were the Princesses, the ladies in waiting. The general company, as they reached the corridor by one arm of the staircase, passed on to the Queen. Bowing to her, they regained it, after passing through all the rooms, by an outlet that led to the other arm; which they descended. . . . If the scene in the hall was picturesque, the one upstairs transcended it. The doors of the rooms were all open. You saw in them a thousand ladies richly dressed. All the colors of nature were mingling their rays together. It was the first occasion of laying by mourning for the Princess Charlotte; so that it was like the bursting out of spring. No lady was without her plume. The whole was a waving field of feathers. Some were blue, like the sky; some tinged with red; here you saw violet and yellow; there, shades of green. But the most were like tufts of snow. The diamonds encircling them caught the sun through the windows, and threw dazzling beams around. Then the hoops! I cannot describe these. They should be seen. To see one is nothing. But to see a thousand—and their thousand wearers! I afterwards sat in the Ambassadors' box at a coronation. That sight faded before this. Each lady seemed to rise out of a gilded little barricade; or one of silvery texture. This, topped by her plume, and the 'face divine' interposing, gave to the whole an effect so unique, so fraught with feminine

grace and grandeur, that it seemed as if a curtain had risen to show a pageant in another sphere."

There were innumerable other such occasions, each depicted with the same uncritical enthusiasm, the same joy in the outward show and the flood of color and light. Rush was obviously at home at these affairs, as he was in all things concerning the aristocratic upper planes of English society. Invitations were showered upon the visiting diplomats, and Rush was in the mood to accept as many as he could. Sir James Mackintosh—"how rare a man and what a model for a politician"—entertained him frequently, as he had done Clay and others; "many and agreeable" were the dinners attended at the home of Mr. Canning, "intuitive and brilliant" in his social conversation as well as upon the floor of the House of Commons; the Duke of Wellington made him at home and "talked with the ease which a long intercourse with the world in its greatest circles, gives." Instead of the formal morning meetings with Castlereagh which Adams records at such length, Rush was a frequent guest at the most exclusive of his entertainments. On one occasion his carriage broke down on his way to a dinner given by his Lordship, and he arrived, profuse in apology and somewhat short of breath, just as the guests were entering the dining room, an hour after that at which the dinner had been scheduled. "Never mind," said his Lordship genially, "it is all as it should be. America being the furthest off, you were entitled to more time in coming." Rush's admiration for what he considered the liberality of the views of the British Foreign Minister were returned by a gracious courtesy, not far removed from a spirit of frank good fellowship on the part of the latter. Many others, among them the scientist, Sir Hum-

phry Davy, then lecturing at the Royal Institution, Lord Erskine, and "a great number of persons of the court and other circles" paid him visits, greeted him cordially in society, and made him at home at their own entertainments. "Of the list, were those whose acquaintance any one might regard as a source of gratification. In me, the feeling was heightened, as it marked the estimation in which my country was held."

To follow Rush about in his social activities is to get as clear a picture of the West End of London as has come from any American pen, with the possible exception of Willis; and his picture is enriched beyond that of the latter by the extent and the exclusiveness of his entrée. In 1821 King George IV was crowned, and at the dinner in honor of his coronation the highest diplomats only, among them Rush, were present. He gives a long account of it: The King led the way into the dining room, "the Royal Dukes followed; then the special ambassadors, each taking precedence by the date of his arrival in London; then the resident corps and the rest of the company, each having the *pas* under rules well known. All were in high official costume. . . . The entire dinner service was of gold. . . . The servants in royal livery were abundant, and their quiet movements seen rather than heard. The whole table, sideboard, and room, had an air of chaste and solid grandeur; not however interfering with the restrained enjoyments of a good dinner, of which the King seemed desirous that his foreign guests should in no wise be abridged, for we sat until past ten o'clock. When he moved, the company all rose, and, in the order in which we came to dinner, returned to the drawing rooms, where coffee was handed."

The phrase, "the entire Diplomatic Corps were present,"

THE LORD MAYOR'S DINNER, EGYPTIAN HALL

From The Microcosm of London, *by Rowlandson and Pugin, the copy in the collection of Mr. A. Edward Newton.*

is the usual comment on an embassy dinner, and many were little inferior to that of the King. At Lord Castlereagh's dinner to foreign diplomats, Rush says, "the table ornaments, abundant light, and variegated national costumes, presented, as we took our seats, an array very striking."

The conversation on these occasions was limited to the sphere of interests of a cultivated though narrow horizon. Chiefly it was of France and things French, for the French language was spoken freely by the English nobility, of hunting, of painting, of foreign relations, of the royalty, of English history, especially of great victories, and of literature. The public men, Rush noted, "think of public affairs at all times," but the weather "was always a topic in England, because, as Johnson says, it is always uncertain." Johnson of all English authors was the favorite for polite discussion, but Pope, Swift, Milton, Dryden, Addison, and others, not too long dead, were referred to frequently. "The author of Waverley" kept the public interest at high pitch, first by his scarcely sustained anonymity, later by the frequency of his novels. At a dinner at Holland House, where nine guests cast their votes for their own personal favorites among his novels, there were nine different novels so chosen, no two votes being for the same one. Alabaster vases, then one of the fads of society as they were imported from Italy and the duty made them costly, aroused the collectors' interest and formed a further topic for conversation, as did collections of anything strange or rare—pipes, books, pictures, wild animals,—Lord Castlereagh had his own private menagerie. The opera, too, was popular, and the nobility discussed at length the relative merits of imported Italian singers, and engaged them to perform at private entertainments. The polar expedition occupied

the center of interest while it was current, but at private dinners, "the chosen scenes of English hospitality," recourse was even had to parlor games. Rush describes at length a game of *Twenty Questions* at Mr. Planta's, a sport which was altogether a novelty to him.

In addition to all this there were the great balls at Carleton House and elsewhere, and the life of the clubs and the pleasure gardens. Almack's was in its prime as an exclusive social center, and the others on St. James Street, the United Service, the Travelers, and the Alfred, all gave their freedom to the American envoy.

It was the autumn emigration, however, which seemed to Rush the high point of the social life of the West End. The first move came immediately upon the close of Parliament, the second on September 1st, the opening of the partridge season. From that time until Twelfth Night, the end of the Christmas festivities, the nobility and gentry left London deserted, and it was at this time alone that Rush felt deserted himself. He only records one visit to a country house, but its singleness seems to have made the impression all the deeper, for he describes it at length. Mr. Coke, of Holkham, a member of the new commercial aristocracy who had made his money by improved methods of agriculture, invited the American envoy for a long visit during sheep-shearing, a traditional name for the festivities of midsummer, in which Mr. Coke kept up the life of the old English manor house and the country gentleman. Holkham was a modern farm in every way, and the party invited to the sheep-shearing took part in a general inspection of every part of it, accompanied by feasting and general jollification. "Then it is," says Rush, "that you have more of the port of the old English country gentleman, as he jovially rides from field to field, and farm

to farm, attended by his friends, who are also mounted. . . . Of the social scene which goes hand in hand with it all, I hardly dare trust myself to speak, lest I should seem to exaggerate. The number of Mr. Coke's guests, meaning those lodged at his mansion, was, I believe, about fifty, comprehending those I have named and others—as I could scarcely know all in a visit of a week. But his friends and neighbors of the county of Norfolk, and the country gentlemen and visitors from parts of England further off, arriving every morning after breakfast, in carriages or on horseback, . . . amounted to about six hundred every day." Then follows a description of the old rambling country house, of the interior, especially the huge library with its many thousand volumes, and of the guests and their talk. For the great feast, "throughout the successive rooms communicating with each other, and with the statue gallery, tables were laid for all the other guests; therefore, though none of the tables were in sight from the statue gallery, which opened to the others from doors at the end, voices could be heard from them all." Toasts were exchanged, chief among which was Mr. Coke's own motto, "Live and let live," and the atmosphere was redolent with that sense of the romance of English history which is more apt "to linger in the mind of an American visiting England, than in an Englishman's."

Then there was a drive with Mr. Coke alone "in the cool of the evening through beautiful scenery and grounds, [which], with such a host, was a delightful recreation with which to close a day, and fill up the measure of its agreeable recollections." As they drove, the host told of his plans and ideas, and occasionally livened his talk with anecdotes of the place and of his life. Finally they returned, and soon "were in view of Holkham House once

more, the twinkling lights showing that its festivities were not yet at an end. When we got in, it was past ten. The general dinner company had dispersed; but of the home guests, a number still remained in the drawing rooms—some conversing in little knots, others seated at whist tables. By eleven, most of them had dropped off to their bedrooms," and the sheep-shearing was over for that year. On the morrow the party broke up and the guests returned to the city or to their own estates.

Paradoxically, the fact that Rush was the least American of all our representatives at London during these first fifty years of our national life made him the most successful of all our envoys if success be rated in social rather than in political terms. This was due largely to his successful maintenance of an attitude of national cordiality, while in his criticism of the country to which he was sent, he—to use his own comment on another—"showed his judgment in appearing to have at present no judgment at all." The stranger, he continues, "sees in England, prosperity the most amazing, with what seems to strike at the roots of all prosperity. He sees the most profuse expenditure, not by the nobles alone, but large classes besides; and, throughout classes far larger, the most resolute industry supplying its demand and repairing its waste; taxation strained to the utmost, with an ability unparalleled to meet it; pauperism that is startling, with public and private charity unfailing, to feed, clothe, and house it; the boldest freedom, with submission to law; ignorance and crime so widely diffused as to appall, with genius and learning and virtue to reassure; intestine commotions predicted, and never happening; constant complaints of poverty and suffering, with constant increase in aggregate wealth and power. These are some of the anomalies which he sees. How is he at

once to pass upon them all? he, a stranger, when the foremost of the natives after studying them a lifetime, do nothing but differ." Rush's interest in the superficial glitter of life was after all rather an evidence of his uncritical tolerance and friendliness than of any lack of appreciation of more fundamental matters.

V

The last ten years of our first half century saw a new and rather miscellaneous sort of envoy from the United States in the courts of Europe. There is no picture of the English court by any one of these men as sympathetic as that of Rush or even as complete as that of John Quincy Adams. Gallatin was of French birth and sympathies; John Randolph, who stopped in England twice on his way to and from Russia, was too temperamental to reveal much more than his own personality; McLane, Barbour, and Vail give very scant records of the personal aspects of their missions; and Van Buren wrote his impressions many years after his visit to London.

The blunt remark of James Gallatin, "I frankly don't like England or English customs and manners," is echoed in the more conservative criticism of his father, "I do not believe that there is a single question between us in which the ministers will not be supported by the public opinion of the country in taking rank ground against us."

The best picture of Gallatin's mission to England, however, as well as of his earlier visits to the country, is to be had in the diary of his son and secretary, for his own writings are chiefly official documents. The young man's life, as he suggests himself, was none too morally rigid, but he shows the greatest scorn for all evidences of drinking

or gambling among the nobility of England, for their clubs, for their pleasure gardens, and especially for the King and his favorite, Beau Brummel. As Prince Regent, walking in the Mall, George appeared handsome, but his beauty waned when Gallatin saw him coming, drunk, from a cock-fight at Brighton. Never were such things to be seen in France! Such conduct in a sovereign was disgusting; "And that is a King!" he exclaims. "What a change since I last saw him. He is fat, very red in the face and unwieldy." His picture of royalty is the tarnished reverse of Rush's shining coin.

Of London society he has little to say, except that he found the town in August "unutterably dull. . . . Mamma is very happy as she has a perfect riot of churches to go to. It will be gayer after Christmas, but only among the *Corps Diplomatique*. We are booked for several visits. . . . Father will have to have some sort of reception for the Americans in the New Year. We really make quite a show. We are using all our old French state liveries—which are perfectly fresh. . . . We had a delightful Christmas with the Barings, who are hospitality itself. There are Barings of all shapes and colors, all sizes—tall ones, short ones, lean ones, fat ones, but all are so nice and cheerful; they seem indeed a united family. We played all sorts of silly games and became children again."

Gallatin's account is amusingly frank and often bluntly disagreeable. But behind it may be seen a reception very similar to that accorded to Rush in the extent of its formal courtesies. All of the American envoys did not guard their actions as carefully as those who came over immediately after the war. It is recorded of Barbour that he "shocked the pride of the nobility by accepting an invitation from Arkwright, a famous wealthy artist in London, who had

been employed professionally in his family. He disgusted them too very much by going to the bar-room and calling for a mint julep." [5]

It was Randolph, however, who caused the greatest sensation. Pierre Irving, in his life of Washington Irving, who was attached to the legation of McLane as his secretary, tells one of the best of the many stories of Randolph's eccentricities. McLane and Irving called for him in order to present him at court on his way through London to St. Petersburg as Envoy Extraordinary of the United States in 1830. When they arrived, says the historian, they "found him with knee buckles, white stockings, and shoes with gold buckles, a sword and a little black hat. They looked wonderingly at his dress, so likely with his odd figure to attract observation. He pointed to his gold buckles. 'No sham about them. Rundell and Bridges, by ——!' To some observation as to the propriety of his dress, 'I wear no man's livery, by ——!' 'But,' said Mr. Irving, 'the object of a court costume is to avoid awkwardness and challenge; there is a convenience in it; and at all events you don't want a sword.' 'Oh now, Irving, as to a sword, you need not pretend to teach me about that; my father wore a sword before me, by ——!' Mr. Irving explained that the sword belonged to a different costume, but was out of place with that dress. This seemed to strike Randolph, and he unbuckled his sword afterwards, and left it in the carriage. As he was about to enter the antechamber, where the foreign ministers are in waiting, he was, as Mr. Irving had feared, stopped by the usher. Mr. Irving immediately explained who he was, and he was permitted to pass. 'There now, Randolph,' said he, 'you see one of the inconveniences of being out of costume.' In the

[5] B. F. Perry, *Reminiscences of Public Men*, Phila., 1833, p. 139.

ante-chamber, the foreign ministers eyed him curiously. Admitted to the presence chamber, he preceded Mr. Irving, made his bow to royalty in his turn, and then passed before other members of the royal family. As he went by the Duke of Sussex, the latter beckoned to Mr. Irving; 'Irving,' said he, with his thumb reversed over his right shoulder, and moving it significantly up and down, half suppressing a laugh at the same time, 'who's your friend, Hokey Pokey?' Mr. Irving, jealous for the honor of his country, replied with emphasis: 'That, sir, is John Randolph, United States Minister at Russia, and one of the most distinguished orators of the United States.' "

Randolph was a sincere admirer of England; however, there was much in him of the old colonial aristocrat. "Thank God," he exclaimed when he first landed on English soil, "that I have lived to behold the land of Shakespeare, of Milton, of my forefathers! May her greatness increase through all time;" and the English gentleman, he says, "—a few despicable and despised fashionables excepted—is not graceful, nor affable, but plain, sincere, kind, without one particle of pretension in dress, manner, or anything else." He loved England but he loved simplicity more—the aristocrat at heart, the democrat in manners. "I have come to England to see and not to be seen," he insists, but a picture of him—to be sure, drawn by an enemy [6]—daily resorting to the Travelers Club, "the chosen theatre of his displays," would seem to imply that his purpose was made futile by a personality too hard to suppress. It is hard to take Randolph as seriously as he took himself, but his impressions have a force which comes only from sincerity.

Toward the end of a career made successful by the sage

[6] "Julius," *John Randolph, Abroad and at Home,* Wash., 1828, p. 6.

use of his material advantages, Martin Van Buren wrote his own record of his public life. Appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain in 1831, he was accorded a reception by William IV and his ministers, "cordial—as it appeared to me then, particularly so," a fact which he attributed to England's lack of fear of the United States rather than to any inherent affection for her. However, his reception extended even to private entertainments of the King at Windsor, and Van Buren left England with a feeling of greater warmth than was experienced by any other American envoy except perhaps Richard Rush. In speaking of the genuine simplicity of the character of the English gentleman, he says: "This trait in their character is so general as to constitute a rule, in the truth of which no one who has an opportunity to test it will be disappointed, that the higher the ranks of its aristocracy the more will the observer be obliged to acknowledge not merely the modesty and simplicity of manner, which distinguish the gentlemen in all degrees of society, but the absence of all assumptions of superiority or merit on the score of birth." He felt that at heart English society had much in common with that of America, however hard it might be to see through the aristocratic institutions of the former and the devoted republicanism of the latter. And he tops his comments by brief and restrained descriptions of those courtly formalities over which Rush became so enthusiastic. "The reigning sovereign with the members of the royal family occupy at levees and drawing rooms, a stationary position before the throne," he says. "The company, preceded by the Diplomatic Corps, enter the throne room in procession and exchange salutations with the royal circle in passing and go out the other door, except such as are entitled to remain in the presence,

as it is called, and these, consisting of the ministers of foreign and the home governments and a stated few beside form in a group in front. The only occasions on which any of the unprivileged company stop in their progress before the royal circle are when presentations are to be made or other permitted duties to be performed, or when any individual is addressed by the sovereign, in which latter case the movement of the procession is closed by an appropriate bow on the King's part."

Van Buren's mission was rather an unspectacular close to a half century of such vivid and contrasting personalities. Throughout the entire period there were two elements in sharp and continued conflict, the independence of thought and action which was the birthright of the American citizen and the rigidity of tradition and social formality which was the heritage of English society. The conflict varied in intensity and in outcome as the temperaments of the individual envoys or the changing tenor of international relationships between the two countries varied; but at heart it was the same struggle always. Beneath a constantly fluctuating state of relationships there seems to have been, however, a steady development of social poise on the part of the American representatives and of warmth of feeling and cordiality of recognition on the part of English royalty and society. When John Adams's attitude and experiences are compared with those of Gallatin or Rufus King this development is not so obvious as when Jefferson's and Monroe's are contrasted with those of Richard Rush or Van Buren. As the United States became nationally more unified, their foreign representatives gained in self-respect and in the respect of others. Their tasks became increasingly more pleasant, and their success correspondingly more marked.

In fifty years America had become a nation on a par in power and dignity with England.

Of the many other official representatives [7] of the United States, in England during this period, consuls and delegates on special missions, secretaries and attachés of legations, little can be said because they kept slight or no records of their impressions. There is a story to be told of the work of James Maury, for many years consul at Liverpool, and Samuel Williams, at London. There is scarcely an American traveler who does not gratefully mention their aid and advice, but consular representation in general did not develop to any great extent until about the middle of the century. Prior to this, American interests in individual towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland were usually guarded by the American envoy at Court or by a native of Great Britain, appointed, because of American sympathies to the task. The same condition holds true of the numerous secretaries and members of the official corps of the American envoys. Most of them were men of small capacity, usually young men who sought the opportunity of a trip abroad before they settled to the more serious business of life. William S. Smith, John Quincy Adams, Washington Irving, and James Gallatin are exceptions to this rule in that they rose to distinction later. The comments of most of these men, if they wrote any, have long been lost or are not of sufficient value or significance to merit record.

The criticism of England afforded by this large group of envoys, the majority of them the best American minds of the time, can not, in spite of this fact, be said to add a chapter to American literature, but, when patched together,

[7] For lists, and data regarding these men, see the *Register of the Department of State*, 1870-79, and files in the Division of Publications, Department of State, Washington, D. C.

the result is a picture of the English court of the day and a revelation of the development of the American national character which would be hard to equal. The progress of the American envoy at the Court of St. James into a position of dignity in the Diplomatic Corps and in English society was steady. Contrary forces, both in himself and in his environment, could delay but could not prevent it. Even at the end of a half century, however, because of his title, he could not yet take his position with the ambassadors of other first-class powers. The importance of diplomatic etiquette was one of the last lessons which the new nation learned.

Chapter V

PRACTICAL TOURISTS

Pioneer Agents—Learning by Observation—Business Men Abroad—The End of Apprenticeship

I

A new country must of necessity be a materialistic country in order to have a foundation upon which to develop its ideals. America realized her lack of cultural advantages early, but she likewise awoke almost as early to her wealth of natural resources and to her need of knowledge of how to use them to the best advantage. Almost as soon as the peace was signed, her agents sought out England as the home of the industrial arts in order to establish markets for her products and to learn the technique of manufacturing, mining, and agriculture.

Many of the early statesmen who found themselves in Europe on diplomatic missions improved their opportunities of observing and learning from industrial England, but none more than Thomas Jefferson. "I could write you volumes on the improvements which I find made, and making here, in the arts," he writes on April 22, 1786, to Charles Thomson. "One deserves particular notice . . . the application of steam as an agent for working grist mills. . . . We know that steam is one of the most powerful engines we can employ; and in America, fuel is abundant."

Jefferson did not have time, however, to pursue the matter very far, for men so concerned in politics as he, could do little more than suggest such studies to others. On the other

hand, Gouverneur Morris's primary motive in taking his trip to France and England in 1788 was mercantile rather than political. He was associated with Robert Morris in private as well as public financial concerns, and it became necessary at that time for one of them to be abroad in order to attend to the European end of the business. France shared with England as an objective for these pioneer agents, and most of them included both countries in their trips.

Among the comparatively few records that these men have left, that of Elkanah Watson is outstanding. His letters and journals were edited by his son in 1856 and published under the title, *Men and Times of the Revolution.* Watson was a young man, full of enthusiasm, patriotic in the extreme, and eager to get the maximum practical advantage from his opportunities for observation. These were by no means small, as he arrived in England just at the end of open hostilities with America and saw from a non-political viewpoint the events which were marking an epoch in Anglo-American political history.

Watson was primarily a business man. Early in life he had been apprenticed to John Brown, of Providence, Rhode Island, one of the most successful merchants of his day and a member of that family which has given its name to Brown University. At the time of the war, he was too young to enlist, but he became a dispatch bearer and went on dangerous errands concerned with supplying flour for Washington's army. Because of his success in these matters, Brown offered to make him his foreign agent, and on August 4, 1779, Watson set sail for France. Once arrived, he lost no time in seeking out Franklin at Passy and then proceeded to see what he could of the country. It was not until September, 1782, that he embarked for London. An especial interest attaches to his entry into England, for he had in his

company an Englishman who, because of the state of war with France, was forced to assume the rôle of a servant and carry one of Watson's bundles in order to pass the commissioner.

When he landed, he did not yet know that the English had decided to give up the contest with America, and it was with a feeling of great apprehension, not unmixed with exultation at the recent victories of the American army, that he proceeded from Dover to London with dispatches to Lord Shelburne and others. Then, having learned that the King would acknowledge American independence at the opening of Parliament in December, he decided to remain in England for that event and to occupy himself meanwhile in visiting the manufacturing districts and in examining the state of agriculture and of improvement in roads and canals. For this purpose he hired, with a friend, a post chaise and threw himself "upon the tide of circumstance." His journal rattles through the congested districts, flies along the open spaces, and halts momentarily here and there for comment, much as this first real American tourist in England must have proceeded over her gravel roads and through her crowded towns in September of 1782.

As a route marker, Watson was a success, for one of his first points of visit was that major shrine of the American tourist, the birthplace of Shakespeare. "Stimulated by an ardent and deeply excited enthusiasm," he explains, "I abandoned my friend at the inn, and hastily ran to contemplate the object of my anxious inquiries—a little, old, and dilapidated dwelling—the birthplace of Shakespeare." The charnel house, opposite to the church in which Shakespeare was buried, suggested to him the possibility that constant observation of the exhuming of bodies had furnished the poet with inspiration for his most unpoetical lines, his own

epitaph. Watson's explanation of them is as satisfactory as that of many a more learned Shakespearean scholar.

But the traveler could take his fun with the rest, for near Manchester, "allured by the animating tones of a violin," he confesses, "we stopped at a farm house, and found a country frolic in full tide, lads and lasses dancing with all their might and hearts their four-handed reels. I soon mingled with them, drank their slops, warmed myself, and took my leave."

He approached Bath in the evening, riding along the banks of the Avon, and saw the lights of the town from a distance. Here he remained for several days, "filled with delight and fascination, in the gay and dissipated circles of Bath." But the centers of manufacture were Watson's chief interest. Birmingham, the home of hardware, then a town of 40,000, enveloped in its new but already perpetual cloud of smoke; Liverpool, a seaport of about the same size, notable for its rapid growth and its salt industry; and Leeds, were among those he visited. At the last he attended the cloth fair, a regular event held in the spacious Clothiers' Hall twice a week. "As soon as the hall bell began to ring," he says, "each man shouldered his piece of cloth, and took his position in a very large room, at the side of tables running parallel through the entire length. When the bell ceased, the merchants entered without noise or confusion, and passed through the room, inspecting the cloths. They whispered their price in the clothier's ear, and thus, with privacy and dispatch, and without a knowledge of each other's business, a traffic amounting to from £15,000 to £30,000 was accomplished in the period of an hour."

At Manchester, he visited the Bridgewater coal mines, where he found a vast reservoir "constructed at the foot of the mountain, from which a subterranean tunnel extends

nearly three fourths of a mile, to the coal pits in the heart of the mountain; at this point the tunnel divides and shoots off into two branches, of about three hundred yards each, in the midst of an immense mass of coal. . . . These works form an astonishing exhibition of the ultimate and certain success of enterprise and genius."

In London, he visited Greenwich Hospital, attended the opera, which struck him as "a jumble of musical sounds, grating to my savage American ears;" he met Burke, who "seemed a being of another sphere, so noble and dignified was his appearance;" and he finally attended that session of Parliament at which the King made his memorable acknowledgment of American freedom.

"After waiting two hours," Watson says of the event, "the approach of the King was announced by a tremendous war of artillery. He entered by a small door on the left of the throne, and immediately seated himself upon the Chair of State, in a graceful attitude, with his right foot resting upon a stool. He was clothed in royal robes. Apparently agitated, he drew from his pocket the scroll containing his speech. The Commons were summoned, and after the bustle of their entrance had subsided, he proceeded to read."

The American's emotions were naturally strong during the progress of this address. "Every artery beat high," he says, "and swelled with my proud American blood. . . . In leaving the house, I jostled Copley and West, who I thought were enjoying the rich political repast of the day, and noticing the anguish and despair depicted on the long visages of our American Tories." Previously Watson had engaged Copley to paint his portrait with a picture in the background of a ship bearing these tidings to America. After this stirring event, the two hurried back to the studio and

painted the American flag to the mast of the ship, *"the first American flag hoisted in Old England."*

Watson seems, however, to have experienced neither ill treatment nor inconvenience in his travels as a result of the political situation. Even the American loyalists, who at this time were at a low ebb in their fortunes, were cordial to him, and on one occasion he attended a supper given to the Americans in Birmingham, all of them loyalists except himself. It was agreed in advance that they might talk Tory and he might be permitted to talk rebel, and thus they passed an "amusing evening." He was kindly received everywhere, he met many men of eminence, among them Watt and Priestley, whom he visited at Birmingham, and he returned to America in 1784 after several short business trips on the Continent. There are few records of visits to England more enthusiastic and vital than this choppy narrative of one of America's earliest merchants.

The journals of those business men who immediately followed Watson are for the most part still in manuscript. Nathaniel Cutting, for many years resident in Havre and in England as the agent of Nathaniel Tracy, ship-owner, of Newburyport, Mass., kept a diary of his impressions.[1] In 1788, he was in London "murdering" his evenings at coffee houses with congenial business friends, beer or ale, and beefsteak. His employment seems to have associated him with the slave trade, but he speaks more of the progress than of the nature of his business, stating only that a part of it while in London was the arranging of a partnership. Among his associates at this time were his brother, John Quincy Adams, Trumbull, Copley, and W. S. Smith. His comments on men and things are somewhat stolid, with an admixture of the caustic. Sometimes he indulges in a mock dignity

[1] Ms. in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

of phrasing, but always maintains a nonchalance in his manner.

Joel Barlow, the poet and author of the *Columbiad,* was in France the same year as an agent of the Sciota Land Co., an organization the purpose of which was the selling of Ohio lands to foreigners. He visited London and mingled with much the same group of Americans as Cutting, but his business enterprises do not seem to have prospered, as he, like Morris, turned to politics and diplomacy. With Cutting he visited the Tower of London and saw the other sights which usually attracted Americans. Among other prominent Englishmen with whom he became acquainted were the Marquis of Lansdowne and Sir Joseph Banks, the latter of whom he describes as "a large man, more able-bodied than philosophers in general are." He was greatly impressed with the sublimity of St. Paul's, spent much time at the theater, saw a model of an iron bridge invented by Tom Paine, but in spite of all, soon tired of London and its surroundings. He occupied his time chiefly with dining out and meeting as many people as he could for both business and social purposes. A visit to Vauxhall, to Pope's gardens, where he was struck with silent veneration and respect, and presentations to the King and Queen complete the list of his most vivid impressions. In his letters to his wife he is rather more exuberant than in his journal, but he seems glad enough to have started on his way to France in September. His feeling for France was exceedingly warm, while his attitude toward England may best be judged by a fragment of verse sent to his wife a few years later:

> The ruffian of England with equal remorse,
> Cuts the head from his king and the tail from his horse;
> The Frenchman, more polish'd, lets Nature prevail,
> Lets the king wear his head and the horse wear his tail.[2]

[2] Ms. in the possession of the Library of Harvard University.

His later reputation as a poet made him the honored recipient of the *Quarterly's* attacks and the center of a controversy on the poverty of American literature, but when he was a mere business man abroad, he was not the object of quite so much English concern.

One of the most prolific diarists among these early agents was Thomas H. Perkins, the son of a Boston merchant,[3] for many years in business with his brother, who had his base in San Domingo. Being both the American and the foreign agent of the firm, he made several trips abroad. The earliest of these which included London was that of 1795. His diaries expressly state that they were not intended for publication, but were written to take the place of letters to his family. They are chiefly memory aids, therefore, but in them are occasional passages of marked interest.

On this first visit he saw the sights of London, but with little enthusiasm, perhaps because, as he afterwards explained, he "always considered the greatest curiosity of London to be the outside of London, rather than that which is within doors—the eternal and dense crowd of human beings, in all forms and conditions, eager in pursuit of their various objects." The almost incredible number of horses, town carts and hackney coaches similarly aroused his astonishment, while the shipping in the Thames appeared, he says, "like a grove of trees for three miles. The ships all lie in tiers, having an avenue in the center, by which those going in and coming out may pass," and he heard it said that at times there were as many as 3,000 sail in the river. He likewise describes his first view of the King; and then he adds the delightfully provincial, but altogether natural comment, "The King in his appearance is more like Mr. Jona. Winship of Watertown than any other person I ever knew.

[3] Ms. in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

He is, however, not so handsome a man as Winship and his face is less intelligent." There was no uncalled-for reverence in the mind of this American for his former sovereign.

John W. Godfrey,[4] in England the same year on private business relative to some land in Georgia, shows much the same lack of reverence when he makes the obvious but heretical comment that the Thames above London is not as large as the Schuylkill above the Falls. When Godfrey landed, he felt much respect for the antiquity of England, but when there was set before him at his London inn "what was intended for a breakfast though it was such an one as my stomach did not much admire," his reverence in large part vanished. "I was not a little disgusted at the treatment we received," he says of the Golden Cross; "what we called for we scarcely ever got in less than half an hour, and when we had it, indifferent as it was, we paid extravagantly for it, besides the extra charges of waiters, coach driver, chamberman, shoeblacks, etc., etc., and such a beggarly string that soon gave me a disgust to the mode of traveling in England." The pressure of business, however, soon filled his mind and compensated for such lack of comfort as he experienced.

There was plenty of business for the purpose as is attested by Ebenezer S. Thomas, a Charleston cotton merchant, who went to London for the first time in 1800 to sell a cargo of cotton, to purchase books for his establishment in Charleston, and to establish relationships with correspondents upon whom he could depend for future supplies. Thomas notes in his reminiscences that "the demand for shipping at that time was great, and freights were enormous; . . . there was a great scarcity of bread stuffs in England, and everything that could float was put in requisition to

[4] Ms. diary in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

carry out our supplies in those articles." In spite of the hindrances to American shipping from the French war and the impressment of American sailors, a practice which was even then common, the harbor of Liverpool was crowded with over two hundred American sail, and Mere's American Hotel was well patronized. Thomas had no difficulty whatever in obtaining credit, disposed of his cotton at a good profit, spent fifteen days in London getting his books, and returned to America after having "seen more of what was worth seeing, in this modern Babylon, than many who had lived there for years."

The American agent of this early period was energetic, attended to his business, and said little. He did much toward bringing the producers of raw materials of America and the factory owners of England into closer working harmony, but he did little for American literature.

II

Close on the heels of these energetic agents came a group of travelers who had essentially the same viewpoint, but who, because they had no immediate and pressing business on their hands, could take Jefferson's advice more literally and observe in order to learn from what they saw. This attitude brought forth two of the earliest books of travel in England to be published as such, Joseph Sansom's *Letters from Europe* (1805), and Benjamin Silliman's *Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland* (1810).

In the advertisement to his work, Sansom states that his original intention had been "to have given his countryman an opportunity of beholding the rival empires of France and England as they appear to an American eye; but finding his principles canvassed with suspicion, by the wakeful prej-

udices of party (which he is rather disposed to allay than to foment) he now offers to the public that part only of his European tour to which political objections cannot so readily apply." He was either correct in his caution or his public did not display that eagerness which he had hoped to see, for the other letters were not forthcoming. The book was therefore published as, *Letters from Europe during a Tour through Switzerland and Italy in the years 1801 and 1802, written by a native of Pennsylvania.*

Thus, under the cover of anonymity and a harmless title, he ventured so far as to comment briefly on England and the English, by way of comparison with things Italian and Swiss. The thing which impressed him most was England's prosperity and comfort. "Immense wealth," he says, "has been the consequence of patient and persevering industry. Improvements of every kind have kept equal pace in England, and the gravel turnpikes rattle with the chariots of the nobility and gentry, the post chaises of genteel travelers, and mail coaches, driven in a style of elegance unknown elsewhere." Prosperity had advanced so far that oil was plentiful, and, he continues, "every town of any size is well lighted at night, and the streets of London, nay the public roads for five miles round the metropolis, shine with innumerable lamps, the light of the moon being so frequently intercepted by fogs and mists as to be never relied on."

Of the English character his opinion was not quite so favorable. "In the middle ranks of life," he asserts, "an Englishman is haughty and severe; but honorable and generous," while "Englishmen in low life rarely quarrel without fighting—perhaps because they cannot find words to express their rage." This unequal distribution of wealth was, no doubt, the cause of the elaborate precautions taken against robbery. "If you stop at one of the rural seats

toward the close of the day," continues Sansom, "a surly mastiff will meet you at the gate. You will find the doors locked and bolted, and the shutters barred. . . . In London where robberies often take place in open day, the doors of dwelling houses are kept locked, and those of shops are frequently chained to the doorpost to prevent a sudden surprise or retreat."

Sansom's *Letters* are interesting because they show what a conservative American thought of England at an early date and also what part of that opinion he thought it safe to venture in public print. Silliman's *Journal*, on the other hand, is significant because in its very fullness and definiteness it encouraged the writing of others of like kind, and for a number of years it was the American authority on England. Silliman has already been mentioned among the scientific students at Edinburgh as well as among American professors abroad. He was both of these and a conscientious observer as well, for he allowed nothing to interfere with his broad survey of all of England's industrial and economic life. He spent a winter in Edinburgh, several extended periods in London and in the manufacturing centers of the north, visited most of the great mines and factories, and toured almost all of England and southern Scotland. No fuller or more interesting picture of that congested section of England between London and Liverpool was written by an American in these early days, and there are few better economic survey studies of England in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Like Ticknor, Silliman added to natural endowments the best training that America could afford. He entered Yale in 1792 at the age of thirteen, the youngest member of his class, graduated, studied law, taught school for a time, and was appointed to the chair of chemistry and natural his-

tory at his university in 1802, when only twenty-three years of age. His training, which had been in the classics and history, as well as in the natural sciences, he supplemented by medical study in Philadelphia. It was therefore with an unusual mental equipment that he took up his duties, a fact which was sufficiently recognized by President Dwight in entrusting to him the mission which was the immediate cause of his trip abroad in 1805.

Silliman was an inveterate diarist, having kept records of his daily life at college and in practically every other situation in which he found himself. It is natural, therefore, that he should have recorded very carefully everything that happened to him and every idea that crossed his mind from the time he first thought of going abroad until the moment he set foot again on American soil. His journal was not originally intended for publication, being addressed to his brother, Gold S. Silliman, of Newport, Rhode Island, who was to show it to only a few of his friends. However, the American ignorance of conditions in England tended to expand the circle who had access to his manuscript, until it seemed the natural thing to put it in press. In preparing it, Silliman cut out much that was extraneous, and no doubt softened some of his judgments and opinions, as he was intensely conscious that he now had a public to censure him. The *Journal* finally appeared in 1810 and went through three editions in ten years, a unique honor for a work of the kind. Many years later he again went abroad and published a similar journal of this trip under the title, *A Visit to Europe in 1851*. Add to this the fact that he recalled many of the circumstances of his first journey in a series of reminiscences, written in later life, and there is little lacking in our knowledge of the England which he saw. In addition, during his long and distinguished career, he did much

to further the cause of science in America and he founded the journal which for many years bore his name.

His own attitude toward his early record will best explain its nature. "I trust," he says, "that a faithful picture of some portion of *real life*, actually led in a foreign country, interspersed with a reasonable number of remarks, will be more interesting and useful than a collection of mere dissertations or general accounts. . . . The comparisons of travelers, and their general conclusions, are however always liable to error, because they judge from a limited view of the subject; the present instance furnishes the hint, and is too apt to form the basis of the conclusion. General inductions are always dangerous unless drawn from a great number of particulars. . . . Although most of the topics of this journal are rather popular, than professional, I do not hold myself bound entirely to abstain from scientific digressions, provided they are on subjects in their nature interesting and important, and are not unreasonably extended."

To this general attitude Silliman held himself consistently. He always gives the particular instance as such, and refrains from drawing any general conclusions until he has been in a place long enough to have collected sufficient instances to substantiate them. His comments, too, are not oppressively technical, although there is a measured accuracy which adds a note of quaintness to his style, and there is likewise a constant scientific curiosity at the heart of each of his observations.

On the trip over, his ship had the common but always terrifying experience of running into a field of icebergs. With his usual care, Silliman describes their appearance: "They were all of a pure and splendid white, with a peculiar brilliancy, arising from the situation of the sun, which was

declining. . . . Few of them were larger than a house or a church, but there were two which might well be dignified with the name of floating mountain. . . . Conceive of some very extensive and lofty palace, of white marble, whose walls have been here and there broken down, almost to the ground, but still rise in numerous and lofty turrets, and whose sides appear, everywhere, furrowed by the tempests of ages;—conceive further, of this great pile of ruin as emerging from the ocean, where the heavens alone terminate the view on every side, and that the waves are dashing continually against it, and surrounding its base with foam, and its sides with spray; and you will then have some idea of the object which I am aiming to describe."

Upon his arrival at Liverpool, one of his first contacts with English society was a visit to William Roscoe, the banker-philanthropist, at Allerton Hall, his estate in the country before his financial failure a few years later. Through Roscoe, Silliman met many people of note in Liverpool before proceeding to the main object of his journey, the obtaining of books and "philosophical" apparatus in London. Even the entry into this chief city of the world, over the rough streets and through the dense traffic, with stage-coach swaying and whip cracking, failed to ruffle the even temper of the American. He found himself not a little disappointed, but "was disposed to conclude that one great city is very much like another, and does not suddenly impress a stranger with an idea of its magnitude, since only a small portion can be seen at once."

He was, however, sufficiently impressed with London society after he had performed the disagreeable duty of distributing his letters of introduction and thereby gained entrée to the scientific and social circles. He attended one of Sir Joseph Banks's *conversationes* and gives a most en-

tertaining account of the President of the Royal Society and his company. "Sir Joseph Banks is verging toward old age," he says. "He is now afflicted with the gout, and from this cause, is so lame as to walk stooping, with the aid of a staff. His head is perfectly white, his person tall and large, and his whole appearance commanding though mild and conciliating.—From his being President of the Royal Society, and from his having been long distinguished by active and zealous exertions to promote the cause of science, especially in the various departments of natural history, he has become, by common consent, a kind of monarch over these intellectual domains. We found Sir Joseph in his library, surrounded by a crowd of the literati, politicians, and philosophers of London. These constitute his court, and they would not dishonor the King himself. . . .

"Every person who has been introduced to Sir Joseph Banks is at liberty to breakfast at his house at ten o'clock, and to frequent his library and museum at any time between that hour and four o'clock P. M. every day in the week except Sunday."

Silliman availed himself of this opportunity as he did of every chance to improve himself. He spent very little time on castles and ruins, scenes of natural beauty, or other obvious points which most tourists seek out. He made one trip to Bath and another into the country surrounding Edinburgh, and where he does stop to describe these places, he lavishes on them the same care and measured enthusiasm which is characteristic of his descriptions of things of greater intellectual value to him. Edinburgh at night was particularly entrancing: "As one casts his eye over the valley, the old town rising abruptly with its lofty houses, row above row, presents such a multitude of brilliant lights from the windows, that it looks like an illuminated mountain, while

on the pinnacle of the hill the towers of the Castle, with a few lamps, show the faint images of this majestic fortress, and, not unfrequently, the French horn sends its shrill notes winding down the rocks, and echoing along the valley."

Silliman's chief interest, however, was in geology, and the objects of his most extensive tours and comments are the Peak of Derbyshire, with its lead mines, and the barren country of Cornwall and Land's End. His record of this latter trip is almost unique, as the only other Americans who found it worth their while to take such a long and uninviting journey were the Quakers, who of course went for very different reasons from those which brought the American scientist.

In Derbyshire he was in his element. The first object of his visit, after he had filled his mind with all the horrors and wonders which the guide thought stimulating to a proper appreciation, was the Peak's Hole. "The entrance into the cavern," he says, "passes close under the right side of the two precipices, which, meeting at an acute angle, form the fissure in the mountain. Impressions of sublimity are produced by looking up this precipice of two hundred and fifty feet, perpendicular height, and a kind of horror is added to the place by numerous jackdaws, which build their nests in the crevices, and find in these inaccessible cliffs a secure retreat; they were continually flying, in a black cloud, around the rocks, and disturbing the air with their croaking. These rocks are limestone, filled with marine exuviæ. We now entered the cavern." He then proceeds to describe each step of his progress with the most minute accuracy, conveying a vivid impression of the interior of the huge cave.

The Owdin lead mines, near by, next attracted him. "My guide conducted me into his *ward-robe,* where I put on a miner's dress. It consisted of an old tow-cloth pair of

breeches, coarse and dirty; a woolen short jacket in the same condition, and an old hat, with the brim all cut off, except three or four inches, and that turned behind." In this costume he followed the lighted candle of his guide into the mine, which, he continues, "opens into the side of the mountain, between two walls of limestone; the entrance is about two feet wide and five feet high." They then proceeded down a gradual descent, narrow, low, and filled with mire, so that walking was extremely difficult, until they came to the great cavern, excavated for forty feet above their heads. Silliman chipped off some pieces of the lead ore as specimens to take back with him, investigated another passage for about half a mile, and then returned by the way he had come, remarking that the ore was conveyed to the surface by miners "literally harnessed to the wagons, with collars and traces. . . . They are obliged to go at least half a mile with each load, and all the way through darkness, and very often their load is nothing but rubbish, for it is indispensable that this be constantly removed, otherwise the gallery would be so obstructed, that no work could be done. Yet they usually spend their whole lives here, and seem a very cheerful class of men."

The descent into the Dolgoath copper and tin mine near Redruth, in Cornwall, was even more hazardous and informing. Here he had two companions, the captain of the mine and an experienced guide. With candles between the thumb and forefinger of their left hands, they descended four hundred feet in the dark shaft on a ladder, the rungs of which were worn and slippery from the mud. At that point they reached an adit, or level passage which had been made through solid rock and was high enough to allow them to proceed by stooping. After some time they heard the sound of human voices from below, and the rattling of me-

DOLGOATH COPPER MINE, CORNWALL, IN 1831

chanical instruments, an occasional report from the explosion of gunpowder, and the sulphurous and suffocating smoke told them that they were almost upon the scene of actual operations. After another descent of two hundred feet, they came to "the principal scene of labor: at about this depth, there were great numbers of miners engaged in their respective employments. Some were boring the rock; others charging with gunpowder, the holes already made; others knocking off the ore with hammers, or prying it with pick-axes; others loading the buckets with ore to be drawn to the surface; others working the windlasses, to raise the rubbish from one level to another, and ultimately to the top." They appeared quite a contented class and stopped from their work long enough to exchange pleasantries with the visitor.

"We occupied," continues Silliman, "three hours in exploring the mine, and, in this time, traveled a mile underground, in various directions. The employment was extremely laborious. We could rarely walk erect; often we were obliged to crawl on our hands and knees, over sharp, rugged stones, and frequently it was necessary to lie down flat, and to work our way along by the points of the elbows, and extremities of the toes, like seals on a beach. At one time we descended, and, at another, ascended through a narrow aperture, where we could only with difficulty squeeze ourselves through, and we then continued our progress by stepping on the projections of the rock, as men do in going up or down a well. . . . We were drawn up a small part of the way in a bucket, worked by a windlass, but we went up principally by ladders, in a shaft quite remote from that in which we descended."

No other experiences seem to have given Silliman so much genuine pleasure as these descents into the depths of mines

and caves, yet he allowed few objects of practical interest to escape his notice. On his first journey to London he stopped in Manchester to see the cloth factories, "which are the wonder of the world and the pride of England. . . . But, after all, I find little to write on a subject where you will be prepared to expect much. . . . Even when one is standing amidst the din of ten thousand spools; and the sounding of as many shuttles, he has scarcely any distinct comprehension of the intermediate steps by which he sees the wonderful results produced." Nevertheless, when he is once started, he gives a fairly complete account of the process which so filled him with admiration. Later, at Bristol, he saw the manufacture of pins, glass, and brass, but, "in general," he says, "it is far from being easy to gain admission to see the manufactures of this country, especially chemical ones. There is much jealousy of the views of strangers, and, unless a man comes to *buy*, or is introduced under the wing of an influential friend, he cannot often gain admission."

He also appends a note on the condition of the laborers in the factories and mines, but he shows the utilitarian rather than the philanthropic cast of his mind by explaining that he does not feel "disposed to join those who rail at manufactures without informing us how we can do without them. I am fully persuaded of their importance to mankind, while I regret the physical, and, more than all, the moral evils which they produce."

In London he visited the great brewery of Meux and Co., and in walking through the streets of the city he was rather irritated by the great glass windows of the shops with their displays of tempting goods and persuasive tags, only another "decent way of picking pockets" and a way entirely strange to an American. At Eton, he investigated

Dr. Herschell's "famous optical instrument," the telescope which was then one of the wonders of the world, and he makes a special note of the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, which flowed without a lock for thirty miles from Manchester to Liverpool, crossed the river Mersey, and passed under ground for a quarter of a mile. The thing which made the deepest impression on him, however, was Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain. His descriptive drawing of the stone monoliths is the only illustration in his book.

Silliman had an interest in educational reform and charitable institutions, but not nearly so great a one as some of the later travelers. He gives, however, a particularly full account of the Lancastrian School in Southwark, where he saw Mr. Lancaster himself in the process of teaching seven hundred children in one room at the same time, by the newly developed proctor and self-government system. "For this purpose," he says, "his school is divided into companies, like a little army, so that there is a regular gradation of instruction and command from himself, as commander in chief, down to his little lieutenants and sergeants." The features of the plan which made the deepest impression were its efficient economy and the operation of successful discipline by the substitution of ear-pulling and moral suasion for whipping.

At Coventry, he happened upon an election, always a novelty to American eyes and ears, saw the celebration of Lord Mayor's day in London, with the gilded chariot, vivid costumes, great crowds, and decorated barges full of notables, and while in Edinburgh on New Year's night he was somewhat shocked as well as kept awake by the crowds "ripe for deeds of brilliancy" which made a gala time of all hours after twelve midnight.

Silliman had little if any sentimental interest in English

customs. He went to Vauxhall Garden on several occasions, to the theater and to the opera, but he always came home somewhat disgusted with the cheapness of the entertainment and with what seemed to him a shocking display of immorality. After describing the brilliancy of the crowds at the opera house, he dismisses the whole as "the most insipid, unintelligible, and stupid of all things that I have ever seen pass under the name of amusement."

He makes, however, some rather penetrating comments on unusual phases of English civilization. The prevalence of bachelors he discusses at length as one result of the high cost of living, but the explanation does not seem satisfactory even to him, for he is tempted to believe that these gentlemen, among them most of the royal dukes, merely "mistake equally their duty, and their happiness."

The management of pedestrian and vehicular traffic in London, most of it by gentleman's agreement, was a great surprise, while the speed of the motion of everything in the streets somewhat nettled the American, unaccustomed to great cities. One of his most interesting side comments is that upon the prevalence of caricatures. "There is one shop," he says, "near the Exchange, which is famous for caricature prints; they not only display them at the windows, but a volume of these prints may be hired for an evening's amusement. The license which is taken in this way with men in power, and people of rank and fashion, not excepting even the King and royal family, would be astonishing, did we not know the free spirit of the country; for an Englishman is not contented with the assertion and enjoyment of his rights; he must be allowed to make those ridiculous whom he hates or despises, and even the throne is not always sacred."

This spirit of freedom of speech had much to do with

making Silliman feel at home in England, and he constantly remarks upon the similarity between the character and customs of the two countries. Even before he went to the Continent, he felt that England was more or less his native land. In Liverpool, upon his arrival he found himself surrounded by the ships and men of his own nation, and even the proverbial coolness of the English manners had little terror for him. He was inclined to sympathize with that sort of reserve which made the approach of garrulous strangers difficult to the cultivated Londoner, and his welcome by those to whom he was properly introduced and with whom he had interests in common entirely satisfied him of the essential cordiality of the English.

With the low opinion in which America was held by the average educated Englishman he had no sympathy whatever. "The greater number of people in both England and Scotland," he says at the end of his visit, after sufficient evidence to make such a statement thoroughly sound, "have a very vague and incorrect notion of our geography, institutions, history, political divisions, and state of society and manners; and they listen, apparently with incredulity and impatience, to any accounts of the country which exhibit a favorable representation of it, especially if there be an express or implied comparison to the disadvantage of this. Nor, indeed, is it very extraordinary that this should be the case; we have ourselves been instrumental in bringing it about. We have exhibited so much of the *flatulency* of national vanity, and have made so many arrogant demands upon the admiration of the European world, that it is no wonder they have been disgusted. In our newspapers, in our anniversary orations, in many of our congressional speeches, and even in occasional sermons, we have praised ourselves with so little decency, and have monopolized with

so little reserve every attribute of freedom, heroism, intelligence, and virtue, that we cannot be surprised if other countries should be somewhat reluctant to concede what we so indecorously demand."

Those who are familiar with the journalistic and oratorical displays of the day can hardly withhold sympathy from Silliman in his explanation of the English attitude at this stage of its development, before the misrepresentations of travelers and the heat of controversy had so heightened and embittered the jealousies and misunderstandings of the two nations. If there had been more travelers of Silliman's sort on both sides of the water, many words would have been saved.

After a little over a year abroad, Silliman returned to take up once again his duties at Yale. Of the profit of his trip he has much to say in his reminiscences. The material objects of the journey were satisfactorily accomplished, but in addition, he was brought to a realization of the superiority of the English culture, and "upon that scale," he says, "I endeavored to form my professional character, to imitate what I saw and heard, and afterwards to introduce such improvements as I might be able to hit upon or invent." Such appreciation and humbleness can hardly be called servility. These were the days of American apprenticeship, and, by his receptive attitude as a young man, Benjamin Silliman did as much as the best of his contemporaries in putting America scientifically on her own feet.

John Griscom's *Year in Europe,* although the product of a journey taken thirteen years later than Silliman's, is in many respects parallel to the latter's *Journal.* Griscom was similarly a professor of chemistry and natural history at Rutgers, "for thirty years," says John W. Francis, "the acknowledged head of all other teachers of chemistry among

us." [5] His trip abroad in 1818-19 was primarily taken for motives of health, but his attitude was that of the observer and student of material progress. His tour was more rapid than Silliman's, although he covered much of the ground and saw many of the things and people visited by his predecessor. In addition, he made an extensive tour of the Continent and of Ireland, keeping constantly a hurried diary which he later filled out and published in 1823 in two thick octavo volumes. "The objects which primarily engaged the writer's attention, were the literary and benevolent institutions, prisoners, manufactories, and distinguished works of art; and, as far as opportunities were afforded, *characters,* connected with such labors of utility and philanthropy. . . . On the subject of institutions, the author believes he has been more full than any preceding American traveler in Europe;" this is his own explanation of his purpose. His boast is by no means idle, and it was this aspect of the work which no doubt led to Jefferson's approval of it. "When you see John Griscom," wrote a gentleman in Virginia to his friend in Philadelphia shortly after the publication of the book, "tell him that Mr. Thos. Jefferson said that his book gave him the most satisfactory view of the literary and public institutions of England, and France, and Switzerland, that he ever read. He read it with great care, and obtained some useful hints in relation to his university from it." [6]

The fact that Griscom was a Quaker and therefore interested in the moral as well as the material welfare of society makes his horizon even broader, but all these points in its favor tend to make the book less interesting to-day than Silliman's *Journal.* His observations are keen, but their

[5] Ms. letter in the possession of the N. Y. Public Library.
[6] J. H. Griscom, *Memoirs of John Griscom,* N. Y., 1859, p. 152.

haste prevents them from being full, whereas his pages are crowded for the most part with notes on one thing after another, viewed in rapid succession and with little descriptive or critical comment. There are passages, however, of considerable interest as well as informative value; Griscom's attitude was as impartial and conciliatory as Silliman's, and, like the latter, he inquired into the differences between people and things with the sole purpose of finding the cause and producing greater harmony and less controversy. He also took time to visit more of the tourist shrines, such as ruins and views, than did Silliman, but his descriptions of them have little intrinsic merit.

The attitude which he expressed on his return to London after a tour of the Continent is characteristic. "England," he says, "is the favorite abode of science, learning, and virtue, of the highest order; of intellectual activities which diffuse the light of knowledge and truth through innumerable channels to the remotest regions of the earth." With this attitude, he sought out the best that English society could afford. In Liverpool he dined with Roscoe, Dr. Traill, and others of like stamp, and he has nothing but the highest praise for them and their hospitality. In London, too, he mingled in similar circles at the levees of Sir Joseph Banks, who, he says, "from long and severe attacks of the gout, has been for many years unable to walk, sits at a table at the angle of the library, and receives the salutations of each person who enters, and engages in easy conversation with those who wish to approach him for that purpose . . . but he is still cheerful, still alive to the progress of science and the arts, and ever ready to communicate from the capacious store of his knowledge." At Manchester, he was received by John Dalton, the famous chemist, "at his desk, surrounded

by his books, his boxes, and his apparatus, chemical and philosophical, all in 'delightful confusion.' "

Griscom found that admission to factories was not as difficult as it had been at the time of Silliman's trip, and he constantly took advantage of the hospitality of industrial operators. "In this respect," he explains, "there is a great difference in manufacturers, depending in some degree on their different views of individual interests; but more, perhaps, on the temper of the man. The opinion, I believe, is gaining ground in England, that the advantages that have been conceived to arise from keeping their processes concealed, are more imaginary than real; and accordingly a more liberal disposition prevails than formerly, in the admission of visitors and strangers."

Manchester was particularly interesting to him. At the time of his visit the population was estimated at 130,000. The approach to the city, he says, "is marked by a cloud of smoke, and by numerous columns which are seen pouring out of the tall chimneys of the immense factories situated in all parts of the town. We drove rapidly, through narrow and crowded streets, with high houses, to the Bridgewater Arms; where we were courteously met by a fat landlady, and accommodated with tolerably good rooms. . . . This town makes a better appearance than Liverpool, though the bricks have the same dark and rough surface. The houses are high, and the streets and pavements in the modern parts of the town are of an agreeable width. The footwalks are here made of broad flag stones; but in Liverpool, they are mostly of rounded stones or pebbles, which renders the walking unpleasant and painful."

Here he visited the factories for the making of calico and velvet, both in the city and in the suburbs, as well as

the homes of the laborers where much of the hand work was done by the piece. In spite of his interest in industry, Griscom's sympathies were with the unfortunate, and a large part of his narrative is taken up with his accounts of visits to charity schools, hospitals, and other philanthropic institutions. The glamor of the city had, also, its attractions, and in London, he describes a great novelty of the day, one of the first department stores, the Soho Bazaar in Soho Square. This shop was made up of "an extensive suite of rooms on two floors, (formed by throwing several houses into one,) in which are collected almost every kind of article, which the arts of London, Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, etc., can produce, in the way of ingenuity, delicacy, and taste. . . . This is a new kind of establishment, of which there are, at present, but two in London. The term, as well as the plan, has been imported from India."

To us to-day one of the chief values of Griscom's book is its description of those who were prominent in the literary life of that day. Hannah More he visited at her home at Barley Wood, twelve miles from Bristol. He sought her out, he explains, because "there are few names in the numerous list of living authors, whose writings are held in higher estimation by the thinking and serious part of the reading community, both in England and America."

Her "cottage, as it is called, though covered with thatch, is exceedingly neat, and tasteful; and, both within and without, wears all the appearance of simple elegance." This spot the two sisters selected as the most beautiful in all England. When Miss More entered, she "took us by the hand, with great ease and urbanity. . . . A table was placed in the middle of the room, around which we all seated ourselves, and, as I was introduced to them as an

American, the conversation turned upon that quarter of the globe." They also spoke of various charitable societies and religious movements in both countries.

"Industry," comments Griscom, "is doubtless one of the habitual virtues of these worthy sisters. . . . We all left Barley Wood, with feelings of much satisfaction from the visit. Mine was not diminished, by carrying with me a present of a copy of *Christian Morals* from the hand of the author, given as a memorandum of the visit, and in which she wrote my name, in an excellent hand, without spectacles."

Francis Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, was likewise exceedingly cordial and conducted his guest about Edinburgh. "He excels," says the American, "remarkably in fullness and readiness of thought and expression. His mind teems upon every subject that fairly engages his attention; and it seems to require as little exertion in him to keep up a constant stream of sensible talk, as it does in a ploughman to whistle from one end of his furrow to the other. His remarks are more sprightly and entertaining than profound and instructive, but they are, on this account, better suited to ordinary occasions."

It was while on this tour of inspection with Jeffrey that they visited the Parliament House and found Walter Scott, then clerk of the sessions, in one of the court rooms. Griscom recognized him by his resemblance to a certain print which he had seen in the shops in New York. "Would you," said his host, "like to be introduced to Scott?" "I replied earnestly in the affirmative," continues Griscom, "and following him, we elbowed our way nearly to the lawyer's table, and waited till J[effrey] caught his eye. On introducing me to him, he very courteously expressed his pleasure, and immediately informed me that some of his

ancestors were members of the Society of Friends. . . . Our conversation continued as long as the business of the court would well admit. But short as it was, it afforded a characteristic display of his anecdotal powers. . . . He was pleased to express his regret, that his intention of leaving town almost immediately, would prevent the opportunity of further acquaintance, unless I would visit him at his country residence, on the banks of the Tweed. . . . As soon as the courts are over, he flies to the country, he informed me, like a bird loosened from its cage."

He also sought out Wordsworth and Southey in the hills and lakes of Cumberland. He remarks that the former was of "grave aspect, strong features, and easily susceptible of kindling into an expression of benevolence. He entered, without hesitation, into a conversation on America, on our literature and politics; on poetry, and various other topics which incidentally presented themselves. Finding that my time was short he proposed a walk," to a high point from which both Windermere and Rydal could be seen, "a spot to which even a Milton might fitly have resorted, to wait for the most lofty inspiration of his muse."

In parting, Wordsworth walked with the American to Ambleside and entertained him with conversation "replete with sound remark and didactic wisdom. Its most peculiar trait is a sort of epic measure." Later, on his return through Ambleside, Griscom again stopped for a moment with the Wordsworth family, and took another short walk with the poet.

Southey he found at Keswick, where he was met "with an ease and politeness, which distinguished at once the man of kind feeling, of good sense, and good society. He has still an air of youthfulness in his countenance, and his manners are lively and animated. The conversation soon

turned upon literary subjects and literary men." He deprecated both the English travelers in America and the reviews, even going so far as to say that the latter were "injurious to learning" as preventing the reading of books, both by their criticisms and by their omissions.

"There are few men," continues Griscom, "I should presume, in England, who are spending their lives more classically—in a more agreeable literary retirement than Robert Southey. His library occupies several rooms. The fertility of his mind and the activity of his researches appear to leave him at no loss in the selection of a subject for the employment of his genius. . . . His person is of the middle size. His looks and manners are indicative of frankness and amiableness of character." In the same house were his two sisters-in-law, the widow of Lovell and the wife of Coleridge, the current gossip being that the difficulties of the latter with her husband were due to his eccentricities rather than to any "breach of family agreement," a pleasant manner of assigning the blame. Southey, like Wordsworth, took the American for a walk in the country, and showed him its beauties, reminiscent to Griscom of the scenery of Lake George.

The importance of the comments of men like Griscom and Silliman is apparent. They had the equipment of business and scientific men as well as the time for observation and the literary expression which many men of their interests lacked. Their contributions were somewhat to the literature, but chiefly to the material prosperity of their country, and their attitude of eagerness for information which might prove helpful to the growth and prosperity of their own land placed their books, especially that of Silliman, among the most widely read travel books of their day in America.

III

There were some business men from America, however, in England during the first decades of the century who were not too much engrossed in their affairs to keep records of their journeys. Washington Irving might almost be numbered among them, for it must be remembered that it was his association with the hardware firm of his brothers which served at least as an excuse to keep him in England when his friends were urging him to come home. His brother, Peter, spent the greater part of his life abroad as the agent of the firm, and his friend, Henry Brevoort, had similar business relations in Europe.

Among these merchants was one, Joshua E. White, of Savannah, a dealer in cotton, who went to England in 1810 and published his observations in 1816 under the title, *Letters from England*. Joshua White was an unromantic, practical-minded business man, and his letters, as a contemporary reviewer of his book said, were "general letters of introduction" to the men and places of industry in England.[7] He limited his trip almost exclusively to the factory centers, staying at the homes of the wealthy members of the industrial class, and he is therefore one of the best sources of information concerning this stratum of the English society of the time.

It was, he says, the most substantial class in the Kingdom, and he was not far from right, although few Americans realized it. Mr. Benjamin Gott, of the house of Wormald, Gott, and Wormald, in Leeds, may be taken as typical. "A very short acquaintance," says White, "was sufficient for me to determine that Mr. Gott was what he had been repeatedly represented,—a man who not only capti-

[7] *Analectic Magazine*, VIII, 367-70.

vated by his address, but pleased by his manners, and informed by his conversation. He is a rare instance of mental and bodily activity. Of the immense business done by the firm, he seems to have the sole direction. Uncommonly active in the discharge of the duties of the counting-room and warehouse, he is not less so in his mind,—which he has enriched with an ample store of knowledge, less perishable than the mass of wealth he has accumulated.

"Sedulously devoted to the varied and extensive business of the concern, he is still alive to all the feelings of friendship, and sentiments of kindness. He received me with the warmth of an old acquaintance; and his invitations to his house and table were offered in such a way as to convince me that they were not matters of mere form, or the result of common politeness, but the dictates of genuine hospitality, which prompts him to be kind to all, generous and friendly to many."

White's reception here was not in any way unusual as he mentions numerous similar examples of the hospitality of the wealthy middle classes. He was not misled, however, into the belief that the factory system was in any way either desirable or morally justified. He makes perhaps the most earnest plea of any of these mercantile travelers to his countrymen to beware of the system: "At this stage of our population, it is maddening folly and stupid policy to aim at a rivalship with Great Britain in her manufactures; and from the moment that we see such places as Manchester and Birmingham in our country, should we date the commencement of a system dangerous to its liberties, and fraught with principles most inimical to the happiness of the people."

White merely saw both sides of the coin, recognized the dangers as well as the value of the English industrial sys-

tem, and preferred that the situation in each of the two countries should remain as it was. He shows no lack of appreciation for the ingenuity of the English nor for their manufactures, for, after a view of their principal industrial centers, he states that America's admiration "will be raised to wonder at the elaborate and various means which have been devised for their perfection. England may truly be said to be the country of the arts; and let it be said without envy."

His account of England is not in any way colorful, but in this one respect it is informing. Where he indulges himself in those flights of fancy which the average traveler seems to think obligatory, he falls back on his guide book for comfort and support. But when he is speaking of his routine experiences, his contacts with industrial leaders, or his warm opinion of the English, his book is instructive and not uninteresting.

Five years later, in the year of Waterloo, Joseph Ballard, of Boston, a member of a firm which dealt in household goods, toured England, obviously on business, although the exceedingly entertaining journal which he kept at the time is little concerned with mercantile affairs. This journal remained in manuscript until recently, when it was published under the editorship of one of his descendants, as *England in 1815* (1913).

Ballard seems to have prepared himself for his trip by a thorough reading of Silliman's *Journal,* and he followed Silliman's footsteps for the greater part of his way. Unlike Silliman, however, he was more impressed with the poverty and injustice of the factory system than with its material perfections. At Sheffield he was particularly struck by the fact that "the poorer classes are worse off for the articles which they immediately manufacture than

the inhabitants of the American back settlements are. Many children not eight years of age are at work in these cursed holes, deprived of education; they consequently grow up in ignorance, and all the comfort or pleasure they have is in drunkenness and sensuality. Many of these little wretches are sent from London workhouses to these manufacturing towns." Similarly he tells of the crowds of children, half-naked, following along beside the stage-coaches, turning hand springs and cutting other capers for a chance coin from a passenger, and of the innumerable beggars in the cities, the constant marvel of almost every American visitor. It is not surprising, then, that he exclaimed, "Could the advocates of the manufactures of our country but witness the misery attached to those in Warrington, Sheffield, and Leeds, I am sure they would not so strenuously argue that it is for our national welfare that they should be established in America." Nevertheless he was not unimpressed with the charitable institutions of England, and paid visits to Greenwich Hospital and other places of the sort with appreciative interest.

It was with the gayer side of English life that Ballard seemed most at home, however. He did not have many English friends nor did he use the customary method of getting them through letters of introduction, preferring to spend his spare time at the theater. Among others he saw more than once the gay and popular Miss O'Neil, then at the height of her success, and there are few places of entertainment which he omitted. He gives a glowing account of Vauxhall; at Leeds he saw the Indian Jugglers, immortalized by Hazlitt's essay; and at London he visited Astley's Amphitheater, then one of the most popular places of amusement for spectacles of the more elaborate sort. "The interior," he says, "is very pretty, lighted by a

splendid chandelier, which descends through the ceiling and when coming down makes a beautiful appearance. The performances were of the pantomime and equestrian kind, the subject being the life and death of a high-mettled racer. During this piece there was a correct representation of a horse race. The pit was railed through the center, and the horses started from the back of the stage at a long distance from the audience, and passed through the pit. A fox chase was also admirably done, from the starting of the fox until his death, the dogs and horses in full speed after the little animal. This was so illusive that the audience joined heartily in the tally-ho of the huntsmen."

The fad for vast panoramas of historical scenes was then also at its height, and Ballard describes one of them. It was by Barker, the most famous artist of this kind, and represented the Isle of Elba and the Battle of the Heights of Montmartre before Paris in 1814. He likewise had the pleasure of witnessing a chimney sweepers' grand jubilee on the first of May. "These sons of soot," he says, "parade the streets fantastically dressed out in gilt paper jackets with gaudy wreaths around their heads, their faces besmeared with soot, and their hair powdered. They go from house to house begging money." He was in London on June 22, 1815, when the news of Waterloo reached the city; the whole population was in an uproar, and for two days and nights the houses and public buildings were gaudily decorated with all sorts of trappings and brilliantly lighted with colored lights.

Ebenezer Thomas, who has already been mentioned among the early American business agents in England, returned in 1820 and kept a rather full account of his trip, which he published later in his *Reminiscences*.. Like White, he was a cotton merchant, but the immediate object of

this trip was agricultural. He wished to see the methods of farming in England and France, and to bring back with him such seeds, implements, and books as he could not procure in his own country. Particular interest attaches to him, for he was earlier a party to the abduction of a man from a cotton factory in Manchester, who set up the first machine shop in the United States for the making of those machines by which cotton products were later manufactured. Thomas took a special delight, therefore, in visiting the cotton factories of Manchester, but hurried on through England and France, commenting occasionally on the fields and the state of the crops as he went. On his return in September, he was just in time for the trial of the Queen for her alleged infidelity to the King, George IV. He describes the mobs in the street, the soldiers, the court scene, the caricatures which were issued from the booksellers, and the general fear of an insurrection on the part of the people because of their hatred of the King, which expressed itself in public manifestations of loyalty to the Queen. After another brief stay in London, he returned to America.

The one point on which all three of these merchants seem to be in hearty sympathy is their estimate of the English character. In the circles in which they moved they met hospitality wherever they wished it. "I found them," says Ballard, "hospitable in the extreme, zealous in paying every attention to a stranger, and this so delicately expressed as not to leave an impression that they had conferred an obligation." White declares that for this reason alone he felt tempted to take up his residence in England permanently, had not the ties of home been sufficient to draw him back to America.

IV

The industrial traveler reached his fullest development in Zachariah Allen, lawyer, manufacturer, inventor, and later President of the Rhode Island Historical Society. Allen made a tour of central and southern England, as well as of Holland and France, in 1825, and published in 1832, *The Practical Tourist,* in two volumes, the record of his trip.

He was under no delusions about his book; he knew that he was writing an account of very specialized interest. "The principal design of the writer of the following pages," he explains, "was to examine the effects of the important improvements in machinery upon the state of society at the present day." Not for him was that fastidious sense which made the usual European traveler "indulge exclusively in the pleasures afforded to taste and intellect, by the examination of splendid buildings, paintings, statues, and libraries." Rather he chose to spend his time "by entering apartments filled with the smoke of furnaces, and resounding with the deafening noise of machinery, or by conversing with men devoted to the common handicraft labors of life." However, "in accommodation to the taste of general readers, sketches of scenery, habits, and manners have been introduced to vary and enliven the subjects of remark."

Allen was not only a scientist in his subject matter, but he carried over into his style those habits of correct and accurate thinking and speaking which the man of facts usually schools himself to employ. However great or varied the emotion expressed, his words flow on with the same even speed and measured emphasis that he employs in describing a process in the manufacture of cotton or pins. On one occasion he took a ride down into a coal

mine on a gravity car and he describes his sensations as follows: "The unseemly termination of my career in the dark abyss of a coal mine, with the headlong launch from the precipitous brink, and the moments of suspense whilst curvetting in the air, before the stunning crash of bones, consequent on striking upon the rocks at the bottom, were all before me in imagination."

We should hardly turn to Allen, therefore, for entertainment of the lighter sort. But there is not a more thorough survey of industrial England, in the years following Silliman's trip, from an American hand. His book, published when travels in England were beginning to be both numerous and popular, separates itself from the rest in this one basic respect: it aims to inform rather than to entertain, and it succeeds in both. His descriptions of the soot and fog of the cities give, therefore, a very accurate conception of the state of affairs. "The only striking difference [between the houses of Liverpool and those of an American city] appears in the uniform dingy color of the exterior walls of the buildings, which are darkened with the sooty particles of the smoke of the bituminous coal. . . . The chimneys of the furnaces of the steam engines are exceedingly lofty, and form conspicuous objects, with their summits of red brick rising above the surrounding house tops. . . . The smoke from them obscures the light of day, and fills the air with those little pear-shaped particles of soot, which, floating about like motes, lodge upon the white linen cravat or shirt collar, and spread instantly, on being rubbed, into stains of an inky blackness."

Almost the same condition, in a much more serious degree, is described at Manchester and at each of the larger manufacturing towns. In his affort to be explicit, Allen does not hesitate to repeat. At Manchester, too, he depicts

the poverty of the lower classes and mentions the fact that "so many combinations are formed among mechanics of every class, and so fearful are they that on the revival of business they may not be able to recover their former rates of wages, that funds are reserved by clubs of workmen in each distinct branch of manufacture, to support such members as may be deprived of their employment, in total idleness, rather than submit to a general reduction of prices." Here obviously are early stages of trade unionism and of workmen's insurance. The perseverance of the laborers in their strikes he assigns to English obstinacy, and the moral depravity of the working people he finds indescribable.

There are brighter sides to Allen's picture, however. He describes one picturesque scene in the tap-room of an alehouse, where, on entering, he found the smoke so dense that only the spots of glowing fire in numerous pipes could be distinguished. "Seated on a bench, with a table composed of a long white board before him, one may here wonder at the copious draughts imbibed by this beer-drinking people. . . . They order mug after mug, and he [the tapster] speedily brings them forward from the cellar, capped with white froth and arranged on a tray or waiter, supported in one hand, whilst long stemmed tobacco pipes, as white as the froth of the beer, are also arranged on a tray in the other hand."

While in Derbyshire, he stopped long enough to visit one of the most famous of the old baronial mansions. "Strolling along the banks of a clear stream about two miles [from Blakewell]," he says, "I applied the ponderous knocker to the oak gate of the solitary castle called Haddon Hall. The sounds, multiplied by the repeated echoes from the angles of the walls and recesses of the interior, seemed

to break the spell of silence which prevailed. An old steward and housekeeper, the only tenants of this gloomy castle, made their appearance at the summons." The interior, as well as the exterior, had been preserved "as nearly as possible in the state in which it existed in the days of baronial magnificence." Even the old furniture was intact.

Of the English, Allen had a rather reserved and critical, though on the whole a favorable, opinion. He was unqualified in his admiration of that which he took most pleasure in describing, the advanced state of the useful arts, but, as has been seen, he was not blind to the disadvantages of this state of affairs. His major criticism of the English is the customary one: "Absorbed by the enjoyment of wealth and luxuries, or by avocations of laborious industry, most individuals of the English nation are careless and indifferent about the state or condition of the people of foreign countries." He likewise took a keen interest in the state of agriculture, and criticizes very severely the English system of land tenure for its psychological effect on the small farmer, who could not, under the system, own the land he cultivated. He states also the well recognized fact that the growth of the manufacturing centers had tended to make the population of the rural communities decline or remain stationary.

A far different sort of traveler was Dr. Jacob Green, of Philadelphia, who went abroad in 1828 "to see the great men of Europe—philosophers whose works I had frequently studied." He was the first professor of chemistry at Jefferson Medical College. In 1830, he published *Notes of a Traveler* and he was likewise the author of numerous scientific papers and books.

In contrast to Allen, Green is chatty and interesting. The heroic enthusiasm of travelers was by this time a com-

mon failing in their books and he tried to suppress anything of the sort in his own; but his mind was exceedingly active, and his method reminds one of Cicero's habit of introducing a subject by promising to say nothing about it.

His trip embraced that part of England which invariably attracted the scientifically minded, the central line from Liverpool to London, but the objects of his interests were broad and general rather than technical. He is the only industrial or scientific traveler who attempts to give a detailed picture of the English countryside. Of the road from Doncaster to Sheffield he says, "The principal difference between English rural scenery and our own, is not only in the universal and high state of cultivation, but in the antiquities of the country, as we have before noticed; but it consists, in a great degree, in the neat appearance of the farm houses. These are commonly close to the road side, having a little flower garden, surrounded by a hedge, before the door, and a number of exotic plants in boxes in the windows, sometimes forming a perfect bank of flowers. In many instances, however, the farm houses, which are almost all covered with a thick thatch, are exceedingly unsightly and much neglected."

The appeal of antiquity was the country's greatest fascination for him. "I here first distinctly realized," he confesses, "what is meant by ivied walls, dilapidated towers, stones discolored and grey with time, and mouldering ruins exposed for ages to the weather. . . . From the little specimen of antiquity which I have seen in this old place [York], I must say that the ruins of an abbey appear vastly more interesting on the pages of Irving and others, than they do in reality. Yet do not understand me to undervalue these things."

Stonehenge naturally attracted him more than any

other relic of antiquity in England, as it had Silliman. For almost the first time in his *Notes* he allows himself free rein on his enthusiasm and omits the cynical twist at the end which is so characteristic of his descriptions.

At Brighton, however, his other attitude had its opportunity when he looked for the first time at the King's grotesque pleasure pavilion, a product of the Beau Brummell days. "Of all the ridiculous and extravagant efforts of architecture," he exclaims, "this surely is the chief; it looks more like an eastern mosque or Indian temple, than the palace of a Christian man. I shall not attempt a description; but you may form some idea of it, by supposing five or six huge pumpkins, set on a long flat-roofed house—the said pumpkins being set round with a number of vinegar cruets and pepper boxes. Behind this affair there rises an immense glass cupola, in the form of a Moorish dome, beneath which I understand His Majesty rides on horseback, without taking the vulgar benefit of fresh air at the same time. . . . On the whole, Brighton is the most showy and magnificent town that I have seen."

There are numerous descriptions of the country estates of the nobility in the records of American travelers, but Green's account of Lord Grosvenor's country seat, Eaton Hall, near Chester, is as satisfactory as any. It was, he explains, a splendid mansion, built in the Gothic style. "To us Americans, this residence of nobility was really overwhelming. The park, through which we rode to the palace, not only surprised us, by its great extent, but its high state of culture; every part of it seemed to have been beaten or rolled, and continually dressed, so as to present an even and smooth surface; here we saw hundreds of deer, reposing in the shade, or wandering near us carelessly over the lawn, or trooping across it, in silent herds at a distance.

We now observed the Gothic turrets of the mansion rising above the tops of a grove of old oak trees, on the branches of which we soon heard the noisy clatter of a thousand rooks—birds with which the novelist always tenants his old ruins. They are here much prized by the nobility, though an American farmer would hoot them off his grounds, both from their appearance and their notes, as a parcel of worthless crows, which they certainly to an unscientific eye very much resemble."

He confesses to holding Hannah More and Mrs. Opie as his literary favorites. He had the honor of seeing the former, and experienced a "sensation of awe and pleasure" when that good lady took him by the hand. Most astounding of all, he found her "intelligent, conversable, sprightly, and *good looking* [the italics are his]."

At Sheffield, his "greatest gratification" was the meeting with the poet, James Montgomery, the melancholy author of many hymns; but he saw many scientists as well. He found John Dalton at Manchester "busily employed in terminating some experiments on the relative proportions of the ingredients of atmospheric air," and in London he attended a lecture by Faraday at the Royal Institution. "The large lecture room," he says, "was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, who listened for more than an hour with the utmost attention, while the lecturer, in a plain, perspicuous, and sometimes eloquent style, gave us an account of the past, present, and future prospects of the Thames tunnel. As Mr. Faraday described the first irruption of the river into the tunnel, while the men were at work—the rushing in and noise of the water—the cries and confusion of the men, and the crashing and whirling about of the machinery through the narrow passages, by the force of the current, a breathless silence was produced. A

more perfect picture of such an occurrence could not have been drawn—a complete *ideal presence* of the scene was before the mind of every auditor, and the effect it produced on us all was thrilling. The whole lecture was illustrated by numerous diagrams and models, so as to make the operation of tunneling perfectly intelligible to every one."

Later he visited this London tunnel in its partially completed state. "You first descend," he says, "by a kind of immense *well*, sunk at some distance from the shore, to the level of the passage under the river. The well contains the working part of a steam engine, used to remove the water and rubbish. It is a fine piece of machinery, peculiarly and ingeniously modified to answer this particular purpose. When you get to the bottom of this well, which is thirty or forty feet in diameter, you see before you a long arched passage of plain but finished masonry, splendidly illuminated with gas lights. There is also a passage, similar and parallel to this, in which the workmen are at their labor. Here there is a railway for the cars which remove the dirt, and which are dragged along by the steam engine. . . . I was about 150 feet under the bed of the Thames—the excavation has proceeded almost twice that distance, but the visitors are not admitted beyond the place where I was stopped. I was as much gratified with my visit to this magnificent work, as I have been by anything since I left home."

Green likewise visited the great manufacturing towns, but by 1828 there were sufficient factories in the United States to make the sight no longer one of any great novelty. He therefore made his round of the cotton factories of Manchester a very cursory one. "I was familiar," he says with a note of boredom, "with the incessant din of revolving wheels, the buzz of a thousand whirring spools, and the

harsh sound of countless shuttles . . . and from the little I saw of Manchester, I have no doubt that her vast manufactories, though they have contributed much to her population, wealth, and importance, add nothing to the hospitality, virtue, or piety of her inhabitants."

Birmingham, "the great toy shop of the world," forcibly reminded him of Pittsburgh, and he found that some of the factories had again closed their doors to visitors, not because of any fear of having their ideas stolen, but because the great crowds of tourists had seriously interfered with the progress of their work.

He took a special trip to Portsmouth to see the naval base and there saw the ship *Victory,* in which Nelson had been killed, as well as the King's yacht; while in London he inspected the brewing establishment of Mr. Meux, where "two or three years since a vast vat, or immense tub, containing many thousands of barrels of beer, burst, broke away the walls of the brewery, deluged the houses in the neighborhood, and drowned six persons. A vat, precisely like it in every respect, stood alongside of it, and still remains. . . . I forget the depth and width, but a coach and four might drive round, and two hundred persons have dined in it."

Dr. Green's *Notes* still make interesting reading. His attitude is neither that of the careful observer who is eager to learn how things ought to be done, nor that of the wide-eyed tourist who admires and raves indiscriminately. His tone is rather that of the man of the world who is interested in his neighbor's business. The practical tourist had grown up to the stage of disillusionment.

There are several other travel records of men whose interests lay along these lines, but they are not of great importance. Nathaniel S. Moore, a young man just out of

school at the time, has left a manuscript diary of a trip to Liverpool and Manchester in 1831,[8] but his attitude is chiefly one of pity for the exploited poor in the two cities. Alvan Stewart, a New York lawyer, has, however, somewhat more to say.[9] He made what was probably a pleasure trip to England, in the same year. His journal, most of it still in manuscript, is a blunt, straightforward narrative of events and an equally frank criticism of English society. To those who would have a fuller account than he chose to give he recommends Carter's *Travels,* then recently published, and probably his own guide book.

Samuel Topliff is another of the same sort. He was in England for his health in 1828, the year of Green's trip, but his life-long concern as librarian of the Merchants' News Room in the Exchange Coffee House in Boston made his interests lie in a mercantile direction. His travel commentaries have been since published as *Letters from Abroad in the Years 1828-29* (1906). Their author was conspicuous for his bashfulness, having only made one public speech in his life and that much to his own surprise. He therefore does not imbue his pages with any degree of eloquence. He saw most of the things one would expect him to see in the way of industrial and tourist sights, and he was particularly impressed with charitable institutions such as the blind asylum at Liverpool.

From the factories, the heat and the "unhealthy state of the atmosphere" made him retreat very quickly, but he thoroughly enjoyed a dinner at the home of a wealthy Liverpool merchant, Mr. Humberston. It consisted, he says, "of a roasted leg of mutton, and breast of veal; boiled ham; boiled and roasted (whole) mackerel, with fennel and

[8] Ms. in the possession of the N. Y. Public Library.
[9] Ms. in the possession of the N. Y. Historical Society.

gooseberry sauce, variety of pickles, a real English plum pudding (very nice I guess), tait pie, variety of cake, red and white radishes, lettuce, green peas, cauliflower, new potatoes, cherries, oranges, etc., washed down by bottled ale, sherry wine, raspberry brandy, Scotch whiskey, and old cognac. It was all of the best quality, and the cookery was not to be sneezed at." This repast kept them at the table from six-thirty until eight, and, to top it off, they were served tea at ten.

These later men, however, are not very significant, as their impressions were not intended for print. The long line of tourists from Watson to Green shows certain definite developments. From an eager admiration for the high state of perfection of English industrial life immediately after the Revolution had grown the desire to learn, and, in spite of a thorough awareness of the evils of the system, there developed on top of this a desire to copy and rival. Mechanics had been imported from England, factories had been set up, and by 1825 America was well on the way toward a rivalry of the mother country in the "useful arts" as she had already rivaled her in painting. Behind Watson and behind Green were very different countries, the one entirely agricultural and having chiefly raw products to offer to the world, the other well on the road toward self-sufficiency in the manufacture of the necessities of life. Thus, when the American merchant arrived in England in 1830 or thereafter, he was not an agent from an undeveloped wilderness, but a business or scientific man on an equal footing with his social equals in a foreign land.

Chapter VI

THE PHILANTHROPIC TRAVELER

Religion and Philanthropy; The Quakers—Parental Establishments—The Unitarian Link—The Congregational Union

I

The charge that Americans were either dominated by a religious ideal or were altogether ungodly was hurled at them more than once by English critics in these early days of independence. This is perhaps more true of the Colonial than of the Revolutionary era, but there is no doubt that religion and philanthropy occupied a much larger share of America's cultural life then than they do to-day. At all events, there were more travelers of the time dominated by these motives than by any other.

The Quakers were the first Americans to keep formal records of travels in England with the idea of publishing their impressions and thoughts in journal form. Hannah Logan Smith, who in 1839 compiled a list of these travelers,[1] mentions fifty-four of them between the years 1783 and 1835, some of whom made as many as six separate journeys, and many of whom crossed two and three times. The earliest mission was in 1693 and the practice is still followed to some extent. During the same time there were an equal number of English Friends in America on like missions, as it has always been the custom, or rather religious duty, of those professing this faith constantly to visit

[1] In a volume without date or title page, marked *"From H. L. S."*

their fellow believers in all parts of the world. In a sense, it is the missionary spirit which impels them, but far more frequently it is merely the feeling of brotherhood, the exalted social side of religious life. Thus, although many of the Friends who visited England made excursions to such remote parts of the country as the Orkney Islands off the north shore of Scotland, where there were no established meetings, the majority of them considered their work completed after they had visited all, or nearly all, the active meetings in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, or as large a field as their "concern" prompted them to cover.

The amount of ground actually covered by these tireless travelers and the hardships they endured are sometimes almost unbelievable. Christopher Healy states that in a little less than a year, July 29, 1831 to May 12, 1832, he had traveled 3,714 miles and attended 285 meetings in England, Scotland, and Ireland. When we consider that this was still in the days of coaches, chaises, and horse-back riding, his figures become little short of phenomenal. Yet his record is far from uncommon. Most of the Quakers take such labor, for such it was, entirely for granted as a part of the religious work to which they were called, and they mention these facts in the most general and incidental terms. In addition to this visiting of meetings, they likewise spent much time at the homes of English Friends, and inspected schools and prisons, but they did almost no touring or sight-seeing.

The result of this singleness of purpose is a marked similarity in their travel journals, many of which were published immediately upon their return. These are almost wholly subjective meditations upon the state of mind of the traveler, and matter of fact records of meetings held; outside events and places are seen only dimly through the

ever-present religious fervor and absorption of the writer. Seldom has any group of travel books given a clearer insight into the point of view of the travelers; seldom has such a mass of record given less objective information about the places and things recorded. The interest in these books lies entirely in the self-sacrifice, dangers, and hardships of a group of men and women whose lives were wholly consecrated to a cause. A few like Benjamin West, Lindley Murray, the grammarian,[2] and one or two others, settled permanently in England and a number of them, including John Woolman and Job Scott, died there, unquestionably martyrs to their faith; but most of them returned to Christian duties in their own country.

Woolman's is perhaps the highest type of the humanitarian and international mind. His death was in 1772 and he was constantly before the minds of all later Quaker travelers as the ideal to which they might attain. His will was so submissive to his faith, and his rejection of the luxuries of this world so firm, that he refused, even in petty things, to allow himself the least indulgence. Feeling that the post boys were unjustly treated, he refused to employ them to carry a letter; because of a similar attitude of disapproval of all means of travel then in vogue, he crossed the ocean in the steerage and walked all the way from London to York; and when he had contracted smallpox and was at the point of death, he refused to call a doctor, but accepted the medicine of an apothecary who gave it and his advice in the spirit of friendliness.

Twenty years later Job Scott died at Ballitore, also of smallpox, after an experience strikingly similar to Woolman's. His *Journal* is chiefly concerned with his disgust at the worldliness of most religious efforts in England. "My

[2] E. Frank, *Memoirs . . . of Lindley Murray*, York, 1826.

very soul is grieved within me," he cries, "when I view the fallen state of poor degenerated christendom; and above all, the dead, dark, and carnal-minded state of the clergy so called. Like swarms of locusts they darken the air, and in many places eat up almost every green thing. Instead of turning the people to God, they bring them under the lifeless administration of the letter that kills."

There were numerous other early Friends who gave their lives to their cause, among them Elizabeth Drinker, Thomas Ross, and John Pemberton, the last of whom died in Germany in 1795 on his third missionary journey to Europe. Pemberton made his second trip to England in 1782 and devoted the next seven years to holding meetings in Ireland and England. He was often able to gather large crowds, but the actual number of Friends in England seemed to be small. Many others would attend the meetings from curiosity and remain respectfully silent. He visited the Orkney Islands with a fellow Quaker and, he says, "continued on these islands five weeks, in which time we rode about three hundred miles by land, and went about seventy-four miles by water, not allowing myself one day's rest, and had forty-four meetings, mostly large. . . . The poor people on Grimsa, where there is a worship-house, told me there had not been a sermon there before, for more than seven years. I look upon my proceedings as only paving the way for others, and believe, though a poor creature, I have left love in every place, and an open door," this notwithstanding the fact that in one place the crowds threw mud balls at them, a detail altogether omitted from the *Journal*.[3]

Pemberton's detachment from worldly affairs, which

[3] Thos. Wilkinson, *The Last Journey of John Pemberton,* Phila., 1811, p. 10.

prevented his point of view from having in it anything national or racial, is illustrated by an event which happened just before he landed in England. The packet on which he and a fellow Quaker were passengers was boarded by a privateer just off the English coast and taken to Calais. There was great danger involved as many of the crew were taken into captivity and the ship improperly manned, but his main concern was with the wickedness of the men as shown chiefly in their language, and he spent all his time exhorting them to repentance.

Among those who followed Pemberton, William Savery and Thomas Scattergood seem to have made the most extensive journeys and to have left the most complete records. Savery's *Journal* is perhaps more generally interesting than any of the others because of the great extent of his mission and because of an attitude something less subjective than the average. He seems to have had a particular interest in penetrating to the more remote parts of England, places almost never visited by Americans. Much of his work was done in Guernsey, Jersey, the Isle of Man, the Isle of Wight, the Orkney Islands, and the interior parts of Scotland and Wales. He also toured the Continent extensively. Almost his entire *Journal* is concerned with this trip abroad in 1796-98.

The first part of his journey included Germany and France, and it was not until April 16, 1797, that he arrived in England. On account of the state of war between England and France, he had some difficulty in landing, but he refused to misrepresent his case and finally got to Gravesend, where persons from France were permitted to disembark. Without rest, he then proceeded on the usual course of meetings in various places in as rapid succession as was humanly possible. Some of his meetings were held in the

churches of other denominations, among whom the Methodists were the most cordial. One Episcopal minister, after granting permission, tried to retract and asked for a return of the key to the church. The Quakers held their meeting, but refused to hold another because of their dislike of dissent in any form. On another occasion a meeting held in a ballroom was disturbed by a drunken man, and after order became impossible, the few professed Quakers present got up and walked out, leaving a much disappointed gathering.

Savery visited Swarthmoor Hall near Ulverston, the former home of George Fox; he met William Wilberforce at the home of Hannah More and was soon on intimate terms both with him and with his hostess; and later he took dinner with Benjamin West and George Dillwyn, another American Quaker, in London. West procured a private audience with King George III for Savery and Dillwyn. They talked with the King, Queen, and children, like old acquaintances, and the King emphasized the bonds of religion, relationship, commerce, and disposition between his own country and that of his visitors. With such sentiments the Quakers could heartily agree, and, after they had withdrawn, West, who hesitated a moment for a further word with the King, reported that His Majesty turned to the Queen and said, "Charlotte, how satisfactory this has been."

Savery's comments on the life of the peasants in remote places, most of them very brief and in passing, form one of the most unusual aspects of his diary. At Wrexham, in North Wales, on March 28th, he discovered a great fair, to which the manufacturers from Birmingham and Manchester had sent quantities of their products and the Irish traders their linen for sale. The streets were crowded and

everybody was much concerned with worldly affairs, but the Quakers held their meeting nevertheless.

The Welsh peasants, in spite of their poverty, often presented a very favorable picture. In Pembrokeshire, he says, "The houses of the farmers, scattered among the hills, appear neat and comfortable, the people warmly clad, and few barefoot or ragged; . . . the houses are mostly thatched, and all are whitewashed outside, which gives them an agreeable appearance at a distance. The women all wear hats, like men—we met many of the farmers' daughters, well mounted on horseback, with greatcoats and hats on." At Bridgenorth he found great poverty, where many of the poor people lived in caves cut from soft rock on the side of the hill.

In Scotland, poverty was even more general. At Hawick, he says, "The laborers on their farms live generally in a cluster of twenty or thirty houses; are meanly accommodated in small mud cottages with thatched roofs, almost like stables, the children and most of the women without shoes—turf is the common firing and their bread of oatmeal." Again, at Kelso, "the lands being farmed out in large tracts, the poor can get none; and the farmers who employ them, feed them with skim, or as they call it, blue milk and oatmeal, made into crouder or hasty-pudding, potatoes, turnips, kale, etc., but very little meat. The river is well stored with salmon, but none are suffered to take them, but such as purchase that privilege of the Duke of Roxburgh." The same state of affairs seemed to exist in most of that part of Scotland which Savery visited, leading him to the comment that the people must surely be a hardy race to endure.

Before finally leaving England, he visited Newgate prison, and was much moved by his conversations with those who

had been condemned. At last, in June, 1798, he succeeded in getting passage back to America, having performed one of the most extensive journeys made by an American in England.

Most of the other Quaker journals are even more barren than Savery's in matters of worldly concern. Thomas Scattergood was in England for six years, 1794 to 1800, and took several trips, including one to the Orkney Islands; Sarah Harrison went to England in 1792 and covered most of the ground of Savery's and Pemberton's journeys in the course of the next twenty years; and Henry Hull leaves a similarly colorless record of a long missionary journey in 1810. There are numerous others, slightly briefer in length of journey or of record.

Among these later Friends, the two outstanding are perhaps Stephen Grellet and Isaac T. Hopper, the former because he was the best type of international mind and the latter because he was peculiar enough to be amusing. Grellet was a real wanderer. Born in France, he came to America early as an *emigré* of the Revolution, married there, and always considered it his home. Between 1807 and 1832 he made four trips to Europe, the last three of which included England.

Grellet's chief concern in London was with the poor and the criminals. On his trip in 1812, he was so deeply impressed that he held a meeting in a poor district of London and drew a large crowd. The chief police magistrate, hearing of his success, offered every possible aid to continue the work, but Grellet felt the need of turning his attention to the prisons. He visited Newgate and spent some time in the condemned cells, comforted the families of the prisoners after their execution, and suggested that the young boys and girls be separated from the hardened criminals, which

reform, according to his own account, was accomplished. He was instrumental in arousing the interest of an English Friend, Elizabeth Fry, in the hardships of the prisoners, a piece of good work which resulted in many much needed reforms.

Grellet also found much work to be done with the poor and the unemployed. At Spitalfields, he encountered a strike of weavers, who, when they were called together, came in great numbers, thinking that bread was to be distributed. The power of the Quaker's eloquence is manifest in the fact that the laborers were soon quieted and "many of them were broken into tears, and the solemnity and quiet was not interrupted at the conclusion."

With the declaration of war between America and England, Grellet's labors increased and his fervor was heightened. Wherever he had the opportunity he visited and talked with both American and French prisoners of war. Some of the latter, he says after a visit to the barracks at Stilton, "have been prisoners for nine years, and many, I find, have been brought up tenderly, even in affluence, having been conscripts that were forcibly taken from their homes, bands of whom I saw in France, fifty or more chained together, dragged as sheep to the slaughter."

There were few refuges of the poor or neglected classes of humanity which Grellet left unvisited, and, in the course of his journeys, he probably did more for the good of the downtrodden than any other American Friend.

There is slight difference and almost no change or development in the point of view of these Quaker travelers in the course of the fifty years or more here under discussion. Isaac Hopper, who refused to take off his hat in Westminster Abbey and insisted upon sitting on the throne in the House of Lords, was somewhat more spectacular than the

others. The vast majority were simple, sincere, and single-minded.

There was a slight increase however in the intensity of their attitude toward reform. The earlier visitors accepted everything as they found it, and were content merely to preach their faith as they knew it. Grellet and some others were more active, however, in the alleviation of poverty, and the interest of many Quakers in anti-slavery likewise grew rapidly in degree. This threw them into contact with reformers outside their immediate circle, such as Hannah More and Wilberforce in England, and Garrison in America. At the anti-slavery conference in London in 1840, many of the American delegates were Friends, including James and Lucretia Mott, both of whom kept diaries of their visit.

William Lloyd Garrison had this anti-slavery interest in common with the Quakers, and it took him to England in 1833, as well as several times later. Garrison was the agent of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, and he was cordially received by the British leaders of the cause, notably Buxton, Cropper, and Wilberforce. His mission culminated in a great meeting of protest against the plans of the American Colonization Society, held at Exeter Hall, Strand, on the morning of Saturday, July 13, 1833, in which Garrison made the principal speech. Because of the special interest which brought him to England and his hurry to get back to America he had practically no contact with the people apart from those working in the same cause, and all of these welcomed him.

II

An even closer bond with England than that of the brotherhood of the Quakers was felt by the churches which were offshoots of the Established Churches of England and Scot-

land, the Protestant Episcopal and the Presbyterian. Their attitude was distinctly one of filial devotion, so much so that political issues were sometimes confused with religious, and the ministers of the first of these churches were not infrequently loyalists. The Methodist and Reformed Churches felt a similar interest in their British brethren.

The chief reason for this feeling of kinship in the Episcopal Church was its belief in apostolical succession. It was necessary that America should have a bishop consecrated by a bishop in the Church of England in order to preserve this succession, and an integral part of the ordination ceremony was the oath of allegiance to the King. All the early American bishops went to England for ordination, and Seabury, the first, after being refused by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, was finally consecrated by the Bishop of Aberdeen, who, having already been deprived of most of his temporal powers, had little to lose. The Methodists, whose organization was less based on traditional theology, had no such difficulty, as Thomas Coke, their first bishop in the United States, had come in that capacity from Wales as a missionary. This link has, however, always been a strong factor in holding the English and American churches of these denominations together.

Few members of these sects left extended records of their trips. There is to be found, however, a very full account of a tour of the Continent and a short stay in England in the years 1828-30 in the *Remains of the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin* (1831). In spite of their unpromising title, these writings are of no little interest. Griffin had just been ordained deacon in his church when ill health prompted him to make a tour of Europe before taking up his serious duties. He had no sooner returned, however, than he was stricken with his final illness at the age of twenty-six.

After the novelty and excitement of moving from one

foreign land to another, England was somewhat disappointing to him when he first landed from France. Only a persuasive letter from his father decided him to stay and make the conventional tour. From London he went by slow stages to Edinburgh, stopping at Windsor, Stratford, Oxford, and Cambridge, but, like many another American, he was more interested in people than in places. At Keswich, he visited Southey and found him not altogether sympathetic with American ideas, while in Edinburgh, he saw both Scott and Jeffrey in the law courts. Dr. Chalmers seemed to him the greatest man of the city, and he describes him at length. There too he was welcomed by the literary coterie which centered around the then somewhat feeble Mrs. Grant.

The chief event after his return to London was a dinner at Murray's, at which he met Moore, Lockhart, Irving, Horace Smith, and Mitchell. During the dinner, Moore and Smith, sitting at opposite ends of the table, vied with each other for the conversational mastery of the company, while Irving and Lockhart remained almost silent, the one with a mild reserve which Griffin attributes to an excess of sensibility, and the other with a thoughtful abstraction due rather to indifference. The writer groups Irving with the Englishmen present in the most off-hand fashion and seems not at all to recognize him as a countryman. After the dinner the contest between Moore and Smith was resumed before the piano in the drawing room, but here, needless to say, the Irishman was supreme. Griffin completes his sketch with a pen portrait of his host. Visits to the Houses of Parliament concluded his trip and, upon his return to America in April, he delivered a series of lectures at Columbia on the civilizations of the Old World, which he had studied thus at first hand.

The Presbyterians, although not feeling the need of the actual establishment of a line of spiritual descent, had almost as strong a feeling of dependence on the Scottish Establishment and its later reformed branches. John Mitchell Mason, who has already been mentioned as an early student at Edinburgh, was a clergyman in the Associate Reformed branch of the church in America. It was a comparatively small denomination, but in 1801, it felt the need for ministers so urgently that the Synod, in meeting in New York, resolved to send a delegate to Scotland in quest of evangelical ministers and probationers, money to found a seminary, and whatever books he could obtain.

Mason seems to have been very successful in his mission. At Edinburgh, the Associate Synod immediately accredited him and invited him to Divinity Hall at Selkirk, where the classes were in session. There he presented a memorial of his mission, stating that there were fifteen or sixteen churches in America which needed ministers immediately and many others that were growing. There was considerable correspondence between him and students who contemplated leaving their country in this service, and he enjoyed much friendly interchange of ideas with his fellow ministers. He was not long in Edinburgh before he was invited to preach, and his eloquence swept all before it. Even more was this the case when the second part of his mission took him to London, "the place of beneficence." Many of his hearers were so delighted that they took down his words in shorthand and preserved them for many years. "I have been kept so constantly employed," he writes to his wife on July 1, 1802, "that I have scarcely heard a sermon since I came to London. A stranger is pestered with incessant applications to preach." His popularity was not merely

caused by his being a stranger; it was due to the power of his sincerity and eloquence.

All of this helped him in the second and more difficult part of his mission, the procuring of money and books for a theological school in New York, an effort which was likewise largely successful. After his return he kept up for some years a correspondence with the friends he had made in England and Scotland. The Seminary was founded in 1805, the earliest of its kind; previous to this time theological education had been a part of the work of the liberal arts colleges.

In May, 1816, Dr. Mason resigned his active duties, among them the Provostship of Columbia College, and went again to Europe, this time for his health. He took his son with him and they toured England and the Continent. "Of my excursions," he says, "it is impossible to say more than that I have everywhere been received with demonstrations of the most kind regard." He mentions the High School at Edinburgh as "precisely the sort of school I have been longing for," and marks with some pride that the theories of education there in practice were similar to his own; but most of his journey seems to have been concerned more with persons than with places. His circle of friends and admirers was so large that he felt thoroughly at home, the most intimate of his friends being Mr. Hardcastle who was, among others, instrumental in founding the British and Foreign Bible Society. Mason brought a message of fellowship and welcome from the American Bible Society to this organization on the occasion of its anniversary in 1817. On the day before he left, he preached to 2,000 people in Liverpool for over an hour.

Either the example of Mason, or the soundness of the principle he had followed, tempted several other Americans in the following years to do as he did. There was no doubt

of the interest of English churchmen and religiously inclined laymen in the establishment of American churches and American theological schools. In the immediately succeeding years, Bishop Philander Chase, of Ohio, Bishop John Henry Hobart, of New York, and the Rev. Nathaniel Sheldon Wheaton, all of whom were of the Protestant Episcopal denomination, visited England on missions similar to that of Mason. Chase was interested in the founding of Kenyon College, for which he managed to collect $30,000 in England, Hobart had been instrumental in founding the General Theological Seminary in New York, but went to England primarily for his health, while Wheaton's mission was not unlike Silliman's, as his primary purpose was the collection of books and apparatus as well as money for Trinity (then called Washington) College, Connecticut, an institution which he was active in founding.

Bishop Chase had the most difficult undertaking of this group and his *Reminiscences* are full of accounts of hardship, as well as of some jealousy. His story, as he tells it, is one of determination. He went to Ohio when civilization was just beginning to get a foothold in that tract of wilderness, and saw at once that, if the church were to prosper, there would have to be a local divinity school. He had the energy of the pioneer, and such an idea, once conceived, was well under way. He appealed to the authorities of the General Theological Seminary for their support in a mission to Europe in this cause, but they were evidently in need of funds themselves because they refused to foster the plan. Chase then ignored them and went to England on his own responsibility. Upon his arrival in 1823, he found that the very sources upon which he had counted most had been prejudiced against him and his cause by a pamphlet which the opposition had circulated, making him out to be a schis-

matic who was defying the authority of the central body of the church, the General Theological Seminary. His chief opponent was Wheaton, but the Seminary had likewise a representative in England whom Chase refuses to name, but who was probably Hobart. It was then a battle to the death, and Chase was a fighter.

He proceeded quietly to establish as many contacts as he could, and made no public answer to the pamphlet. His first friend was a Mr. Wiggin of Manchester, who helped him somewhat, but at Oxford and everywhere else he went he met with minds closed to his cause. Every one advised him to return immediately to America and abandon his efforts, but instead, he went, a stranger, to London. Lord Gambier, President of the Church Missionary Society, although prejudiced against him, gave him a hearing and went over the case from both sides. The result was that he became an enthusiastic supporter of Chase. Through him, the latter gained the support of the Rev. Mr. Pratt of London, Secretary of the Society, and a committee of clergymen was organized to advance the cause. Little by little they achieved success, until they finally convinced the aged Bishop of Durham and the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. His cause thus firmly established, Chase organized local committees and the money began to appear in large sums. Then it was that the delegates from New York and Connecticut advanced proposals that the three causes be combined and the money equally divided between them. Chase paid no attention to these ideas, but was finally reconciled to the plan of allowing Kenyon College, which he founded upon his return in 1824, to be considered as a branch of the General Theological Seminary.

The Bishop of Ohio had been so much engrossed in his fight that he had no time for anything else. There is little

bitterness in his attitude, but much determination. He had no criticism of England and the English until the success of his cause was assured, and then he was free with his expressions of gratitude. "England," he says, "is not made great by her immense wealth, uselessly spent, but by her primitive Christian benevolence in spreading the gospel throughout the world."

When he climbed Greenwich Observatory and looked out over the picturesque English countryside, he found the view "worthy of that impression which by traditionary lore, aided by a glowing fancy, I had from my infancy formed of England's greatness."

One turns to Wheaton's *Journal of a Residence During Several Months in London* (1830), as solid a travel book as one could wish, with some hesitation after this account. Yet it is with a pleasant sense of relief that the pages are turned, for no hint of schism or strife has found its way into his record. In fact, he mentions no mission whatever, and one is tempted to believe that his only object was the visiting of persons and places and the study of English pulpit oratory. Of the latter he has much to say. Many of his letters were published first in the *Episcopal Watchman,* and evidently called forth some surprise "at the very qualified approbation bestowed on the pulpit talents and pastoral instructions of many of the English clergy." He justifies himself by adding that the writer acknowledged "a veneration, felt in common with most of his readers, for a church, which has trained and sent forth so many gigantic defenders of the Reformed Faith—so many eloquent heralds of salvation, he was perhaps prepared to expect too much from its living apostles." He retains, however, his very qualified approbation.

A large part of Wheaton's time, if we may judge by his

Journal, was spent in going to church, and, in fairness to him, it must be added that he found many good and some eloquent preachers. Sundays seem to come in rapid succession in his narrative, to the exclusion of other days in the week, and often, having exhausted the churches near by, he would pick out a likely looking person and follow him in the hope that he would be led to some new place of worship. Once the method was unsuccessful and he was taken to a hotel.

Most of the sermons he heard in London he found "deficient in strong and manly thought. . . . The preachers," he continues, "have *literature* in abundance, which they lay up at the universities; they rarely offend against the laws of correct writing; but they have not theology enough," a statement which explains both itself and Wheaton's basis of criticism. Nevertheless, he finds that "religion prospers to a great extent under the defective preaching, of which there are yet but too many examples in the pulpits of the Establishment. Large and attentive congregations are gathered; and there is obviously more piety among the people, than the general style of pulpit instruction seems calculated to create."

He was impressed with the grandeur of Saint Paul's, but he was much offended by the small and inattentive congregation and the automatic manner in which the service was conducted. The hum of voices and the echo of footsteps of "fops, dandies, guardsmen, clerks, tradesmen, waiting maids, citizens' wives and daughters, and children, all jostling each other in great confusion," made him so sick of the artificiality of it all that he turned for amusement to copying a Latin inscription from the gate over the choir.

When he stops, however, and gives his measured opinion in the matter, he finds that, although the clergy in the Estab-

lished Church sacrificed doctrine and exhortation to literary polish and distinction, nevertheless there was a growing force of earnestness in a large body of them which he attributes to the fervor of the Dissenters.

One of the most impressive preachers he heard was the Rev. Christopher Benson of Trinity College, Cambridge, whom he found "serious, earnest, pathetic," but, in spite of his belief in these qualities in preaching, he did not follow in the footsteps of fashionable London society and fall at the feet of Edward Irving. His descriptions of this tutor and one-time suitor of Jane Welsh Carlyle are as amusing as they are full. Wheaton had a capacity for remembering whole passages from sermons which he heard, and he gives a long excerpt from one of Irving's in the affected dialect which seems to have been the preacher's chief charm. "Mr. Irving," he says, "at length appeared and took his seat. He is tall and broad in his person; and everything above his shoulders is singular. An incredible quantity of black bushy hair, parted on the top of his head, and covering ears, neck, shoulders, and one half the forehead as low as the eye-brow, while the polished marble of the other half is studiously kept exposed by an occasional delicate brush of the handkerchief—whiskers of terrific size and blackness, lying in rolls on the cheeks, and covering the chin and throat with their thick matting—a long, pale, bloodless visage, and eyes looking far asunder—are the features of the upper man, on which the attention of a stranger is fixed with a species of wonder, whether he is not contemplating a captain of grenadiers in the habiliments of a parson." When Irving spoke, continues Wheaton, "the affectation, in sentiment and expression—the jumble of strange metaphors —the starts, and grimaces, and study of theatrical effect, exceeded all reasonable bounds."

Two of Wheaton's most interesting records are those of his visits to Cambridge and Oxford. At Cambridge, he attended a lecture of Professor Smythe on the causes of the American war. How could an American visitor feel any sensation but pride when an English scholar "traced in historical succession the oppressive acts which paved the way for a separation," and expressed his opinion not only that the Americans were justified, but that the results of the war would have been inevitable in any event.

At Oxford, Wheaton was received with equal cordiality, but the thing which interested him most seems to have been a rowing race between Brasenose and Exeter. "Just before sunset," he says, "the students assembled by hundreds along the river, to the south of Christ Church Walk." Finally, the boats "came flying through the water in very gallant style. First came the flower of Brasenose, in a pearl-colored eight-oared cutter, each rower stripped to his shirt sleeves, and resplendent with the *yellow* badge of his college. A few feet astern followed the youth of Exeter, decorated with a *crimson* scarf, in a cutter of dazzling white, and impelled by the same number of oars. The cheers of the spectators made the welkin ring; and old father Isis, vexed in his deepest recesses by the sturdy strokes of the oarsmen, dashed his waves indignantly against the shore." The American clergyman could hardly have qualified as a modern sports writer.

Another opportunity of great significance which Wheaton enjoyed, but which he did not fully appreciate at the time, was hearing the young Macaulay make his first public speech in London. He speaks of him as "a son of Z. Macaulay, Esq., one of the most indefatigable promoters of the cause of the abolition. This young and most promising speaker was graduated a few years since at

Cambridge, where he was esteemed the most eloquent orator in the University. He is now preparing for the bar, with an intenseness of application, which, aided by his superior talents, will hereafter render him a conspicuous actor on the public stage, if his life is spared. His speech to-day [at the first annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, in Freemasons' Hall, Friday, June 25, 1824] was his first appearance before a London audience; and he acquitted himself admirably. He was sometimes vehement, sometimes pathetic, and in two or three passages, bitterly ironical. His speech was long and loudly applauded."

Wheaton did more touring, was more observant, and wrote at greater length and with greater interest than any clergyman from America on a mission similar to his up to his time. Among the other things which he saw and described were Whitefield's almost deserted tabernacle, a balloon ascension, the House of Lords, the new chain ocean pier at Brighton, and the old clothes men in the streets of London. His memory serves him in the quotation, not only of speeches, but of anecdotes he heard at dinners and at public gatherings. After a tour of the Continent, he returned to England and visited Edinburgh and the Scottish lakes. His *Journal* is more limited by his particular bias than those of some later travelers, and his emphasis is on religion, especially in relation to the Establishment, but among the earlier travel books it stands forward prominently in its objective interest and comment on the life of England. He makes one curious remark about the English people when, in speaking of their love of caricature, he says, "These laughter-loving people have a relish for broad humor, beyond that of any other nation in the world. It is innate, deep, hearty, and real as their existence."

The third party to this interesting race, Bishop Hobart, of New York, regarded his trip solely as a quest for health. With mind tired and body broken, he welcomed the freshness of the sea air and the picturesque beauty of the English countryside. For many years previous he had corresponded with numerous friends in England whom he had never seen, and one of the chief pleasures of the trip was in meeting these men in person. As soon as he landed, he "seemed in a new world," and his trip through England and the Continent was one of continual refreshment.

The chief interest which attaches to Hobart's journey lies in a sermon he preached in October, 1825, in several New York churches, a comparison of the civil and religious governments of England and America. His chief objects of attack in this sermon were the slavery and poverty of the lower classes on the Continent, but, because of her closer similarity to the United States, England fares scarcely any better than her neighbors.

Such a non-theological sermon in an American Protestant Episcopal church needed some justification, and Hobart showed the courage of his convictions in venturing to deliver it at all. "Common opinion," he asserts, "often identifies our church not merely in the cardinal points of faith, of ministry, and of worship, in which we are proud thus to be identified, with the Church of England, but in the organization which results from her connection with the state." He then proceeds to point out the evils of this connection of church and state. He is very careful, however, to emphasize that he mentions England only by way of comparison and illustration, for, he concludes, "I revere and love England and its church; but I love my own church and country better."

As might well be expected, the delivery of this sermon lost Hobart many of his English friends and strengthened his position in America. It is a clear statement of that criticism of the English Establishment which practically every American clergyman felt, whatever his denomination, but Hobart alone attacked the issue squarely and philosophically; the rest were content with particular comments similar to Wheaton's.

It has been noted that Hobart's primary motive in taking his trip abroad was the seeking for renewed health. This was frequently at least a subsidiary motive with many Americans who went to England and the Continent, then as now, but more so in the case of clergymen than of any other class of society. There were too few ministers of every denomination in America, and those who threw their whole enthusiasm and energy into their work soon found that they had reached the limits of their resources. It was for change and rest, as well as improvement of mind, that these ministers sought out England and the Continent.

It is not surprising that, with such cordial welcome and such material and spiritual success and improvement, the American clergyman was tempted to hazard the voyage to England. On one occasion, a London church even went so far as to pay for a large collection of books which the Rev. Thomas C. Henry, of South Carolina,[4] had ordered. The cordiality seems to have been reciprocal in the closely related churches on both sides of the water, and in practically every case the Christian doctrines of brotherhood and helpfulness entirely outweighed any national antipathies or jealousies.

[4] T. C. Henry, *Letters to An Anxious Inquirer,* London, 1829.

III

There is no particular significance in the fact that many Unitarian clergymen went to England in the early days of the growth of that sect in America. Most of them were on missions of health, and, although they accepted invitations to preach, their errands could not be strictly defined as religious. Nevertheless, such men as Henry Ware, William Ellery Channing, Orville Dewey, and Ralph Waldo Emerson found a welcome in England which can be much more accurately assigned to their philosophical and religious beliefs than to their nationality. The liberality of their views at once allied them with those who thought similarly in the older country. Channing sought Wordsworth and Emerson sought Carlyle as brother seeks brother, and they were welcomed on like terms. Behind all these men was that type of thought which in its philosophical aspects has been called transcendentalism, and in one of its formal religious expressions Unitarianism.

Although the sect was not officially founded in America until 1820, many who held to what were essentially its tenets went to Europe before that time. Among these men were Joseph S. Buckminster (1806-7), Francis Parkman, and Edward Everett. Francis William Pitt Greenwood, pastor of Old South Church, Boston, was also one of these earlier travelers. In 1820, poor health took him to England, and his private journal of the trip was published later in his *Miscellaneous Writings* (1846). This journal is interesting because of its unaffected comments on everything that appealed to him, whether important or not. His chief delight was to ramble about old churches and cathedrals, but in Birmingham he visited a pin factory and, after seeing

the entire process of manufacture, remarks, "Though I may never make pins, I know very well how pins are made."

In London, the streets themselves, with their crowds and shop windows and beggars, attracted him more than the conventional sights of the city. Among other objects of curiosity which he visited was the famous Miss Linwood's gallery, where her magic needle had "imitated with force and truth the best productions of the painter's art." There were many landscapes on display, but the most impressive part of the exhibition was the Gothic room, where, opening from a narrow and gloomy passage, were numerous cells, each containing a single masterpiece of the needlework art, arranged with appropriate setting and lighting: the prison scene of Hubert and Arthur from Northcote; some rosy-cheeked children after Gainsborough; or the rocky den of a lion and lioness, copied from a canvas of Stubbs. The visitor shows almost more enthusiasm for this display than he does later for the gallery of Lawrence.

At Stratford, he was met by a garrulous, red-faced, slovenly old woman, with false hair, and a dirty cap, by the name of Mary Hornby, who claimed direct descent from Shakespeare, and who occupied her time, when not showing visitors about, by writing and collecting doggerel. She offered for sale a book of her compilations entitled *Extemporal Verses written at the Birthplace of Shakespeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon, by Persons of Genius,* from which Dr. Greenwood copied the following:

> Ah, Shakespeare! when we read the votive scrawls
> With which well-meaning folks deface these walls,
> And while in vain we seek some lucky hit
> Amidst the lines whose nonsense, nonsense smothers,
> We find, unlike thy Falstaff in his wit
> Thou art not here the cause of wit in others.

At the poet's tomb, he found written in an album another bit of verse in praise (or curse) of the critic who had had Shakespeare's statue painted white:

> Stranger, to whom this monument is shown,
> Invoke the poet's curse upon Malbone;
> Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste betrays,
> And daubs his tombstone as he mars his plays.

Dr. Greenwood, like many Americans, was much impressed with the servility of the poor in England. "There is such a thing," he remarks, "as being civil without being servile, I know; but it struck me that the bow of a poor man in England to a gentleman was rather too low to be made to a being of the same order in the creation as himself; and though I am disposed to think that the poor man in America is often more pert than is becoming, I would rather see him err on this side than on the other."

It is with this mild and uncritical tolerance that he viewed all things in England, including the two poets, Southey and Wordsworth. Instead of being a dignified elderly man, Southey impressed him as "a sprightly-looking, curly-headed, middle-aged one, full of grace and urbanity, and of the most affable address," but he found Wordsworth "much older, and more slovenly and poet-like than his brother poet." Both men received him cordially and feasted him on tea and verses. After hearing the sonnet *Catechizing*, the American asked for a copy and Mrs. Wordsworth went upstairs to write it off "so that I might have her and her husband's work at the same time."

Greenwood's personality is evident in his writing. He was unassuming and warm-hearted. He was a man of insight rather than of breadth of mind. William Ellery Channing was, however, a man of stronger and broader grasp,

more definitely a leader. In fact, he is usually regarded as the founder of Unitarianism in America because of his clear definition of the faith on May 5, 1819, on the occasion of the ordination of Jared Sparks in Baltimore. He had been pastor of the Federal Street Church in Boston since 1803, and had not changed his belief in the interim except as it grew in his mind; but there had been no line-drawing statement between the old and the new before his Baltimore sermon.

Channing was always of frail health, and, in 1822, he decided to give up his charge and seek rest in Europe. He bade his congregation farewell on May 26th in somewhat of an apologetic strain, as the trip seemed to him almost an act of self-indulgence. He confesses to having set before his mind "the pleasures and benefits of visiting the Old World, of traversing countries which have kindled my imagination almost from infancy, whose literature has been the food of my mind, and where nature and society present aspects hardly to be conceived amidst the freshness of our own institutions." In another connection he states that "a great object in traveling is to discover by comparison what is primary and universal in our nature." [5]

With mind thus prepared, he sailed in the early part of June, taking a keen interest in the voyage. "The ocean," he says, "is said to rage, but never so to me. I see life, joy, in its wild billows, rather than rage. . . . At least, I have seen nothing which gives nature an unkind expression."

On landing at Liverpool, he found that his reputation had preceded him, and he received from his admirers and sympathizers many invitations to stay; but he hurried on to the English Lakes and to scenes more fitted to his temperament and needs than the rounds of a literary or metropolitan so-

[5] J. W. Chadwick, *William Ellery Channing,* Boston, 1903, p. 172.

ciety. There is a true Wordsworthian calm and philosophic insight in his description of those Cumberland scenes which the English poet has made the property of all. Channing liked Windermere, but at Grasmere he found the natural setting for his moral sincerity. "The effect of this lake on the spirit," he says, "was immediate, deep, penetrating the inmost soul, and awakening a feeling of something profound in one's own nature. . . . Grasmere seemed to be spread out in the mountain recesses as an abode for lonely, silent, pensive meditation. . . . It invites rather the mild enthusiast, who amidst the deformities of life still sees what is lovely in human nature, and at a distance from the tumults of society would resign himself to visions of moral beauty, of perfect loveliness, and of sublime virtue, unknown on earth,—who is conscious of the capacities of human nature for what is good and great, and desires, under the kindliest influences of the universe, to call forth into new life these high principles in his own soul."

The sweeping and graceful outlines of the mountains with their occasional craggy precipices, the tranquil majesty of Skiddaw, the seclusion of the lakes, all aroused in him a feeling of religious calm. If Wordsworth had spoken his first impressions in plain prose, they must have resembled Channing's, and the similarity in the minds of the two men was further emphasized when they met. But Channing wastes no words in idle or enthusiastic description of the poet. He merely states that they talked so eagerly as often to interrupt one another, and that at sunset, he descended into the valley of Grasmere, "with Wordsworth talking and reciting poetry with a poet's spirit by my side." Later we learn that their talk was on the evidences of Christianity and their philosophical beliefs, which were almost identical.

In London, Channing saw Coleridge, and the latter wrote

later to Allston that "Mr. Channing is a philosopher in both the possible renderings of the word. He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love." The truth of the matter was that Coleridge found not only a ready, but an encouraging, listener in the American. "I made not a single original remark," Channing explained later to a friend. "He was so delighted to get a patient open ear for his cherished thoughts, that he poured them out in a flood on all subjects,—the transcendental philosophy, Trinitarianism and Unitarianism, and especially on his idea of the Church of England . . . the great schools and universities, and even the sectarian schools and pulpits." [6]

In spite of his desire for rest, Channing likewise did some preaching and, everywhere he went, left behind him a favorable impression. Wordsworth especially remembered him with pleasure. He was followed through England a few years later by Nathaniel L. Frothingham (in 1826) and Henry Ware, Jr., and his wife, Mary L. P. Ware (in 1829), all of them leaders in the Unitarian faith. Frothingham and Ware were likewise in search of health, while Mrs. Ware was chiefly concerned with charity and the sick. The Wares found that already Dr. Channing had become "quite a classic" among the English Unitarians, and they naturally followed in his footsteps to the Lakes, where they visited Wordsworth and Southey. The latter produced his unfinished American poem, *Oliver Newman,* which he said he had promised to Ticknor, and he bade Ware report progress to his friend.

It was to the pastorate of this same Dr. Ware that Ralph Waldo Emerson succeeded in 1829. Emerson held the charge until 1832 when he resigned because of his views regarding communion, and the next year he made his first

[6] E. P. Peabody, *Reminiscences of . . . Channing,* Boston, 1880, p. 76.

visit to England. The record of this trip he has left us chiefly in his journal and in the early part of *English Traits* which is made up of those excerpts from his journal which he thought worth preserving. It was in his later journey in 1847 that he made those observations on English life which are counted among his best work; in his first trip he had but one purpose apart from the need of regaining his health. "I suppose," he confesses, "if I had sifted the reasons that led me to Europe, when I was ill and advised to travel, it was mainly the attractions of these persons," i.e., Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, DeQuincey, Carlyle, and the Edinburgh reviewers.

When we think of Emerson in connection with travel, the famous passage from *Self-Reliance* comes at once to mind: "He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. . . . He carries ruins to ruins." Emerson was faithful to his doctrine; never was an American so little impressed. Of the numerous memories which he recorded in his journal, there was but one enthusiasm, and that, Thomas Carlyle.

As he came up the Thames into London, Emerson saw merely "a noble navigable stream, lined on each side by a highly cultivated country, full of all manner of good buildings." After seeing St. Paul's, almost the first sight of the world for the impressionable of his countrymen, he merely comments, "poor church," and Westminster Abbey, which he found better than any church he had seen except St. Peter's, is dismissed with a bare statement of that fact.

There is no record of his sight-seeing tour of London except the eloquent list: "Westminster Abbey; St. Stephen's; Haymarket; Mr. Irving's Chapel; Gallery of Practical Sci-

ence; London University; Zoölogical Gardens; Regent Street; Athenæum; St. James; Mr. Fox's Chapel; Wilberforce's funeral; Regent's Park; immense city, very dull city." He did, however, stop long enough to see Dr. Bowring, who showed him Bentham's house with great veneration, and, he writes to his brother, July 31, 1833, presented him with a lock of hair and an autograph of the Utilitarian.[7]

Who or what ever induced him to "romance" from Edinburgh to the Highlands, he does not say, but he records the result with some irritation not unmixed with humor. It appears to have rained the entire time and when he peered out from his umbrella he occasionally saw a pretty place. On the steamboat up the Forth towards Stirling, he spent his whole time in the cabin with a book; and the next day when he rode ten miles through the rain to Callander, he saw little more of the scenery than his horse's head. He was not a sight-seer by nature; when he traveled, he endured—usually with good grace.

Even in the presence of Coleridge he was not awed out of his reason. In bed at the time he received the message, Coleridge rose and appeared before his visitor at one o'clock, "a short, thick old man, with bright blue eyes and fine clear complexion, leaning on his cane." They talked of Allston and Channing, the one almost worshiped, the other kindly remembered, although Coleridge regretted that the latter had become a Unitarian, a religion which he himself had tried, proved to be false, and rejected. Emerson interrupted and mentioned the fact that he too was a Unitarian, but Coleridge continued his harangue. "The visit," concludes Emerson, "was rather a spectacle than a conversation, of no use beyond the satisfaction of my curiosity. He was old

[7] Ms. in the Library of Harvard University.

and preoccupied, and could not bend to a new companion and think with him."

At Rydal Mount, Emerson called on Wordsworth, "a plain elderly, white-haired man, not prepossessing, and disfigured by green goggles." Their talk was on slightly more material topics, education and America among them, as well as books. "Wordsworth," he says, "honored himself by his simple adherence to truth, and was very willing not to shine; but he surprised by the hard limits of his thought. To judge from a single conversation, he made the impression of a narrow and very English mind; of one who paid for his rare elevation by general tameness and conformity." The poet recited some of his verses, which at first rather startled Emerson, before he realized that it was all very simple and unaffected, and then, when the American left, Wordsworth walked a long way with him, returning across the fields.[8]

It was to Carlyle alone that Emerson reached out, on his first visit to England, and found a kindred spirit. Carlyle wrote to his mother two days after Emerson's brief stay with them at Craigenputtock, "Our third happiness was the arrival of a certain young unknown friend, named Emerson, from Boston, in the United States, who turned aside so far from his British, French, and Italian travels to see me here! He had an introduction from Mill and a Frenchman (Baron d'Eichthal's nephew), whom John knew at Rome. Of course we could do no other than welcome him; the rather as he seemed to be one of the most lovable creatures in himself we had ever looked on. He stayed till next day with us, and talked and heard talk to his heart's content, and left us all really sad to part with him. Jane says it is the first

[8] Cf. J. B. Moore, "Emerson on Wordsworth," *P. M. L. A.*, XLI, 179-92.

journey since Noah's Deluge undertaken to Craigenputtock for such a purpose. In any case we had a cheerful day from it, and ought to be thankful." [9]

Emerson, a faithful follower of the reviews, had been especially impressed by some of Carlyle's vigorous utterances, and sought out in his barren retreat in Scotland a man whose name was hardly yet known to his fellow countrymen. On the basis of this visit was established a long friendship and a famous correspondence across the water for many years. Here at last was a mind that would "bend to a new companion and think with him." They went out "to walk over long hills" and finally "sat down, and talked of the immortality of the soul." Books, too, furnished many hours. "Thomas Carlyle," he says, "lives in the parish of Dunscore, sixteen miles from Dumfries, amid wild and desolate heathery hills, and without a single companion in this region out of his own house. There he has his wife, a most accomplished and agreeable woman. Truth and peace and faith dwell with them and beautify them."

Emerson turned gladly from England and was impatient when he had to wait for the sailing of a Liverpool packet, but he had time to sum up his impressions. "I thank the Great God," he cries, "who has led me through this European scene. . . . He has shown me the men I wished to see,—Landor, Coleridge, Carlyle, Wordsworth; he has thereby comforted and confirmed me in my convictions. Many things I owe to the sight of these men. I shall judge more justly, less timidly, of wise men forevermore. To be sure not one of these is a mind of the very first class, but what the intercourse with each of these suggests is true of intercourse with better men, that they never *fill the ear*—

[9] J. A. Froude, *Thomas Carlyle*, N. Y., 1910, II, 290-1.

fill the mind—no, it is an *idealized* portrait which always we draw of them."

"But I am very glad," he concludes, "my traveling is done. A man not old feels himself too old to be a vagabond. The people at their work, the people whose avocations I interrupt by my letters of introduction, accuse me by their looks for leaving my business to hinder theirs;" and on Thursday, September 5th, he makes entry in his journal: "Calm fine day. This morn I saw the last lump of England receding without the least regret." Thus Emerson left England. The only hint of his later criticism is the single note in his journal, "The famous burden of English taxation is bearable. Men live and multiply under it, though I have heard a father in the higher rank of life speak with regret of the increase of his family." He had come to England to gain health and to see a few great men, or men whom he considered great. He had endured a trifling amount of touring, he had seen his men, and he had gained his health. He was ready to return.

With him during a part of his trip had been the Reverend Orville Dewey, another Unitarian clergyman, also on a mission of health, but a man of more solemn heart and less solid mind than his companion. His point of view was the exact contrast to Emerson's, for, if not actually carrying ruins to ruins, he carried at least a receptive spirit. Nowhere is the contrast more striking than in his exclamation of thankfulness, upon landing again after a trip to the Continent, to be "once more in fatherland! Once more surrounded by the blessed accents of my native language! It takes a weight from the heart, a burden from the senses, a spell from existence. The air into which the sounds of a foreign speech are forever rising, is the very atmosphere of exile."

It was in this mood that Dewey traveled through England and Scotland, and it is in this spirit that he wrote *The Old World and the New* (1830). Few American travelers were able so to throw themselves into the spirit of antiquity and the mood of reverence as did Dewey. "If I were asked," he says, "what is the charm about this Old World, and if I wished to generalize the answer, I should say, *it is antiquity*—antiquity in its castles, its towns, its cathedrals, its cities." York, to him, seemed "a queer old place worth coming a good many miles to see for its own sake. But the Minster!—it is worth a pilgrimage." His feeling seems to have been chiefly derived from literature; he felt that Lichfield was "a kind of home" because Johnson was born there, and every step of the way from Edinburgh to Glasgow was classic ground because of its association with Scott. At Callander he spent the evening reading through the *Lady of the Lake,* and at Abbotsford he sat in the very chair in which Scott had written his novels, "the throne of power from which he stretched out a sceptre over the world, and over all ages."

Dewey's descriptions of scenery are always rich in emotion, but the combination of association with natural beauty reached its highest level at Rydal Mount when he called upon Wordsworth. At first he was disappointed at the poet's humble appearance, but in less than ten minutes the subjects of politics, religion, and poetry struck fire in both, and they had much talk.

"Mr. Wordsworth," he says, "converses with great earnestness, and has a habit, as he walks and talks, of stopping every fourth or fifth step and turning round to you to enforce what he is saying."

After tea they went for a walk to Grasmere Lake. "In that loveliest of all scenes I ever witnessed on earth, were

lost all thoughts but of religion and poetry. I could not help saying, with fervent sincerity, 'I thank you, sir, for bringing me here, at this hour;' for he had evidently taken some pains, pushing aside some little interferences with his purpose, to accomplish it. He said in reply, that so impressive was the scene to him, that he felt almost as if it were a sin not to come here every fair evening. We sat by the shore half an hour, and talked of themes far removed from the strife of politics." Before them were the hushed lake, the village on the opposite side in deep shadow, and beyond, the mountain side with "a softness of shadowing upon it, such as I never saw before, and such as no painting I ever saw approached in the remotest degree. It seemed, Mr. Wordsworth said, as if it were '*clothed* with the air.'" The beauty of the scene was enriched by the fact that "it was an hour, passed in one of his own holy retreats, with Wordsworth."

Dewey was not wholly uncritical, although he reserved his criticism until he had seen England fairly and fully. Finally, however, he reached the conclusion that the great subject "which a visit to England presses upon the attention of the American traveler, is the all-engrossing theme of the age—politics. The distinction of ranks, the difference of condition, the castle and the hovel, the lord and his liveried attendants, the idler and the laborer, continually present themselves to the traveler's notice, and provoke comparisons and reflections." This is the introduction to a long essay on aristocracy as a basis of society, the material of which is a comparison of the social conditions in England and in America, and the result of which is a conclusion favorable to the latter but coupled with a warning.

The latter part of Dewey's book is chiefly devoted to

short essays on aspects of English life, and in them he shows a critical sense, softened and tempered by a sweet reasonableness. To the most controversial of all topics of the times, the satires and criticisms of the English travelers in America, he merely replies, "I could wish that the strictures of our foreign brethren, on all these points, could have come to us with something less of extravagance, that they might have done us more good; that they might have wounded less, and worked more kindly for our improvement. . . . Our national sensitiveness under such blows, deserves, perhaps, more consideration than it has received.

"The truth is," he concludes, "there has been no fair exchange of blows. We *read* everything that is written about us; we pay that compliment to foreign criticism, and to the literature of older nations. But *our* productions do not obtain the same currency with them. Nor have we the same number of needy and idle gentlemen to go abroad, with an intention to pay their expenses, and put money in their pockets, by writing an entertaining story or a clever satire upon the people they visit."

IV

As nearly as there was an established church in America in 1835, the New England Congregationalists occupied that position. It was the orthodox branch of the religion of the Puritans and had therefore the weight of tradition behind it. When John Codman and Heman Humphrey were appointed delegates of the New England Congregational Union in that year, however, and went to England to attend the anniversaries of the Religious and Benevolent Institutions in London and elsewhere, they were of course classed as Dissenters. Codman was pastor of the church

at Dorchester, Massachusetts, and led the reactionaries when the Unitarian schism split the allegiances of the congregation. Earlier in life he had studied at Edinburgh and roomed with Silliman. He occupied a conspicuous position as a leader in his sect. Humphrey was at this time the President of Amherst College. Massachusetts was, therefore, sending two of her most distinguished clergymen to represent her in London.

Distinction in religion does not, however, necessarily mean distinction in literature. Both of these men prepared extended and elaborate reports of their journeys, which were printed and which fall into the category of travel literature. Codman's *Narrative of a Visit to England* was published in 1836 and served as an official report to those whose delegate he had been; Humphrey's *Great Britain, France and Belgium; a Short Tour,* was published two years later and furnished a more complete and popular account of their activities.

Both men toured the country after the sessions in London, but one would not turn to either account for variety or vividness of impression. Both had the strict stamp of their faith upon them and judged their fellow men by the stern moral code which was their own guide. On the subjects upon which they touch, they are authoritative and informative—Humphrey more so than Codman, for the latter prepared most of his account on the boat while returning to America, whereas Humphrey waited and worked over his, allowed his opinions to mature and his impressions to mellow with time, finally checking his information in order to be sure of its accuracy.

The subjects reviewed by these two delegates are as similar as their attitudes and their activities. Chief among them are the state of religion in England, in the Estab-

lishment and among the Dissenters, the charitable and benevolent organizations, the extent of drinking and vice, and the attitude of the English toward their American guests and toward America. They, especially Humphrey, indulge in conventional descriptions of scenery and objects of tour, but with little originality or distinction.

Humphrey's account of the Anniversaries is the more interesting. They commenced, he says, "about the first of May, and lasted till the twenty-fourth, exclusive of those held by the Baptists in the early part of June, which I regretted that my arrangements for leaving London did not allow me to attend. During a part of the time, two, and sometimes three, meetings of important societies were held in a day; and my renovated health enabled me to attend more of them than I had anticipated. I do not think I ever enjoyed so much, in any single month of my life. . . . There certainly is more in London during the month of May, to make you *feel*, as well as believe, that 'the earth will be filled with the knowledge and glory of the Lord' than anywhere else in the world. . . .

"Most of the anniversaries were held in Exeter Hall. As with us, the officers, the clergy of different denominations, and other distinguished friends and patrons of the societies, are admitted to the platform. . . . Exeter Hall . . . is immensely large. It was built partly for their accommodation, and, according to the best estimate I could get, will contain, when very much crowded, an audience of *five thousand*. . . . To all appearances, if the hall would hold *ten* thousand, instead of *five*, every foot of space would be occupied; but in that case, not one half the number would be able to hear anything distinctly from the platform. As it is, but few speakers can fill the room by their utmost efforts. . . . When a speaker is introduced, and rises to

address the audience, he would consider it, and justly too, as a silent rebuke, if they were not to welcome him with a hearty cheer. . . . As he proceeds, these laudatory interruptions are more or less frequent and protracted, according to the effect of his speech upon the great assembly. . . . When a meeting is very lively and spirited, as they term it, hands and feet and umbrellas and canes are all put in requisition, from hour to hour, till clouds of dust rise in the sunbeams, your head aches, and however much you may have been excited at first, a painful revulsion at last comes over you."

Dr. Humphrey obviously did not approve of this method of conducting a meeting, but his patient care led him to list and carefully consider all its advantages before stating his objections. He felt, however, that it was, in the final analysis, too much out of the spirit of Christian humility to do good. Codman furnished a more detailed itinerary of this busy period.

When they could spare time from these meetings, they visited the charitable institutions of London. "No city in the world," Humphrey exclaims, "can vie with London in the number of its institutions for the munificent distribution of Christian charity to all classes of sufferers, whether from the inevitable visitations of Providence or their own vices. . . . It would take up a whole year of a traveler's time to visit them all, and make himself tolerably acquainted with their condition and general management." He considered the inspection of these institutions the most important and interesting thing he could do in England and proceeded to visit as many as he could in the time at his disposal. Among them he lists the Royal Universal Infirmary, for the care of the children of the poor, the School for the Indigent Blind, the Infant Orphan Asylum,

the Asylum for the Support and Education of Indigent Deaf and Dumb Children, and another of which he does not remember the name, but which left a deep impression upon his mind. He comments on the fact that the lists of supporters contain always the names of those high in society, and although his attitude is not wholly one of unqualified praise, his enthusiasm for the number and efficacy of the institutions shows little restraint.

Nevertheless, in spite of all this organization, vice and poverty were still rampant and liquor could be procured with a facility which both alarmed and shocked these two forefathers of the present prohibition legislation. "No one, I think, who visits the British Metropolis," says Codman, "will fail to be struck with the unblushing effrontery with which the monster *Intemperance* presents himself to the public notice, and solicits their patronage and support in his splendid *palaces of gin*. They are large and commodious shops, fitted up in the most extensive and splendid style for the retail of ardent spirits and malt liquor. The barrels, containing the noxious mixture, are painted and labeled in the neatest and most attractive manner. The bar, from which it is retailed in glasses as low as a half-penny each, is ornamented in the most gaudy and extravagant style, and the whole extensive apartment, especially when lighted up with gas of an evening, with the additional attraction of an illuminated clock, presents a most brilliant and imposing appearance."

Humphrey is even more emphatic. "It is the *duty* of the British Parliament," he says, "to lay its strong hand on the 200,000 destroyers of the property and the health, the lives and the morals of the people. . . . And yet, if any member of Parliament were now to move to abolish spirit licenses and impose penalties, the Chancellor of the

Exchequer would nail him to his seat, with the instant glance of his eye; and there would be one loud, and almost united cry, alike from the ministerial and opposition benches, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' "

The warning "Thou shalt not" from America extended likewise to country fairs and traveling theatrical companies. When he arrived at Chepstow, Codman found that all was "bustle and confusion, in consequence of its being the last day of one of those village fairs so disgraceful to the country, and so prejudicial to the morals of the community. Several hundreds of people were collected in the square opposite the inn, to witness the most disgusting and revolting exhibitions of itinerant theatricals. We were glad to escape from this scene of tumult and folly to visit the fine old ruin of Chepstow Castle."

The political status of their fellow Dissenters in England was an object of great interest and concern to both these men. They are, says Codman, "at the present moment, looked upon with more than ordinary jealousy and suspicion. They are regarded as a political party, and are viewed by many as inimical to the British Constitution." Humphrey goes into more detail, analyzing the strength of the various dissenting sects. Methodists he put first and Congregationalists second; Quakers, he says, were becoming more evangelical and Catholics were on the increase.

For the Established Church both Codman and Humphrey had little concern, looking upon it as a perversion of religion, and upon its shrines as interesting objects to visit. Neither do they concern themselves much with the English national character, although Humphrey furnishes one fairly complete analysis. "Any one who visits England," he says, "will see the moment he lands, and every day will deepen the impression that he is surrounded by the race

of men which he left in America." He notes, however, among other factors, the growth of the new commercial aristocracy.

His picture is in its main features wholly appreciative and favorable. There was no malice in Humphrey's attitude toward the English; but for the English traveler in America he has less respect. By 1835 this censorious gentleman had made himself heard on both sides of the water. "It is amusing," says Humphrey, "to observe how some travelers gather up the skirts of their garments, to avoid all vulgar contamination, as they pass through the United States, and then hasten back to boast of the infinite superiority of England over everything they have been able to find in America. Why, it would be an indelible disgrace, if, with her age and wealth and leisure and ivy-mantled universities, and all her fat fellowships and pensions, she did not greatly surpass us both in science and letters. It would, in all candid estimation, put her decidedly below us, either in talents, or industry, or both. . . . But after all, the more liberal classes in Great Britain look with indulgence upon the rising literature of this country, and some of their most distinguished journals are evidently more and more inclined to do us ample justice."

It is to gratify this amusement that Humphrey turns, after he has given his true and serious opinion of England, to administer to his English counterpart a gentle dig in the ribs. He closes his first volume with a brief sample of what his account might have been like had he followed so excellent an example:

"April 19th—Landed at Liverpool, twenty-four days out—all well. As the boat which had been sent to take us ashore, came up to the stairs of the quay, a porter sprang on board, I suppose to tender us his services. He was

immediately ordered off by the master, and not choosing to obey, a scuffle ensued with high words. *Memorandum.* I am sorry to find, that the English are an exceedingly *quarrelsome* people. . . .

"April 24th—Put up at one of the most respectable inns in Chester. The head waiter wanted to know how long we had been in *Hingland*. *Memorandum.* How barbarously these *Hinglish* people, of all classes, speak their own language.

"Went to look at the Cathedral, which they are extremely proud of. Found it almost a ruin. . . . Why don't they pull down the old rookery, and build up a neat, convenient church, of brick or granite, such as they have in New York or Boston? . . .

"[August] 8th—I have not seen a decent tract of woodland in all England. It is true, they have a few handsome parks, but what are a thousand of them compared with one of our American forests? Their largest lakes, too, compared with ours, are mere mill-ponds. In short, nature has done everything on a small scale in Great Britain."

William B. Sprague seems to have been the only other Congregational minister who published at this time a book of travel letters from England. His *Letters from Europe in 1828* appeared in the *New York Observer* and were reprinted in a small volume the same year. As he spent only a month in England, more than half of which was confined to London, his observations were not extensive. His later volume, *Visits to European Celebrities* (1855), was based chiefly on his later trip (1836), although he revised some of the matter of his first impressions.

Sprague's mission in 1828 was his own health and he concerned himself more with men than with things, although his interests were dominantly theological. His descriptions

of the two London clergymen who were then most conspicuous, Edward Irving and Rowland Hill, are very complete, as he not only heard these men from the pulpit, but he later called upon them. He also spent, as Hannah More later expressed it, an hour and a half near the threshold of heaven in the library of the aged Wilberforce. Most of the other celebrities of his later book, particularly the Scottish, were the features of his second tour.

The picture of England which is given by these three men is as colored by prejudice and limitation of viewpoint as any travel book of the time. But the prejudice was not a national one. Neither Codman nor Humphrey, nor in fact the vast majority of American travelers in England whose missions were associated with religion or philanthropy, could be said to be either pro-British or anti-British. Their minds were colored by religious rather than patriotic sympathies, they recognized the bonds of race and of human brotherhood to the exclusion of national antipathies and of political antagonism. They went to England to visit those who spoke and believed as they did, and they were welcomed as brothers in the faith.

There is almost no growth or change in the attitude of these men, as American citizens, over the period of fifty years following American independence. But there is the same development in their attitudes as writers of travel literature that we find in practically all other groups. To these travelers themselves and to their readers, England was by 1835 a country to be toured, described, and pictured; it was no longer the land of their father's or grandfather's boyhood. John Mitchell Mason visited his uncle and wrote to his family and friends of their old home across the water; Dewey and Humphrey wrote journals of visits to a foreign land.

Chapter VII

A NOTE ON WOMEN

Wives and Daughters—Women Travelers

I

One of the most curious aspects of this story of the American traveler in England is the fact that we have such slight record of the women who probably went abroad during these years. One would be led to suppose that with the exception of the Quaker ministers, who were as often women as men, women invariably remained at home in the good old accepted fashion, while men alone hazarded their fortunes in the world at large. This is partially true, at least. The great majority of these travelers were not accompanied by their sisters, mothers, wives, or daughters. In fact, much of our information about the travelers themselves is derived from letters written to, or journals kept for the future entertainment of, womenfolk who had been left at home.

The fact that women did not travel may be in large part attributed to the theories of the day concerning the relative places of women and men in society, but much of it can also be explained by the very real sense of danger which was experienced by any one undertaking a transatlantic voyage. An attitude of protective chivalry would tend to make a traveler leave his wife at home, and, even if she were fully prepared for the risks and hardships of the trip, it would scarcely be natural to submit children to

such an experience. The duty of the mother was therefore an additional and deciding factor in many cases.

Added to these forces which tended to keep American women in America, we may cite one other factor which makes the travel records of women scarce to-day. Feminine authorship was not even yet considered wholly genteel, in spite of the vogue of the *Blue Stockings*, and this was even more the case in America, as yet a land of vigorous action and not of sophisticated contemplation, than it was in England. There are very few American women authors of the post-revolutionary period. If, therefore, in spite of all contrary forces, an American woman went abroad, and if, again in spite of restraining influences, she kept a record of her travels, there was nothing to make her wish to publish her observations and everything to prevent. We have, as a result, no published travel literature from the pens of women, with exception of the Quakers, until well into the nineteenth century.

There are, however, a few fragmentary diaries from this early period, most of which have not even yet been published. One of the most entertaining, as well as one of the most eager and spontaneous of all these travel records, is the schoolgirl diary of Catherine G. Hickling, later Mrs. William Prescott.[1] She went to London in 1786 with her brother, after stopping off at the Azores where her father was the United States consul, and she was immediately taken in by friends of her father, both English and American. Most of her time was occupied with those social activities which are suitable to the sub-debutante generation. On one call in the West End, she was so overwhelmed by the army of footmen and the glitter of the parade that she felt "quite satisfied to be a little body." She often went

[1] Ms. in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

to the theater with her brother and his friends, saw Mrs. Siddons among others, and at one time witnessed a farce at which the hissing and hooting were so "very terrific, we were glad to escape as soon as possible."

Her diary is full of ingenuous comment. For a time she lived at Clapham, and while in London she attended a grand ball where there were "three hundred persons, who all looked *to me* like nobility." She kept a journal only because she had promised her American friends that she would, but she hopes they will throw it into the fire after they read it, as, she continues, "I am not willing even to have the paper used to cover pies and puddings, the general use of all old writing." As these same friends obviously disregarded her wish, we may perhaps be pardoned for fingering through her copy-book pages covered in a large childish hand. She scarcely realized that she was to be the first spokesman of her sex in such a matter as this.

Similar to this journal are two others kept some years later by young ladies in like circumstances, those of Lydia Smith (1805-6) [2] and Harriet Balch (1815-6).[3] Miss Balch, then Mrs. James P. Wilson, kept an entirely spontaneous journal, full of fresh comment and impressions. Her summary of London is among the best characterizations of that metropolis: "London upon the whole is an overgrown elegant place crowded by thousands of people; the one half know not how they are to get the next meal." She shows a similar directness and lack of reverence when, in looking out over Windsor Park from the Castle she remarks that "the Princesses Maria and Augusta were airing

[2] Extract edited by W. C. Ford, Mass. Hist. Soc. Proceedings XLVIII, 508-34.

[3] Ms. in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

on horseback in company with some officers. They are ugly women, more like housemaids than ladies."

It was left for these American women to say some of the things which doubtless were in the minds of diplomats and scholars. The journal and letters of Abigail, the daughter of John Adams and the wife of his secretary, Colonel William S. Smith, are in much the same tone. She was with her father during the greater part of his stay in England, and his dignified but pessimistic picture is considerably lightened by her record. Her attitude, to begin with, was one of careless good nature rather than, like her father's, of constrained purpose to forgive and forget. "There is so great a similarity in the manners of the people," she says in comparing her own country to that of her visit, "that I should take them for one."

She was appreciative, too, of the beauties about her, without too critical a feeling. At Blenheim, the artificial gardens and cascades seemed to her "altogether such an assemblage of beautiful objects as are perhaps nowhere else to be found," but after an equally enthusiastic description of the country seat of Lord Edgecomb, near Plymouth, she adds, "I do not believe, from the appearance of things around, that this event has enlarged their minds." She too is at heart a democrat, and she scorns royalty with true democratic zeal. "All is love and harmony here," she reports to her friends in America. "The Royal Father and Son are perfectly reconciled, the one to give, the other to receive. The household is again established, the jeweller in a hopeful way of receiving his thirty thousand debt, the confectioner his seven, and even the spur-maker his hundreds."

There were, no doubt, innumerable other journals and letter collections of a similar nature, but most of them

have been lost. Among them, however, were those of Mrs. Susan Mansfield Huntington,[4] the wife of a Boston clergyman, which were obviously widely read, for McLellan makes the comment that Americans in Edinburgh should feel much indebted to her for the friendly feeling among the better classes inspired by her comments. At best, we have only fragments to indicate what might have been the result if women of those days had been expected to express themselves on paper.

II

From 1824 on, however, there is slightly more to say of the American woman abroad. Mary Lovett Pickard (later Mrs. Henry Ware, Jr.) has left a number of letters which deal with two trips abroad, one by herself and one with her husband. It is Mrs. Ware's first trip, before her marriage, that is of particular interest. This was in 1824-25 and was prompted by her desire to see her relatives, most of whom were still in England. The first part of her journey was devoted to sightseeing. In London she heard Edward Irving preach. "His manner," she says, "is very like Kean's, most impassioned, and when he commenced I turned from him in disgust. But there was that in the subject and substance of the sermon which made me forget the manner in which it was delivered . . . but I would not be obliged to go to such a place for the best sermons that ever were written. It was just like the theatre or some great exhibition." She had a taste of conventional English family life when she visited her cousins at Burcombe House, near Salisbury. "The house itself," she says, "is one of those ancient stone edifices which abound in all parts of the

[4] B. B. Wisner, *Memoirs*, London, n. d.

kingdom, in connection with the houses of the great; probably built for some younger and less affluent branches of the family. The grounds are laid out with taste, and the lawn behind it has not probably been disturbed since the house was built, and is covered with a turf which might rival velvet in beauty. The fir-trees, elms, and walnuts which surround it, and the yew hedge which divides the garden from it, all speak its antiquity and add to its loveliness. We have no neighbors; but the occasional visits of the different branches of the family give us some variety." "On New Year's eve," she continues, "it is the custom here for all the family to sit out the old year, and I am in the parlor (11 P.M.) surrounded by the whole tribe. On one side is my cousin's eldest daughter, playing *God Save the King* as if all possibility of ever doing it again was going with the year; on the other, an animated Miss C—, acting the old-maid aunt, giving her nephews and nieces sage advice upon the occasion, who are all laughing most heartily. In fact, the whole house is in a bustle."

"Our only neighbor is the farmer's wife," she says again, "a most excellent woman of sixty, one of the old primitive people of the country, of good sense and sound judgment. . . . Her husband is the church-warden, overseer of the poor, and indeed the principal man in all parish concerns; and their goodness to the cottagers makes them beloved by all. You may imagine Mrs. L— as about dear Aunty's size, of pale complexion like her, white hair, just parted under a neat white cap, always surmounted with a neat black-silk bonnet, stuff gown, made as Grandma used to wear hers, with a plain double muslin neckerchief within and a black or calico shawl outside, and a full linen apron, as white as the snow itself. Her face is all benevolence, and her voice, even with the broad provincial pronunciation of the coun-

try, sweet and musical. They have a large family of sons and daughters; one of the former, a very interesting young man, is now going in a consumption. It is the best specimen of an English farmer's family that I have yet seen."

The results of the poverty of the peasants were brought home to her forcibly when she made the last visit which she had planned, to a widowed aunt in an obscure Yorkshire village. When she arrived she found her aunt sick, but the house a "comfortable two-story cottage of four rooms," and things as neat as could be. Her married cousin, however, was in a worse way, and she turned her attentions immediately to her, entering upon such a scene of suffering as has seldom been described. Smallpox, typhus, whooping-cough, and insanity conspired to sweep out practically an entire family during the three months of her stay. She ministered to one after another until neighbors ceased coming to the house and she was left entirely alone in the midst of death and suffering. Even the local curate was not to be counted on, for he was "of the worst class of that set whose existence is a standing disgrace to the church; an ignorant, drinking man, as careless and negligent of the duties of his station as if he considered it of no consequence whatever." "This village," she continues, "is the most primitive place I ever was in, and a very obscure, out-of-the-way place; the inhabitants almost entirely of one class, and that of the poorer kind of laboring people, ignorant as possible, but simple and social." The coming of the "American lady" was the event of the year. She herself was stricken before she left, and, after a severe illness, returned to America in 1826, and married Dr. Ware.

A special interest attaches to the name of Maria Gowen Brooks (Maria del Occidente) because of its association

with that of Southey. She was the author of a poem, *Zophiel,* and a prose romance, *Idomen,* as well as some miscellaneous poetry. She was American by birth but spent much of her life, after the death of her husband, in Cuba. Southey seems not only to have been responsible for the inspiration which produced *Zophiel,* but for its publication and the modest fame of the authoress as well. She had written to him for his advice, and in 1831, when an interest in Poland brought her to Europe, she visited him at Keswick and spent several weeks there. Southey, in *The Doctor,* speaks of her as "the most impassioned and imaginative of all poetesses," quotes several stanzas of *Zophiel* and compares her *Song of Egla* favorably to Sappho's *Ode to Aphrodite.* It was to Southey too that she owed her pen-name and, in dedicating her only long poem to him, she acknowledges her gratitude:

> Oh! laurel'd bard, how can I part,
> Those cheering smiles no more to see,
> Until my soothed and solaced heart
> Pours forth one grateful lay to thee?

Upon her departure she left the manuscript of *Zophiel,* most of which had not then been published, at Keswick. Her other contacts with England seem to have been slight, although, among other foreign notables, she met Lafayette, and when he asked whether he could be of any service to her, she replied, "Yes, you can get my son into West Point." The appointment followed.

Her expected fame does not seem to have followed the publication of Mrs. Brooks's poems, but her visit to Keswick was long remembered by all concerned, and a number of her letters were found in the Southey papers after the death of the poet.

The only professed travel book by a woman, however, came at the end of the half century. This is Emma Willard's *Journal and Letters, from France and Great Britain,* (1833). Mrs. Willard's record is genuinely entertaining, not only because it is fuller and more finished than the others, but because of the firm character of its author. Emma Willard's is one of the first and most important names associated with the education of women in this country, and her trip abroad was taken for the purpose of enlarging her own mental horizon in order to enrich the education she was endeavoring to give to the young ladies in her school. Her book is a composite of travel notes and letters to her sister, Mrs. A. H. Lincoln, and is therefore somewhat uneven, a mixture of sound observation, aptly turned and vigorous comment, and that vice of many women writers of the day, sentimentality. Although primarily interested in the education of women, she makes few remarks on it in England because she found only one school worthy of a visit and there she was not received at all cordially. The lady with whom we have to deal is soon apparent, for upon her arrival at the White Hart in Windsor, the best inn in the town, she says, "as in other inns, it was necessary to look out a little for ourselves. They first showed us rooms comfortable, but not agreeable; and following some wise advice which I had previously received, not to be too easily satisfied, or too unassuming at an English inn—I indicated in a stately manner, and with few words, the faults of the apartment assigned us; so they gave us better and called me 'my lady' into the bargain."

The English prejudice against Americans is very well illustrated in an incident which she tells of Sir James Mackintosh. After some conversation with her, Sir James approached Miss Edgeworth and asked who the lady was.

She told him and he exclaimed rather loudly, and obviously with surprise, "Why! she is very well!" To compensate for his bad manners in making the remark aloud, and because he was consistently pleasant to all Americans, he was especially so to her during the remainder of the evening. "So you see, as Americans, we have influential friends here; who, though they are astonished, are glad to find us 'very well,' and disposed to make the best of us."

The day upon which Mrs. Willard arrived in London was opportune, for it happened to be "that in which the King prorogued the Parliament, showing thereby his desire to please the people in the matter of the reform bill." "In the flow of feelings," she continues, "the Londoners made a partial illumination of their city."

Two weeks later the authorities arranged for a full lighting of the city. "We were somewhere in the vicinity of St. Paul's Church, and not far from the Lord Mayor's house, when the crowd of men, women, and children thronged around, till the streets were so densely filled, that fathers and mothers were obliged to hold up their little children (brought out in hundreds) above their heads, to save their lives. . . . The dense mass crowded close upon the line of carriages, and sometimes impeded their way. At length we had ascended an eminence, where our view extended far down long and broad streets, and—what a multitude! The heavens dark above, the earth bright beneath, and so many and so thick with people!—Human heads, on which the lights fell brightly, and the tops of carriages entirely filled the whole breadth of the streets as far as the eye could reach."

That she was still woman, even though in advance of her times in some matters, is demonstrated by her interest in

the Waterloo Street shops. "Some of the clerks," she says, "were very polite, and Mrs. R.— told them we were foreigners, and would like to be shown, as a matter of curiosity, some of their finest things. They then took us to see the patterns for court dresses,—satin trains of various colors, embroidered in gold and silver thread,—jewelry, French and English porcelain vases,—fans and boxes—and other little elegant conveniences. In fact it is a kind of bazaar where you find almost everything you can want."

One of her most unexpected personal experiences was her meeting with Robert Owen, the most talked of radical of the day. "Never did I meet a man with a smoother face," she says, "or a smoother tongue. I saw my situation and determined to avoid if possible, controversial matters, and supposed that for an evening I might—but no;—Mr. Owen, confident in his powers—disposed to exert them to the utmost, and backed by his followers, must needs make a proselyte. I endeavoured to evade, but to no purpose, till at last, roused to an energy that seemed more than my own, I turned and encountered the whole." The question which finally ended the argument after a heated session was: "And if human nature in its best estate is thus liable to error, how then can Mr. Owen know that *he* is infallible?" With that the subject was changed, but later she visited Owen's model community. The whole village consisted of manufactories, chiefly for cotton thread, with dwellings for the workmen, and a school house. "Everything here," she remarks, "has the appearance of comfort and neatness."

Her descriptive powers, as well as her attitude toward her own sex, may be seen in her remarks on the English ladies she saw riding in Regent's Park: "Ladies of elegant form here love to display themselves on horseback. Their

close riding costume shows to advantage a delicate waist; while the black plume rising over their heads, and the long habit, falling in fine folds beneath their feet, adds to the effect in point of dignity and grace."

The same year, she returned, in the words of John Lord, her biographer, "to renew her labors at Troy, with recruited health, and richer experience and added interest. She returned with books and pictures, and works of art, to enrich the institution of which she was the founder. Few people ever derived more profit from a tour to Europe than she, and the effect was speedily seen in the renewed *éclat* of the Troy Female Seminary," which has, to this day, retained its position among preparatory schools for girls. The personality of Emma Willard was unique.

Although the travel records of women in this early period are scant, the decades immediately following show a sudden and decided change in this state of affairs. Fanny W. Hall's *Rambles in Europe in 1836* marks the beginning of a series of travel books which very soon rivaled in numbers those written by men. This phase of the emancipation of American women is a development which belongs to a latter time, but by 1835 the first steps had been taken.

Chapter VIII

A LITERARY WANDERER AND OTHERS

The Irving Circle—Ambassador at Large—The England that Never Was

I

If there is any class of humanity in which one might feel justified in looking for the true Stevensonian wanderer, that class is the traveler. Life is usually too busy to permit its own enjoyment; men and women are too much engrossed in affairs and prospects to realize the carefree detachment which makes donkeys, canoes, and the human feet the most desirable means of transportation.

Especially is this true of the America of to-day, and it was even more true of her early days. Her primary concern with the battle for existence against natural and human foes has always tended to force her into a careful and constant appreciation of ways and means rather than of byways and the meaning of things. Very few of her early literary men, therefore, traveled to any great extent, and of the few who made pilgrimages to England, only Irving, Cooper, and Willis published their impressions in extended literary form. Longfellow, Holmes, Poe, and Emerson all visited the older country before 1835, but they have left scant accounts of their impressions. Philip Freneau, more than any one else the poet of the Revolution, wrote of war with England rather than of England herself. Bryant and Tuckerman, both of whom were abroad in 1834, confined their

early travel books, as did Longfellow, to the Continent; while James A. Hillhouse, Joseph Rodman Drake, and Fitz-Greene Halleck, all of whom made trips between 1818 and 1822, left brief or no records at all. A few personal letters and a notebook alone seem to have been preserved from Halleck's journey while in the same source we find two humorous verse epistles from Drake.[1] Halleck states that he set out with letters of introduction to Byron, Campbell, Moore, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, and Washington Irving; and, at the book shop of one Robert Triphook in London, he met some of these and some others. A memorandum book gives an imposing list of places which he visited in England and on the Continent, and some of his feelings about Scotland have been recorded in his two poems, *Alnwick Castle* and *Burns;* but, after all, such brief notes are hardly more satisfactory than would be none whatever.

There was one American man of letters, however, who was able to preserve a very real sense of literary detachment in his English travels, and he has left copious notes, both formal and informal, on most of what he saw and experienced. Washington Irving must take high place in the category of literary wanderers. Few have so nearly realized the Stevensonian ideal; yet a comparatively small share of Irving's long stay in England and on the Continent was free from circumstantial concerns. His first trip in 1804-5 was purely for pleasure and health, but in his later journeys we find, behind the sentimental wanderer, a variety of seriously minded gentlemen: the junior partner in a nearly bankrupt firm, the writer in search of suitable materials for his works, the dramatist trying to make for himself a place on the English stage under the cover of anonymity, and the

[1] James Grant Wilson, *Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck,* 1869, pp. 197-282.

diplomat with a career developing from that of Secretary of the British Legation to that of Envoy Extraordinary to Spain.

It would be a mistake to say that Irving was the only American who traveled in England for the sake of travel alone; but we may say that he, more than any other American, could subordinate all ulterior motives and aims to the sheer pleasure of moving from place to place and seeing unfamiliar sights. His detached point of view is a rarity among his countrymen, and it not only served as the quality which contributed to the distinction of his literary work, but it likewise imparted to his less formal comments and observations a personal tone somewhat lacking in those of his fellow travelers.

To a certain degree, however, this viewpoint was shared by Irving's American friends, both those who traveled in England independently of him and those with whom he was in close association while he himself was there. A striking feature of Irving's stay abroad was his association with his countrymen. Few Americans of the day took a path which led them so fully into the heart of English social life as did Irving, and yet, as we read his letters and journals, we cannot help being constantly impressed with the fact that by far the largest share of his time was spent with Americans. In Liverpool in 1815, it was his brother, Peter, who occupied most of his thought, and he watched the arrival of packets from America in eager anticipation of discovering on them one or another of his American friends; in Birmingham he had what he called his "English home" in the family of his sister, Mrs. Van Wart (or the Baroness Van Tromp, as he dubbed her); in London and on the Continent, he devoted himself first to Allston and later to Leslie, Morse, Charles King, and Stuart Newton, all of

Du 11 Novembre 1831
Légation des États Unis d'Amérique
EN ANGLETERRE.
PASSEPORT.
N°. 59.
Signalement
Age 38 ans
Taille 5 Pieds 8 Pouces
Front haut
Yeux gris
Nez aquilin
Bouche moyenne
Menton rond barbe brune
Cheveux et Sourcils bruns
Front peu Coloré
Visage ovale
Signature
Charge d'Affaires des Etats Unis d'Amérique,
à la Cour du Royaume Uni de la Grande Bretagne
et de l'Irlande, prie tous ceux qui sont à prier de
laisser passer librement, et librement passer, et en cas de
besoin de donner aide et protection au Nommé
Charles Dutilh
Négociant, né à Philadelphie (Amérique)
Citoyen des Etats Unis allant en Hollande
Donné sous ma Signature, et
l'Empreinte du Sceau de la Légation,
à Londres le 9 Août 1837
et de l'Indépendance
des Etats Unis.
Washington Irving

PASSPORT FROM THE AMERICAN LEGATION AT LONDON, SIGNED BY WASHINGTON IRVING

By permission of the owner, Mr. William R. Langfeld.

them American artists; when he sought companionship for his walking tours, it was to Dr. Henry, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Joseph C. Cabell of Virginia, Thomas Brandon, or William C. Preston, that he turned; when his interest in the theater was at its height, his most intimate companion was John Howard Payne, the American dramatist; and he built upon the foundations of his diplomatic career a friendship for McLane, Vail, Alexander Everett, and Van Buren, all of them American envoys to European nations. It was to Henry Brevoort, the most intimate friend of his middle life, that he wrote the record of his despondency in business failure as well as of his successes in other aspects of his career. His friendships alone are sufficient to discredit any hint that in mind or heart he was disloyal to his native country.

Whether it be cause or effect, most of these friends of Irving seem to have shared something of his attitude of detachment in traveling. The most notable example of this is Henry Brevoort, a man of almost identically his age and much of his temperament. Brevoort's trip to England fell between Irving's two earlier ones, as he landed at Cherbourg in April, 1812, and later the same year crossed the Channel to stay through the winter and spring. At the outset, his attitude was somewhat different from Irving's, for he writes to his friend that he had made a resolution to know as few of his countrymen as possible during his stay abroad, but he longs for Irving in France to assist him "in laughing at this most ludicrous, characteristic, quizzical, nonsensical and delightful of all nations under the canopy of heaven." It is in such matters that the two men found each other most congenial.

Brevoort was not slow in making European friends, for one of his first requests is that Irving find some way of

sending him new copies of *Knickerbocker* and *Salmagundi* for presentation to Fanny Burney, whom he had met as Madame D'Arblay in Paris; and in Edinburgh he was soon immersed in various studies which were "charmingly enlivened by the kind attentions of a most intelligent circle of acquaintances." He also heard Professor Playfair, for whom he had the most profound respect, read a paper before the Edinburgh Royal Society.

Both Scott and Jeffrey made Brevoort altogether welcome. His admiration for Scott was unqualified. Among all the luminaries of Edinburgh he put him first, for "he has not a grain of pride or affectation in his whole composition. Neither the voice of fame, nor the homage of the great have altered in the least the native simplicity of his heart. His days are spent in the domestic endearments of an amiable family, and in the society of a few select friends whom he entertains like Mæcenas, and never fails to delight by setting an example of perfect good humor and harmless conviviality."

Before he met him, Brevoort dismissed Jeffrey with the epithet "little inky Hector," and even after experiencing his hospitality, he found him hardly more pleasing. "His foible," he explains to Irving, "is an unceasing effort to act the high finished gentleman, consequently he is blessed with such an immaculate degree of taste as to condemn everything in the whole world both moral and physical . . . I would not give the Minstrel [Scott] for a wilderness of Jeffreys." Later when Jeffrey set out for America with a letter of introduction from Brevoort to Irving, he was commended to the latter's attentions as a man "full of the most precise as well as universal knowledge of men and things on this side of the water," and Irving was warned that after he had become reconciled to a rather artificial manner, he

would find him one of the most sprightly and best tempered men imaginable.

With Jeffrey, Brevoort dined at Scott's and there met the actor, Kemble, who "entered into a minute analysis of acting and composing plays, which showed him not less master of the one than of the other." Kemble also expressed his belief that Talma was unrivaled on the French stage. The American adds the interesting note that Scott too was a dramatist, for he learned that Erskine had in his possession a tragedy by his hand written long before. Before he left Edinburgh he gave Scott a copy of *Knickerbocker* in return for some rare books he had received from him. This act paved Irving's way at Abbotsford a few years later, for Scott's enthusiasm was genuine.

It was not Brevoort's way to be nonplused by the literary great. In London, he again came upon Madame D'Arblay and found her putting the finishing touches on a fourth novel. The *Blue Stockings* were present in full force, but the American is quick to add, "in order to allay the little jealousies that might arise or may have arisen in the fair bosoms of my countrywomen," that the five whom he met (not counting Burney) were all remarkably dwarfish and that their combined charms would not furnish out one tolerably pretty woman. Not that Madame D'Arblay was particularly attractive, for, after likening Madame De Staël, then in London, to a prancing Arabian, and Maria Edgeworth to a "tough little Irish pony accustomed to boggy roads and mail coaches and sure never to fly the course," he places the author of *Evelina* somewhere between the two, but not likely to come in first.

Brevoort's interests seem to have been almost equally divided between the sciences and letters, and of both he speaks appreciatively. He was in England frankly for

pleasure and he found the attractions of intellectual society the most fertile source of its attainment. His letters to Irving are few, but they make up in length and point for their scarcity. Although the war was in progress at the time of his visit, at the outset he thought little of it except to regret that the unsettled conditions prevented Kemble from trying his fortunes at that time in America, and he went about visiting widely and meeting distinguished people in numbers that are remarkable for the shortness of his stay.

Much of his time was spent with Peter Irving, and at least one major significance of his trip was that it served as a preparation for Irving's own. When the latter arrived two years later he found that an excellent press agent had preceded him, and he had in his possession letters to persons of eminence.

A greater, although entirely different service was rendered Irving by the American dramatist and actor, John Howard Payne. Payne's chief claims to historical distinction are that he was the first American actor to be received with acclaim on an English stage and that he was responsible for Irving's brief experiment with playwriting in Paris during 1823 and 1824.[2]

The two men had met many years earlier, before either had gone abroad, and in his dedication of *Richelieu* to

[2] In spite of the many bonds of interest between the English and American theaters of this time, there seem to have been few American actors who went to England before Forrest's first professional trip in 1836. Cooper, Cooke, and Mathews are sometimes thought of as Americans because of their frequent appearances in this country, but they, and many others who like them divided their time between the two nations, were of English birth. William B. Wood, an actor-manager of Baltimore and Philadelphia, records two trips to England in 1803 and 1808 in his *Personal Recollections of the Stage* (1855). His objective on his first trip was the importation of English actors, and on the second his own health. Naturally he spent the largest part of his time in the English theaters.

Irving, Payne refers to a friendship of more than twenty years' standing which had grown constantly in warmth with the passage of time. It is probable, however, that there was no great intimacy between them until their close association in London and Paris between 1820 and 1826.

When Payne first went to England, it was as an infant prodigy, a young actor who had made a phenomenal success as Norval in the tragedy of *Douglas*. On June 14, 1813, he repeated this success on the stage of Drury Lane, an engagement procured for him with some difficulty. Prior to this, he had experienced a cordial reception in Liverpool at the home of the ever liberal William Roscoe. His London engagement lasted for a month, after which he toured the provinces and then Ireland. It was in this venture that his leading lady, Miss O'Neil, first tasted that sort of success which she experienced so generously later.

To Barry Cornwall goes the credit for an anecdote regarding his engagement in Manchester. Elliston, the manager of several provincial theaters, met Payne in London and invited him to attend and direct a rehearsal of *Richard III* at Manchester. Payne accepted, and when he arrived was persuaded to take the part of Richard in rehearsal as a convenience to his host. He stuttered through the lines, with which he was largely unfamiliar, and when he turned, after the ordeal, to look for Elliston, he found that the latter had disappeared. Great was his dismay when he learned that the enterprising manager had already placarded the town with notices that the "American Roscius," the title by which Payne was then generally known, would take the leading part in the forthcoming production! He could do nothing but protest and submit.

Payne's theatrical success was short lived as it depended chiefly on his youth and beauty, both of which were rapidly

succumbing to the ravages of maturity. He, therefore, quite by accident, turned to the adaptation of continental successes for the London stage. In this work he was associated with Kemble, Kean, Elliston, and almost every one of importance in the London theatrical world, but he seems to have been victimized or neglected by practically all of them. To be sure, he was the soul of improvidence, and when he did score a success, the proceeds were immediately consumed by past debts or present extravagances. At one time he entered London under a false name in order to elude his creditors, and at another he spent some weeks in a debtor's prison, only to escape by adapting a French melodrama and enjoying his triumph with a box of pills and a bowl of gruel before him; his feet in hot water, no fire, and a terrific headache.

During his association with Irving in the adaptation of *Richelieu* and *Charles II,* one of the collaborators was in London and the other in Paris most of the time. Irving had at first urged his friend to launch out for himself and to try "swimming without corks," using his own mind and original materials in writing for the London magazines; but the attempt had been unsuccessful, and Irving turned instead to what Payne was doing. For a while he and Peter took Payne's apartment in Paris and lived there, although they found it most unsatisfactory, but they wished to hold it for their improvident friend while he was in London. "Let me again and again press on you," writes Irving from Paris on January 17, 1824, "the importance of management in your expenses; . . . you have it in your power to make twice—three times as much as you need to spend."

Finally, *Richelieu* was produced after many vicissitudes, including a change in name for political reasons, and the authors once more tasted of success. But Payne sat alone in

his "garret parlor," recopying the fourth act while the audience and actors at Covent Garden were in the midst of the first. "To them," he writes in his diary (*Saturday evening, twenty minutes before eight, February 11, 1826*), "what a moment of excitement. To me, who have looked to this hour with so much anxiety for three years, it seems as though there were no such hour. I feel no immediate eagerness or deep emotion. I chiefly think of the attacks to which it will afford a pretext and of the sufferings of which, in this peculiar case, I can peculiarly be made a victim. The effect of this evening upon the destinies of my future life may be most remarkable. But let me return to my drudgery.

"*Ten minutes past ten.* By this time my fate is decided. The curtain is fallen. The play is either damned or successful. The performers are rejoicing in their good fortune or pitying their bad, around the green room fire, amid swarms of theatrical gossips. . . ."

Payne attained but four other notable successes in England, the tragedy of *Brutus,* the opera, *Clari,* which contained the ballad, *Home, Sweet Home!* on which most of his fame rests to-day, the adaptation of *Thérèse* from the French of M. Victor, and the comedy, *Charles II,* in which Irving was associated with him. Had it not been for the jealousies of managers and actors, however, and his own carelessness in the handling of his financial affairs, he would undoubtedly have been a far more important figure. Even so, the inveterate theater-goer, Charles Lamb, was an enthusiastic friend; other literary men, including Tom Moore and Byron, met and admired him; and he was considered for many years in England as a native playwright of established reputation. In 1832, however, he returned to America and was greeted in New York by a testimonial benefit performance of his own *Brutus* and *Charles II,* together with Shake-

speare's *Taming of the Shrew,* the three on one bill, with tickets at one to five dollars each, purchased by all the fashionables of the American metropolis.

There is one other episode of Payne's European experience which is worthy of particular notice, chiefly because it links the name of Irving with that of the widow of Shelley. After the death of her husband and of Byron, Mary Shelley sought distraction for her despondency in frequent visits to the theater, and she seemingly was all too willing to use Payne, who was then her professed admirer, to obtain tickets for herself and Mrs. Williams. The first performance of *Charles II* was witnessed by its authors at Covent Garden on May 27, 1824, probably in company with Mrs. Shelley. Irving left very soon after for Paris and then for Spain, but Mrs. Shelley was not willing to allow him to go so abruptly out of her life. It was not long before she confessed to Payne that Irving had interested her more than any one she had met since she had left Italy, and that she was quite willing to form an alliance with him. Payne manfully sacrificed his own hopes and conveyed her message to his friend, but Irving was still too much interested in Emily Foster to feel an attraction towards another. The whole affair is chiefly of interest for the light it throws on Payne's character. It reveals him as a loyal friend and devoted lover, but perhaps too willing to sacrifice himself for the sake of others. The same warmness of heart and lack of persistence which mark this affair followed him through life, and made his successes, great as some of them were, of little weight in the balance against his failures.[3]

The Americans of whom Irving saw most, however, during his stay in England, if we except the members of his

[3] *Romance of Mary W. Shelley, J. H. Payne, and Washington Irving,* Boston, 1907.

own family, were the artists, Allston, Leslie, Morse, Stuart Newton, and Charles King. Of them all it was Allston with whom he was most congenial, as the men were temperamentally much alike; but their visits to Europe, although extending to many years, overlapped by only three.

It was on his first rapid tour of Europe in 1804-5 that Irving met this intensely sympathetic friend. "I do not think I have ever been more completely captivated on a first acquaintance," he wrote in later years; and he confesses that in one sunset walk in the environs of Rome he was so far carried away by the romantic appeal of the artist life as very nearly to change his whole future and remain with Allston in Rome to study painting. Allston jumped at the idea and offered to share his apartment with him, and to give him all the instruction in his power. For days the dream stayed with Irving, but finally doubts and fears clouded his prospect and he gave up the idea of turning painter, instead of lawyer, the career to which at that time he seemed destined.

Ten years later he again met Allston, then a painter established in London, and the idea of having him and Leslie illustrate a new edition of *Knickerbocker* was welcomed cordially by the two artists. On May 9, 1817, Allston submitted the sketches and Irving was enthusiastic. "I dwell on these little sketches," he writes to him, "because they give me quite a new train of ideas in respect to my work; and I only wish I had it now to write, as I am sure I should conceive the scenes in a much purer style, having these pictures before me as correctives of the *grossièreté* into which the writer of a work of humor is apt to run."

The time was all too short before Allston's return to America. Irving had hoped to live with him in London in a companionship almost too ideal for possible realization.

"As he drove off in the stage and waved his hand to me," he confessed later, "my heart sank within me, and I returned gloomy and dispirited to my lodgings." "He was the most delightful, the most lovable being I ever knew," he told his nephew at another time, "a man I would like to have had always at my side—to have gone through life with; his nature was so refined, so intellectual, so genial, so pure."

The two deserted friends, Leslie and Irving, naturally turned to each other for consolation. "You came to me," writes Leslie later, "just when I was losing Allston, and I stood in need of an intimate friend of similar tastes to my own." Irving took up his residence near the studio of Leslie, who was now sharing his apartment with Stuart Newton, the nephew of Gilbert Stuart. He saw the two artists almost daily for some time.

It is to Leslie's *Autobiographical Recollections* and letters that we may turn for information about this friendship. Leslie had a particular love of anecdotes, and he preserved the best that he heard. He was an intimate of the fashionable gatherings at Holland House, knew Samuel Rogers well, and mingled in a society which impresses by the mere mention of the names of its members. Rogers repeated to him on one occasion a story of George IV and the Duke of Wellington which, Leslie thought, he had rather garbled in his *Table Talk*. The King was boasting to the Duke of his youthful exploits and, pointing to the Devil's Dyke, he said, "I once galloped down that hill at the head of my regiment."

"Very steep, sir," said the Duke.

After Allston's departure, the friendship between Irving and Leslie grew steadily in warmth, and a good share of the latter's correspondence between 1819 and 1835 is addressed to Irving in Paris, in Birmingham, in Spain, and in America. In London too, it was to Leslie and his friends that

Irving turned for that interest and sympathy essential to his career. "I often look back with fondness and regret to the times we lived together in London, in a delightful community of thought and feeling; struggling our way onward in the world, but cheering and encouraging each other," he writes to Leslie on December 8, 1824, from Paris. The extent of his dependence on this encouragement is revealed in his added reflection: "Of my own fate I sometimes feel a doubt. I am isolated in English literature, without any of the usual aids and influences by which an author's popularity is maintained and promoted. I have no literary coterie to cry me up; no partial reviewer to pat me on the back; the very review of my publisher is hostile to everything American. . . . How often do I miss you in moments when I feel cast down and out of heart."

To Leslie he was reciprocally a source of needed encouragement. In the same letter he urges upon him that the foundations of his fame were laid: "You have now but to dash boldly at whatever you conceive; you have the power of achieving whatever you attempt, and the certainty of having whatever you achieve appreciated by the public."

These two visited in the same families, chiefly Americans resident in London, and generally dined together at the York Chop House or the London Coffee House, both favorite haunts of their countrymen. This was in 1820, but, testifies Leslie, "Irving grew into fame as an author, and being, all at once, made a great lion of by fashionable people, he was much withdrawn from us." It was during this time too that Leslie was working on sketches for the English edition of Irving's earlier writings.

Irving and Leslie had also in common their love of the theater and their admiration for Scott and Coleridge. When he first came to London, Leslie, with his fellow artists and

the medical students from America, "often encountered the tremendous crowds that besieged the doors of Covent Garden Theater when John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons played," and he repeats a remark which Mrs. Siddons later made to his friend Newton. *"I was an honest actress,"* she confessed, "and at all times in all things endeavored to do my best." He urged Payne to introduce him, but the latter was fearful of trespassing on his acquaintance, for Mrs. Siddons had the reputation of being "as much a Princess off the stage as on."

Of Payne, Leslie gives a full but not altogether sympathetic account, blaming most of his hardships on his own failings. Through him, he met the painter, Haydon, and when the three were together, Payne complained long of his failures, blaming them on the jealousy of the theaters and the illiberality of the press. "Sir," said Haydon, "I regret from my soul the treatment you have met with; I regret it as an Englishman and am ashamed of my country. I wish it were in my power to do anything that could make you the slightest amends; but the only way in which I can show my sense of the injustice you have suffered, is to make you the St. John in my picture."

Irving met Scott first and took Leslie to breakfast with him at the home of a London friend. This meeting led later to an extended stay at Abbotsford, where the artist painted a portrait of his host. He writes home to his sister, on June 28, 1820, a full description of Sir Walter, in which he defines the predominant expression on his face as that of strong sense. Constantly in his memoirs and letters he refers to Scott's admiration and respect for Irving.

During his visit to Abbotsford, he painted in the library. "When Sir Walter is seated," he says, "I always place a chair in the direction in which I wish him to look, which

is never long unoccupied by some one of his visitors, who is sure to keep him in conversation. At the other end of the room there is generally a group round the harp or piano. Imagine how delightful these sittings are to me."

At the time, Scott's faithful old servant, Purdey, was ill, and Scott was much grieved. It was Purdey who told his master that his novels were invaluable to him and when Scott signified his appreciation, added, "Yes, sir, for when I have been out all day, hard at work, and come home, vara tired, if I sit down with a pot of porter by the fire, and take up one of your novels, I'm asleep directly."

Coleridge was one of the most highly valued of Leslie's English friends. The two men had in common their fondness for Allston, and Coleridge was one of the first men that Leslie met abroad. They became acquainted under rather unusual circumstances. Allston had been ill and it was determined to take him to Bristol, but when Salt Hill was reached he was so low that he could proceed no further. Leslie and Coleridge both hurried down to be with their friend and met at the inn, a room of which they were forced to share. Leslie had with him a copy of Irving's *Knickerbocker,* which Coleridge picked up and started to read. When Leslie awoke the next morning Coleridge had finished the book and declared himself delighted. This was some years before its publication in England and was Coleridge's first knowledge of its author.

Leslie was a reverential admirer rather than an intimate of Coleridge. "It is not the lot of any one," he says, "twice in his life, to meet with so extraordinary a man." Nevertheless, Coleridge gave him tickets for his lectures and invited him to take with him half a dozen friends, who were, like themselves, better stored in their brains than in their pockets. Leslie accepted and took brief notes of the lec-

tures, which he preserved, together with his own altogether sound comments, in his memoirs. "Many men," he testifies, "advanced beyond myself in education, might have felt as children in his presence," and he found that the lectures gave him a much more distinct and satisfactory view of the nature and ends of poetry and painting than he had ever had before.

At Murray's drawing room, Leslie met "the most eminent authors and politicians of all parties, drawn together by the common bond of literature," but the list of his artistic and literary friends is endless. Charles Lamb was among them, and once after a dinner at the Gilmans', they were returning to town, with the other guests, in a coach. At Kentish Town they stopped and a woman's voice was heard asking the coachman, "Are you full inside?" Lamb stuck his head through the window and remarked, "I am quite full inside; that last piece of pudding at Mr. Gilman's did the business for me." Leslie confesses to his lack of appreciation of Lamb at the time and attributes it to Lamb's own modesty and taciturnity in public. The letters, adds Leslie, which were published by Talfourd after Lamb's death "make up a volume of more interest to me than any book of human composition."

The days when Leslie was closest to Washington Irving were principally those of the latter's second and longest stay in England, when his professional start in literary work was made. The two friends always kept in touch, but were never as closely associated again.

Of Irving's other American friends in England little need here be said. We meet them chiefly in his own journals and letters. They were many and they meant much to him, for his independent spirit kept him from courting favor where it was not gratuitously offered.

II

In the center of this picture is the figure of Washington Irving whom Mr. George S. Hellman has recently characterized as our first "Ambassador at Large from the New World to the Old." No phrase has ever been invented which so truly represents Irving's importance to the relationships between England and America during this formative period. William Cullen Bryant, in an address delivered upon the occasion of Irving's death, expressed his thankfulness that America had had "such a writer as Irving to bridge over the chasm between the two great nations—that an illustrious American lived so long in England, and was so much beloved there, and sought so earnestly to bring the people of the two countries to a better understanding with each other, and to wean them from the animosities of narrow minds." That the truth of his statement was founded on something more than mere oratorical enthusiasm is clear when we remember that only a few years before, the two authors had suffered from a sharp personal controversy; and, if we need positive proof of Irving's diplomatic importance, we have but to recall that he was summoned to London in 1845 by Ambassador McLane, when the Oregon question was striking fire between the two nations, because, as Irving puts it, in a letter of February 3rd, it was felt that he could be "of service through old habits of intimacy with the people connected with the government."

Further proof is hardly necessary, especially as Irving is more frequently criticized for his un-American sympathies for England than for any lack of influence with her government and society. It is easier to understand the reasons for this charge than to believe in its justice. Irving was one of the few Americans of his day who, in the face

of blind political antagonisms, saw literature as a thing apart, a bond between nations of a common cultural and language tradition rather than a means for mere egotistical self-expression and the service of material and immediate ends and aims. In his essay on Campbell,[4] written in 1810, he makes perhaps his strongest statement of this belief. "Whatever may be the occasional collisions of etiquette and interest which will inevitably take place between two great commercial nations, whose property and people are spread far and wide on the face of the ocean . . . it is certain that the well-educated and well-informed class of our citizens entertain a deep-rooted good will, and a rational esteem, for Great Britain. It is almost impossible it should be otherwise. Independent of those hereditary affections, which spring up spontaneously for the nation from whence we have descended, the single circumstance of imbibing our ideas from the same authors has a powerful effect in causing an attachment." And to prove that even war could not affect this belief, he adds a note several years later: "Since this biographical notice was first published, the political relations between the two countries have been changed by a war with Great Britain. The above observations, therefore, may not be palatable to those who are eager for the hostility of the pen as well as the sword. The author, indeed, was for some time in doubt whether to expunge them, as he could not prevail on himself to accommodate them to the embittered temper of the times. He determined, however, to let them remain. . . . It should be the exalted ministry of literature to keep together the family of human nature."

This was written before Irving's long stay in England and shows therefore that the attitude which gave success

[4] *Spanish Papers*, N. Y., 1866, II, 115-42.

and permanence to the *Sketch Book* and to *Bracebridge Hall* was of early origin as well as consistent duration. If the charge against Irving be that he confessed and maintained America's cultural sonship to Great Britain, no evidence can be brought forward to refute it; if, however, the charge be that he was disloyal in spirit or act to his country, or that he ever thought for a moment of himself as anything but an American citizen abroad, the proof would be almost impossible to establish.

The Irving who stopped off in England in October, 1804, for a three months' stay and a brief tour of the neighborhood of London was a social and literary dilettante who had just come from a circuit of the Continent, in which, he confesses, he shifted from city to city and laid countries aside like books after giving them a hasty perusal. Even his literary propensities were not confirmed, as the *Salmagundi* papers were not written until after his return to America. It was not surprising then that Allston almost made a painter of him when he met him in the romantic old world atmosphere of Rome, and when he chose traveling companions, they were such Americans as the droll "little man of the world," Dr. Henry, and Joseph C. Cabell, a young Virginia gentleman improving his education by a swing around the grand tour in true English fashion. It was with personalities and incidents that Irving was chiefly concerned in this first taste of the Old World, rather than with ruins and historic monuments; but his travel-notes unfortunately stop just after he crossed the Channel and he records only his first sensations upon landing once more in England. His predominant mood seems to have been one of loneliness and distrust of the English reserve of character, but he expresses thankfulness at being at last in a land where he might openly express his complaint should he have one

"against the potentate himself." A memorandum book, however, recently discovered by Mr. Hellman and drawn upon in his biography of Irving, helps to fill out the picture. In it are recorded innumerable visits to the theater, a ball at Bristol, and other similarly harmless, time-passing diversions; and, on the packet returning to America, Irving addresses verses to a fellow traveler, Eliza by name, which, at the start, show his affection for the land he was leaving, as well as other passing emotions:

> Though England's sons are kind,
> Their hearts burn warm and true,
> Yet English hearts you'll find
> Can beat in foreign bosoms too. . . .

The "foreign bosom" in this case had something more in it than a mere similarity to the English heart.

Irving's second trip, in 1815, was, like his first, brought about by casual circumstances. This return trip, the longest single period which Irving ever spent in Europe, is clearly divided into three epochs in his career. During the first, from 1815 to 1820, he experienced two of the most influential factors in his development, his business failure and his first international literary success; and he amused himself chiefly by walking tours in England and Wales in the company of American friends. For the next ten years his attentions were absorbed in literary and dramatic work, and he might have rivaled Scott for the debatable honor of being the pet lion of English society if his temperament had permitted. It was during this time that he lived most intensely. He spent much time on the Continent, and his circle of friends enlarged to include not only Emily Foster, but most of the outstanding figures of the day in literary and social circles. On one of these tours he had his first

WASHINGTON IRVING

An etching by James D. Smillie, after a sketch by F. O. C. Darley.

real taste of Spain, an experience which had so large a hand in shaping his future work. During the last three years of this residence—for it can no longer be called a trip—his influence expanded from the purely social to the diplomatic. In 1829, he became Secretary to McLane's legation at London and it was he, after McLane's recall, who greeted Martin Van Buren two years later. In 1832 he returned to America.

Taken as a whole, the period is one of such spectacular success that one is tempted to forget the idle enthusiasms and the depressing experiences of the first five years. During this time Irving's love of England was put to its most severe test, and frequently, because of business harassments, he reached the point where only loyalty to his brothers' interests and his own self-respect kept him from sailing for America.

"I am delighted with England. The country is enchanting," he wrote to Brevoort immediately upon landing, and this receptive and happy tone is maintained throughout his journal of a tour the same year in Wales with his closest friend of this period, James Renwick. His only real home was the Van Wart household at Birmingham, for the war, in which he had been aide-de-camp to Daniel D. Tompkins (with the title of Colonel) had severed his connection, as is so often the case, with his own past. Although *Knickerbocker* had established his literary position in America, he felt no urge to build upon his success, and his fame had not as yet reached across the water. He was again the happy wanderer, with mind and heart free of responsibility and ready for every new sensation and adventure.

His brother Peter, however, who had for seven years managed the English end of the hardware business to which Irving had been so far more of an ornament than a partner,

soon became afflicted with rheumatism and lapsed into the ineffective condition of a confirmed invalid. With that event, the tone of Irving's letters suddenly changed. Being a complete novice in business, he found that the chaotic state of Peter's affairs absorbed most of his time, and even before the financial failure, the note of depression became his dominant one. The winter of 1816 found the brothers "harassed to death" to meet their engagements and, in May, Irving wrote again, "I am here [Liverpool] alone, attending to business—and the times are so hard that they sicken my very soul." No wonder that all of his ideas of home and settled life began once more to center in New York. "I have long been utterly passive in respect to business," he writes a year later, "but my company is of importance to keep up his [Peter's] spirits in these trying times." The crash in January, 1818, brought more relief than pain to a man who, for upwards of two years, had been "bowed down in spirit and harassed by the most sordid cares."

It would be a mistake, however, to view these years wholly in the light of such depressing circumstances. The American society of Liverpool and Birmingham, which included the Van Warts, Renwick, Verplanck, Peter Ogden, and others, brought to him the consolation of close friendships, without which life for Irving would at any time or place have been impossible; numerous short tours and frequent visits to the theater served to pass the time more than to help his temporal affairs; and the active return of his literary ambitions and interests brought him into contact with the circle which centered in Murray's drawing room and formed the nucleus of that public which welcomed the appearance of the *Sketch Book* in London in 1819. Success in one field followed close upon failure in another.

His feeling at this time may be judged by an unpublished fragment of a letter in the possession of Mr. W. R. Langfeld of Philadelphia. It would seem that either Peter or Mr. Van Wart had invited him down to Birmingham to stand godfather for his namesake. "I am expecting every day," he answers, "and I may say every hour, a copy of the first number of my work from America, and it is important I should be here at the time to see if any arrangement can be made here for republishing it, as I am fearful some bookseller in the American trade may get hold of it and think it worth republication; and so run out an edition of it without my adapting it for the London public, or participating in the profits. Had I my choice I would rather it should not be republished here until more numbers appear and enough could be given at once to stamp its character. I am also busy just now preparing more mss. to send out. . . . I do not wish you to mention the reason for my not coming down; for though these small concerns are very important to a man in my situation—they may appear very trivial to others.

"I long to see you all once more and to have a peep at my namesake who I understand is a miracle.

"Give my love to Sally and the young folks." [5]

Irving met the publisher, John Murray, for the first time in 1817, but it was not until Scott had used his influence

[5] The letter has no date and is addressed merely "Dear Brother," but it is obvious, from the reference to "Sally," that it was written to Birmingham. If the "work" referred to is the *Sketch Book*, which the internal evidence would make highly probable, the letter may be dated from London early in the summer of 1819. It is also worthy of record that, although Irving expresses the desire of altering his book for the London public, he allowed his criticisms of English writers and of the English character to stand as they had appeared in the American edition, and did little more in his revision than improve some of his phrasing.

that the publication of the *Sketch Book* was undertaken. Largely through this association, Irving gained access to that coterie of English literary men with whom he was so intimate in the following years. Murray kept his authors together with social as well as commercial ties. Before long, Irving had become a frequent visitor to the publisher's drawing room, "a great resort of first-rate literary characters." "Whenever I have a leisure hour I go there," he writes to Paulding on May 27, 1820, "and seldom fail to meet with some interesting personages. The hours of access are from two to five. It is understood to be a matter of privilege, and that you must have a general invitation from Murray. Here I frequently meet with such personages as Gifford, Campbell, Foscolo, Hallam (author of a work on the Middle Ages), Southey, Milman, Scott, Belzoni, etc., etc.," and he continues with a description of Gifford, "a small, shriveled, deformed man of about sixty, . . . mild and courteous in his manners, without any of the petulance that you would be apt to expect," and of Scott, whom he found to be "a right honest-hearted, generous-spirited being; without vanity, affectation, or assumption of any kind."

It was no doubt upon these associations that Irving based his description of *A Literary Dinner* in his *Tales of a Traveler*. "There are," he quotes his imaginary friend, Buckthorne, as saying, "certain geographical boundaries in the land of literature, and you may judge tolerably well of an author's popularity by the wine his bookseller gives him. An author crosses the port line about the third edition, and gets into claret; and when he has reached the sixth or seventh, he may revel in champagne and burgundy." The records fail to state whether or not Irving at this time was

forced to content himself with water, but at last the door to the inner chambers was open to him.

One of the most enduring friendships which he formed with members of this group was that with Thomas Campbell. Very soon after his arrival in 1815, he went out to Sydenham during a short stay in London and was disappointed in finding Campbell away from home; but he records later, in his introduction to the American edition of Beattie's *Life of Campbell,* a long talk with the poet's wife, and in December of the same year he met Campbell himself in London. The two men were not dissimilar in temperament, and their friendship was mild but of long duration. It was Irving who introduced Campbell to the American public personally, as well as through his writings, as he arranged for his American lecture tour. If there was any English author who paralleled Irving in a sympathetic literary ambassadorship between the Old World and the New, it was the comparatively unsuccessful author of *Gertrude of Wyoming.*

In his essay on Campbell, Irving advances the rather remarkable theory, later sponsored by Willis as well, that space might function as time and that the American might therefore see his English contemporaries with the eyes of posterity and assign them to positions of relative worth in a truly unprejudiced fashion. Even if such vision were theoretically possible, Irving does not give any great proof of its validity in his own case, for his associates were not the greatest literary men of his day in the judgment of actual posterity. Among his other literary contacts of these early days of success were the elder D'Israeli, "a very pleasant, cheerful old fellow," whom he found to be "curious about America, and evidently tickled at the circulation his

works have had there;" Hallam, of whose work he spoke frequently in admiration, Jeffrey, and the *Blue Stocking* coterie of Lady Caroline Lamb, which caused him more amusement than anything else.

The most important friendship of them all resulted from his visit to Abbotsford in August, 1817. Campbell had given him a letter of introduction to the "mighty minstrel of the North," and early one morning he set out in a post chaise for Melrose Abbey, stopping long enough at the gate of Scott's idyllic home on the Tweed to send in his postillion with a card. Only a few moments passed before the "lord of the castle" presented himself. "His dress was simple," says Irving in his essay on Abbotsford, one of the most delightful papers of the *Crayon Miscellany,* "and almost rustic: an old green shooting-coat, with a dog-whistle at the button-hole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service. He came limping up the gravel-walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff, but moving rapidly and with vigor. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray staghound of most grave demeanor, who took no part in the clamor of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception." With that, the guest was "whirled to the portal of the cottage" and before he knew it found himself seated at breakfast in the intimate circle of the family—Mrs. Scott, Sophia, Ann, Walter, Charles, all were there. After breakfast Charles took him out to Melrose and Johnny Bower, sexton and custodian, "a decent-looking little old man, in blue coat and red waistcoat," pointed out the beauties and told his full stock of anecdotes about the Abbey. The pride of the old man in his master was unqualified and he professed to believe anything that

Scott had written as the full and perfect truth. During his visit, Irving had the companionship of Scott on rambles through all the surrounding country, and their talk of dogs and ballads, honest old servants and romantic scenery, books and elves, was liberally sprinkled with anecdotes that illustrated well the kindly spirit of the poet and the wide range and humanity of his interests. It was not surprising that Irving found it hard to discover what time Scott saved for writing, as all his life seemed devoted to leisure and haphazard recreation. The American closed his visit and his essay alike with a feeling of thankfulness that he lived in a day when such a spirit could thrive upon the face of the earth. Soon after this visit, when Irving's fortunes were at a low ebb, Scott was able to serve him in the publication of the *Sketch Book* in England, first by Constable and later by Murray.

Many years later, when Irving, then an old man, was living in retirement at Sunnyside, a New York reporter visited him and found an engraving of Thomas Faed's *Scott and His Literary Friends* on the wall of his parlor.

"I knew every man of them but three," said Irving, "and now they are all gone!"

"Are the portraits good?"

"Scott's head," he replied, "is well drawn, though the expression lacks something of Scott's force. Campbell's is tolerable. Lockhart's is the worst."

In 1820, Irving set out for Paris, his first English literary success achieved, and his position, social and professional, in the world of letters assured. By this time his most intimate friends were the two American artists, Leslie and Newton, and separation from them, together with a new business venture of Peter's, this time in navigation, served somewhat to harass his spirit. His meeting with Tom

Moore in Paris was therefore almost providential. Again the charm of Irving's personality served a minor diplomatic mission, for the English poet had openly expressed his disapproval of American manners at the time of his own earlier visit to America. The friendship was founded on Moore's confessed regret for his words and the two saw each other almost daily. To Moore, also, Irving owed the scheme of *Bracebridge Hall,* and he returned the favor eight years later by arranging through his brother, Ebenezer, for the publication in America of Moore's *Life of Byron.* During this Paris interlude also, his friendship for Payne first struck root.

In July, he returned to London, took an excursion with Leslie through central England, and, in December, sold his manuscript of *Bracebridge Hall* to Murray. It was published in the following May, the American and English editions appearing almost simultaneously, although the manuscript of the former had been submitted some months earlier.

By this time English society was ready to take the American fully into its heart. "I have been leading a sad life lately," he writes to Peter on June 30, 1822, "burning the candle at both ends, and seeing the fashionable world through one of its seasons. The success of my writings gave me an opportunity, and I thought it worth while to embrace it if it were only for curiosity's sake. I have therefore been tossed about 'hither and thither and whither I would not;' have been at the levee and the drawing room, been at routs, and balls, and dinners, and country seats; been hand-and-glove with nobility and mobility, until like Trim, I have satisfied the sentiment, and am now preparing to make my escape from all this splendid confusion."

Tom Moore's remark that his friend was "not strong as

a lion, but delightful as a domestic animal," may furnish the explanation for the wander-years which followed. June found Irving at Aix-la-Chapelle recuperating from a rheumatic complaint, and with the exception of a brief visit in 1824, at which time he became acquainted with Samuel Rogers, he spent the following seven years on the Continent, a homeless wanderer, of many friends.

The experiences and adventures of these travel days are rich in interest and variety, but the compass of our purpose here unfortunately does not include them. The sketch of his English days, however, would not be complete without a note on the theater. No American, with the exception perhaps of Payne, spent such a large share of his time in the lobby and green room. Always as a diversion and for a time as a possible profession, in city or country, in England and on the Continent, Irving felt the lure of the stage.

Of actors—and he knew many—he was not uncritical. For Mrs. Siddons, who was an old woman when he saw her, he had unbounded admiration, but he found Kemble lacking in "mellowness" and somewhat studied. Kenney and Kean he admired scarcely at all, while he considered Young the best actor on the English stage. He was among the most enthusiastic of Miss O'Neil's many admirers, and declared her the most "soul subduing" actress he had ever seen. The poor state of drama in general he blamed partly on John Bull himself, whose "coarse palate and strong stomach" made him relish powerful dishes, and partly on the managers. "There is so much party work," he declared in 1815, "managerial influence, and such a widely spread and elaborate system of falsehood and misrepresentations connected with the London theaters, that a stranger, who is not peculiarly favored by the managers or

assisted by the prepossessions of the public, stands no chance." He was here explaining the failure of so excellent an actor as Cooper to take the lead among his contemporaries, but he was himself to feel the power of these same influences from the dramatist's standpoint when he collaborated with Payne.

It was while in Madrid, in 1829, that Irving received the news that, through the influence of his friends at home, he had been appointed Secretary of Legation to London, and the last chapter of this middle pilgrimage abroad was opened. "So goes this mad world," was his comment; "honors and offices are taken from those who seek them and are fitted for them, and bestowed on those who have no relish for them." Nevertheless, he accepted the appointment, and October found him established in lodgings opposite the temporary Embassy at No. 9 Chandos Street, Cavendish Square. His work consisted chiefly in accompanying McLane on his rounds of diplomatic and social formalities and adding the urbanity of his personality and the variety and importance of his social contacts to the American mission. Not only was he a success in this, but, in 1830, he was awarded one of the medals of the Royal Society of Literature and an unwelcome LL.D. from Oxford. The coronation of William IV in July set all London agog, and Irving was caught up in the swirl of festivity while his literary concerns remained *"in statu quo."*

With McLane's recall in 1831, Irving became *Chargé d'Affaires* but he was eager to relinquish his duties. In September, Lockhart invited him to a family dinner at which he met Scott, sadly changed by age, for the last time, and two days later the American set out for the north.

Notable among the latter incidents of this stay in Eng-

land were visits to Newstead Abbey, the former home of Byron, and to Barlborough Hall in Derbyshire (October, 1831), which not only the owner, but many others, asserted was the original of Bracebridge. "In truth," says Irving, "it might have stood for a model," and his host, the Rev. C. R. Reaston Rodes, "a man of great wealth and greater eccentricity," might equally well have furnished the pattern for the Squire.

When Van Buren came to take over the Embassy in succession to Vail, who had been appointed *Chargé d'Affaires* in the interim, Irving took him and his son on a tour of the chief places of interest, including Stratford. They stopped at the Red Horse where they found the landlady of Irving's now famous *Sketch Book*. "You cannot imagine what a fuss the little woman made when she found out who I was," he writes to his sister, Mrs. Paris, and she showed them the poker, upon which she had caused to be engraved "Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre," as well as Irving's own picture framed on the wall.

On May 21, 1832, Irving was greeted in New York by an unprecedented welcome extended by his friends and admirers. His last visit to Europe, 1842-46, was as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain. He stopped in England on both journeys through, but he never again spent any extended time within its borders, in spite of the promise of a warm friendship between him and Charles Dickens through an exchange of letters. Among the few sins for which Irving has to answer is the fomenting of this kinship, which was largely responsible for bringing Dickens to America in 1841, and therefore indirectly the cause of those comments which did much to damage the feeling of harmony between the two nations, an accord which Irving had so consistently striven to establish. Yet even this was

an effort in the same direction, for Dickens was regarded as one of the greatest English authors of the day, and the hope was that he at least would interpret America to his countrymen in a broad and liberal spirit.

III

"Stranger and sojourner as I am in the land," writes Irving in his Christmas number from the *Sketch Book,* "yet I feel the influence of the season beaming into my soul from the happy looks of those around me." There is something almost pathetic—in the best sense—in his insistence that he was merely a spectator of the pageant of scenes and people whom he observes with such sympathy and relish. "I am aware," he repeats in the introduction to *Bracebridge Hall,* "that I often travel over beaten ground, and treat of subjects that have already been discussed by abler pens. . . . I do it . . . but with the hope that some new interest may be given to such topics, when discussed by the pen of a stranger," and many years later in his essay on *English and French Character* in *Wolfert's Roost,* he again suggests the same idea: "I feel something like one overlooking a game, who, without any great skill of his own, can occasionally perceive the blunders of much abler players."

The philosophic neutrality of viewpoint, so evident in these confessions, was the touchstone of his success. He realized his limitations, for when Scott offered him the editorship of a new journal in 1818, although his fortunes were low enough almost to require his acceptance, he answered frankly, "My whole course of life has been desultory, and I am unfitted for any periodically recurring task, or any stipulated labor of body or mind." Nevertheless he was

fully aware of the advantageous position in which this very detachment placed him, and he consistently maintained the third-party attitude in his writings. In America, he had been *Launcelot Langstaff* and *Dietrich Knickerbocker;* in England he was to become that kindly and urbane wanderer, by name *Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.* "I am an old traveler," he confides in his *Tales of a Traveler.* "I have read somewhat, heard and seen more, and dreamt more than all. My brain is filled, therefore, with all kinds of odds and ends." From this store he would draw as from "an ill-packed traveling trunk," but then, "it is so much pleasanter to please than to instruct—to play the companion rather than the preceptor." This was the viewpoint which had rescued an inconspicuous clerk six years before and made of him the immortal Elia, and it was the attitude which was to make Washington Irving the most widely acclaimed American author of his day. His very limitations, if they be so considered, were a part of his genius.

Similarly, his plea that his early ignorance of England formed the chief factor in his understanding and appreciation of her romantic past was a paradoxical truth. He had been brought up on her poetry and her history, uncolored by any living contact with the England of the day, and when, as a young man in his early twenties, he finally set foot on her shore, he wove the present into his idealized picture of the past, and the object or person before him served chiefly to call forth the ready-formed images of his mind. The England which Irving described and made the permanent possession of his countrymen was an England which never existed outside the storehouse of his own whimsical imagination. "The first time that I heard the song of the nightingale," he writes in *Bracebridge,* "I was intoxicated more by the delicious crowd of remembered as-

sociations than by the melody of its note. . . . In this way I traversed England, a grown-up child, delighted by every object, great and small; and betraying a wondering ignorance, and simple enjoyment, that provoked many a stare and a smile from my wiser and more experienced fellow-travelers. . . . England is as classic ground to an American, as Italy is to an Englishman; and old London teems with as much historical association as mighty Rome."

There was more than the receptivity of a child in his point of view, however. He was intensely aware of the proper attitude of the traveler, especially between these two countries whose antipathies as well as whose sympathies were so heightened by a kinship in race and in material interests. For the thoughtless and prejudiced American in England or Englishman in America he had only regretful scorn. "This place swarms with Americans," he wrote Brevoort from Liverpool in 1815; "you never saw such a motley race of beings—some seem as if just from the woods, and yet stalk about the streets and public places with all the easy *nonchalance* that they would about their own villages. . . . It is impossible to match these fellows with anything on this side of the water." "Charles [King] is exactly what an American should be abroad," he adds later, "frank, manly and unaffected in his habits and manners, liberal and independent in his opinions, generous and unprejudiced in his sentiments towards other nations, but most loyally attached to his own."

His essay, *English Writers on America,* is his fullest statement of opinion on this matter. "It is with feelings of deep regret," he says, "that I observe the literary animosity daily growing up between England and America. Great curiosity has been awakened of late with respect to

the United States, and the London press has teemed with volumes of travels through the Republic; but they seem intended to diffuse error rather than knowledge; and so successful have they been, that, notwithstanding the constant intercourse between the nations, there is no people concerning whom the great mass of the British public have less pure information, or entertain more numerous prejudices." The root of the trouble, he explains, lay in the fact that it had been the lot of America to be interpreted by the worst kind of English travelers, "the broken-down tradesman, the scheming adventurer, the wandering mechanic, the Manchester and Birmingham agent;" and the English critics aggravated the unfortunate case by their willingness to "receive, with eagerness and unhesitating faith, the gross misrepresentations of coarse and obscure writers, concerning a country with which their own is placed in the most important and delicate relations."

Irving's chief regret seems to have been for the harm which England would eventually do herself by taking this attitude. All the writers in England together could not curb "the rapidly growing importance, and matchless prosperity" of America. "The future destinies of that country do not admit of a doubt; over those of England there lower some shadows of uncertainty." It were practical wisdom to cultivate the friendship rather than the hatred of a people all too ready for peaceful and helpful relationships. The debt might rest with America for a time, but the future would restore the balance. To American writers, he counseled forebearance and a continued exhibition of that universal sovereignty of mind which had made the republic possible. There is more common sense than prejudice in this, more reasoned loyalty than blind patriot-

ism or hurt pride. It was the attitude of the man, Irving; with such clear principles the dreamer threw himself wholly into the scenes which opened before him.

In the papers which deal with the Squire, who is the Sir Roger de Coverley of both the *Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge,* the Irving spirit is at its best. Of all his essays, none is more redolent with that dreamy charm of antiquity, that prevailing sense of a romantic past still alive in the present, which was at the heart of all his love for England. "My father," Irving makes his imaginary friend, Frank Bracebridge, explain, "from early years took honest Peacham for his text-book, instead of Chesterfield." "The hollow perfidious courtliness" of the latter would arouse the indignation of any true lover of the "open manly sincerity" of genuine English country gentlemen. "His maxims," affirmed the Squire in referring to his perfidious Lordship, "were calculated to chill the delightful enthusiasm of youth, and to make them ashamed of that romance which is the dawn of generous manhood, and to impart to them a cold polish and a premature worldliness. . . . An English coxcomb is inexcusable." One can scarcely refrain from recalling that picture of the lord of the manor, in the midst of his dogs, his books, and his happy family, which the writer of these words had seen scarcely more than a year before at Abbotsford. And when the poor but picturesque Master Simon asked the Squire for worthy books, he was referred to such honest English manuals as Sir Anthony Fitzherbert's *Book of Husbandry;* Markham's *Country Contentments;* the *Treatise of Hunting* by Sir Thomas Cockayne, Knight; Izaak Walton's *Angler;* "and two or three more such ancient worthies of the pen."

Among the Squire's favorite antipathies was gunpowder —not because of the increase in the horrors of war due to

this discovery, but because, forsooth, it had caused the decline of the noble arts of the cross-bow, the long-bow, and falconry, thereby contributing to the gradual decay of English manhood. Similarly, he bewailed stage-coaches, post chaises, and turnpike roads, because they had destroyed the leisurely progresses of the days gone by. "How splendid and fanciful must one of those domestic cavalcades have been," mourns Irving, and his laments unite with those of his Squire, "where the beautiful dames were mounted on palfreys magnificently caparisoned, with embroidered harness, all tinkling with silver bells; attended by cavaliers richly attired on prancing steeds, and followed by pages and serving-men, as we see them represented in old tapestry."

In a sense, these essays themselves suggest old tapestries. There is something too romantic to be actual in the scenes and characters of this old English manor house. In his effort to hold back the onrush of civilization, the Squire had even tried keeping open house during the twelve days of Christmas, but "the manor was overrun by all the vagrants of the country, and more beggars drawn into the neighborhood in one week than the parish officers could get rid of in a year." Poor old Squire! "seated in his hereditary elbow chair, by the hospitable fireside of his ancestors, and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart." He was "a fine, healthy-looking old gentleman, with silver hair curling lightly round an open florid countenance; in which the physiognomist, with the advantage, like myself, of a previous hint or two, might discover a singular mixture of whim and benevolence."

In his description of the festivities of old Bracebridge, of the bringing in of the boar's head, of the folk dances and

superstitions and other antique lore which the Squire tried so valiantly to retain, Irving is at his best. The whole volume of *Bracebridge Hall* is not the equal of one of these *Sketch Book* essays, for here Irving portrayed in swift sympathetic strokes the spirit of the England which he saw. It was a strange twist of fate which put into the hands of a visitor from the hustling, industrious young country across the water the task of crystallizing a spirit which was mellow because it was breathing its last deep draughts of old English air. Addison and Steele—even Lamb and Dickens—were unable to appreciate it with quite the same kindly detachment. Dickens perhaps came the nearest to it because, as Irving had prophesied, time lent him the same perspective which space and a contrastic national background had furnished his own pen.

It would be futile to enlarge here upon those country scenes which are so much the possession of every English or American reader to-day. We can scarcely think of a rumbling old stage-coach without calling to mind Irving's lord of the road, who "is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquor, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels." When something suggests an English inn kitchen we inevitably visualize that "picture of convenience, neatness, and broad honest enjoyment," where the traveler was about to taste of the hams, tongues and flitches of bacon sizzling by the open fire to the accompaniment of the clock ticking in the corner, when he was interrupted by the arrival of Frank Bracebridge and whisked off in a post chaise to the Hall.

It must not, however, be concluded that Irving had never experienced the inconveniences of an English inn with its

hard benches and deal tables and its pump in the yard, for on many a walking tour he speaks of them with the critical tone of any other American traveler. The secret of his enjoyment lay in the "pleasing serenity" that reigned in his own mind and made him fancy that he saw "cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey." He was not blind to the fact that his England was not the humdrum average England about him. All these things, he affirms in his *Crayon* paper, *Newstead Abbey,* he had seen more than once in Derbyshire and Yorkshire and in the neighborhood of Barlborough Hall. "I specify these rural pageants and ceremonials, which I saw during my sojourn in this neighborhood, because it has been deemed that some of the anecdotes of holiday customs given in my preceding writings related to usages which have entirely passed away. Critics who reside in cities have little idea of the primitive manners and observances which still prevail in remote and rural neighborhoods. In fact, in crossing the Trent one seems to step back into old times; and, in the villages of Sherwood Forest we are in a black-letter region." His serenity of mind may well be interpreted as a conscious blindness which made him a better historian of spirit than of fact.

This sympathy with the past is clearly illustrated by his love of an English Sunday in village or city. For that one day the wheels of the modern world seemed to stop grinding and the spirit of old England could live again for a brief interval. The Sunday service in the village church, or the rural funeral, allows a quick glance into this inner reality of the English soul. Even in London "on this sacred day, the gigantic monster is charmed into repose. The intolerable din and struggle of the week are at an end. The shops are shut. The fires of forges and manu-

factories are extinguished; and the sun, no longer obscured by murky clouds of smoke, pours down a sober yellow radiance into the quiet streets. The few pedestrians we meet, instead of hurrying forward with anxious countenances, move leisurely along; their brows are smoothed from the wrinkles of business and care; they have put on their Sunday looks, and Sunday manners, with their Sunday clothes, and are cleansed in mind as well as in person."

One must seek the true England in her quiet eddies rather than in the central rush of her life. In Eastcheap, the Boar's Head Tavern seemed the only reality, even though one could only conjure up its being in the barroom of the Mason's Arms. It was then that Dame Honeyball, the spiritual descendant of Mistress Quickly, brought from the dark recesses of her store-room a japanned iron tobacco-box of gigantic size, out of which generations of vestrymen of the parish of St. Michael had smoked at their stated meetings. There on the lid was pictured "with that wonderful fidelity and force, with which the portraits of renouned generals and commodores are illustrated on tobacco-boxes," the whole jolly crew of lusty Sir John and his cronies, at table, in full revel. Here was fitting reward for true research!

The heart of the city was not in the rush of traffic on the Strand, but rather in the Templar's chapel or in the shadow of old St. Paul's, the "Little Britain" where Franklin had stayed. Here too, the social aspirations of butcher Lamb and his family had snuffed out another bit of old England. Only in the reading room of the British Museum, where pale and studious makers of books pursued their occult investigations, or in the "lofty antique hall" of Westminster Abbey library, to be reached through gloomy passages and crumbling narrow staircases, could this spirit

of the past find voice. Even the cries of the madcap boys from Westminster School must be shut out, and the little thick quarto, curiously bound in parchment, must be allowed to speak in full after centuries of silence. Only the faint chant of the choir or the occasional echo of a distant footfall could suggest the far-away present. This was the evening hour, when no longer the eager groups of Irving's own countrymen multiplied those foot-falls and substituted the droning chant of the professional guide for Westminster's antique silence.

Yet even Irving was not always wholly in this reminiscent and solemnly playful mood. He could philosophize upon his discoveries, as in his essay on *John Bull,* where he personifies the spirit of old England and shows how the whimsicalities of caricature artists of the past had conjured up a deity powerful enough to crystallize the very foibles of the Englishman's character and even make virtues of his vices; but it is always association rather than actuality which enriched the scene before him. At Stratford, he was willing to believe the deer-poaching story implicitly in order to enjoy Charlecot to the fullest, and at Newstead, the early romance of Byron and Mary Chaworth made his stay with Colonel Wildman at the Abbey far more than a generous taste of true English hospitality. At Abbotsford, or at Barlborough, where his hosts personified the genuine old English country gentleman, he was most truly at home. The England that never was and yet always is, the England that Irving knew best, is freshest and most genuine in those papers from the *Sketch Book* where the dreaming wanderer penned the first fruits of his dreams. His later essays and stories serve mainly to elaborate his theme.

Chapter IX

CRITICS AND CONTROVERSY

Anti-British Prejudices—Cooper and the Riddle of the 'Ocracies—Gleanings from an International Episode

I

In view of the then constant hostility between America and England, sometimes suppressed but never altogether extinguished, the amicable tone of the American travel records in the early part of the nineteenth century is one of the most surprising of all their characteristics. There was, to be sure, a retort from America to the attacks of the British press and the false representations of the English travelers in America. The new nation was too full of vitality to take her verbal chastisement in silence, but, strangely enough, the men who were most active in answering the British charges had, for the most part, never been in England. The travelers themselves directed the preponderance of their efforts towards increased understanding and greater tolerance.

The British verbal attack started early, and was apparently caused by two things: the growing realization that America, with her vast resources and her demonstrated energy, was becoming a rival nation of great power; and the increase in emigration to the new land, which, being brought about chiefly by the unequal social conditions at home, was to the British mind a domestic rather than an international problem. It has been suggested, probably

Come along you old Rascal, you did not know the brave Americans and their old Hickory——
Oh! curse this Swamp—'Tis not like the road from Bladensburg to Washington— Pity on me Gentlemen do not twist so hard, I am in the mud up to my ears——
Ha Ah! Mounseer Bull you have not this time Russia, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, and all Germany with you—
JOHN BULL BEFORE NEW ORLEANS 8th of Jan.y 1815

A cartoon by William Charles, in the Ridgway Branch of the Philadelphia Library Company.

with much truth, that many English travel records of America were written chiefly as anti-emigration propaganda, and some of the American answers, like Colton's *Manual for Emigrants to America* (1832), frankly accepted this as the basis for the debate. Added to this was the natural scorn of small minds, like those of the editors of the *Quarterly* and some other English reviews, an enmity prompted chiefly by a feeling of superiority and the desire for self-justification.[1]

The American retort took at least three forms: a direct answer in the periodical press; the publication of controversial books, chiefly as satires or fictitious travels in England; and counter-analyses of the conditions in England, which aimed to prove that, although America was not perfect, England herself was still far from the ideal. The *North American Review* was the leader of the defense in the first field, and its campaign of reviews was conducted in a tone which is mild in comparison with that of the English journals. The American newspapers and weeklies were not so moderate.

The most interesting aspect of America's answer was, however, the second. The *Inchiquin* letters[2] were published as though written by a Jesuit priest touring the United States, although their American authorship was very thinly veiled. Tyler's *Yankee in London* (1809), Paulding's numerous volumes, of which his *Sketch of Old England,* (1815), and *John Bull in America* (1825), are representative, Grant Thorburn's (Laurie Todd) *Men and Manners*

[1] For a fuller consideration of the English basis of attack, see Henry Tuckerman, *America and her Commentators,* 1864; J. L. Mesick, *The English Traveller in America, 1785-1835,* 1922; and Allan Nevins, *American Social History,* 1923.

[2] *Inchiquin, the Jesuit's Letters, During a Late Residence in the United States of America,* N. Y., 1810.

in Great Britain (1835), and Cooper's *Notions of the Americans,* written before his longer residence in London, are all frankly controversial. Some of these books professed English authorship and attempted a fair representation of American life; others, which attacked English conditions in return for the misrepresentations of British travelers in America, were usually issued anonymously.

Of the more moderate American retorts, Timothy Dwight's *Remarks on the Review of the Inchiquin Letters* (1815), Robert Walsh's *Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain* (1819), James A. Jones's *Letter to an English Gentleman* (1826), and Calvin Colton's *The Americans* (1833) are perhaps the most important documents in the case. Joel Barlow (1792), Robert Walsh, Jr. (1813), Alexander Everett (1822), and Christopher Gore undertook the counter-analysis of conditions in England and in Europe at large.

When the controversy is reviewed in its broader aspects, however, no better summary of the faults and virtues of the opposing parties can be found than Irving's brief analysis of the situation in the *Sketch Book.* In a word, England was jealous and America was proud. England sent men of small intellect and imagination to America, while Americans of like stamp stayed at home. The American in England was usually a man of broader sympathies, and he strove to reconcile rather than to increase international animosities. When he set foot in England, his predominant emotion was an affection for his fatherland. If he had any antagonism, founded on the state of active or imminent warfare, or on resentment to the British charges, it faded in the light of his stronger feelings of kinship.

There are several groups of travelers, however, who retained some of these anti-British prejudices in their writ-

ings. The most effective source of bad feeling was naturally the first, the hardships of warfare. The letters of Henry Laurens, who, as envoy to Holland, was captured by the British in 1799, confined in an English prison, and finally exchanged for Cornwallis, furnish an early example of this sort of record. The manuscript diaries of Ira Allen, Timothy Connor, Samuel Cutler, and Charles Herbert,[3] and even those passages in Trumbull's *Reminiscences* which have been quoted, are further records of this sort during the Revolutionary period. The danger of capture by the French which occasionally forced landing in England, and the War of 1812 were similar factors. Noah's *Travels* and Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse's *Journal of a Young Man of Massachusetts* (1816), in which the author gives a complete description of Dartmoor Prison with a diagram, are instances of these conditions. In the majority of cases, however, it can scarcely be said that these men really saw England, and what they did see was so colored by the misfortunes of their own personal experiences as to be unrepresentative of any general attitude of their countrymen. For similar reasons, the romantic stories of Benedict Arnold and of Aaron Burr, the latter of whom fled to England after his trial for treason in 1807, as well as the scant record of John Ledyard, who begged his way to London in quest of aid before setting out on his adventures, must be here dismissed, however interesting they may be.

Reference has already been made to William Austin's *Letters from London* (1804). These letters are addressed, like Tyler's fictitious narrative, to a friend in Massachusetts, and are dated from London, June 19, 1802, to September 15, 1803, inclusive, but they may better be regarded as a single essay on the English character and English peo-

[3] See H. A. Forbes, *New England Diaries, 1602-1800*, 1923.

ple than as a travel record. In view of the great rarity of actual travel books in England by Americans and the existence of numerous fictitious travels and other controversial writings at the time of the publication of this book, its essay-like tone tempts the reader to be somewhat suspicious of its genuineness. Duyckinck [4] accepts its authenticity without question, but assigns no motive on Austin's part for a trip to England at this time. The writer was a lawyer by profession and the book marked his first real success as an author.

The opening letter does little to allay our doubts. "Indeed," says Austin, "I know not who can travel with more advantage to himself, or to his country, than a citizen of the United States, born since the Revolution: for, the moment he arrives in Europe, the love of his own country becomes his predominant passion: while his mind, at every step he takes, is awakened to reason, compare, pity, approve, or condemn." The next three pages are devoted to an attack on the falsities of English travelers in America. It is not until his third letter that he offers any specific observations upon the sights before him. Such an attitude is not the natural one for a traveler and is the universal characteristic of fictitious travelers. The remainder of the book continues in the same tone with the exception of the fact that Austin often opens his discussion of subjects such as funerals, elections, or rag-fairs with the statement that he has just witnessed an illustration and has been moved to generalize in comparing English customs with American; but he does not go into descriptive details of the particular occasion. Toward the end of the volume his letters are devoted to character analyses of leading lawyers and statesmen of London.

[4] *Cyclopædia of American Literature,* Phila., 1881.

Whether the letters are genuine or not is a question difficult to decide. They could, from their content, be either; but in any case they are important. As fictitious letters they would stand forth as a remarkable attainment, better than any other American attempt at this form of travel literature, and so convincing as not to have even suggested doubt in the century and a quarter since their publication. If they are genuine records of travel, they are the earliest from an American pen to be published as such. In either case, they are a moderate attack upon England, a well illustrated analysis of some of her institutions, and a collection of vivid pen-portraits of some of her leading politicians.

The character of the English as a race is Austin's favorite theme. He has scarcely a letter in which no reference to it is made, and his opinion of it is not high, although he takes a judicial rather than an aggressive attitude. It discovers, he says, "a singular mixture of dignity and servility. The more I see of this people the more I am struck with these opposite traits. Here are few men who have not two characters, which they put off and resume at pleasure. The moment a man is addressed, he either disciplines himself to a demeanor of inferiority, or assumes an air of importance, suitable to the opinion he thinks is entertained of his presence. Of all characters, that is least respectable, which is now the lion, presently the sheep. I have seen at a coffee house a man, who, in the pride of his importance, challenged the whole conversation, and enjoyed that preëminence which was tacitly allowed, sink suddenly into annihilation the moment another person entered the room."

As the commonest American criticism is of the English reserve of manner and the commonest English complaint is of American aggressiveness, his analysis is both pointed

and penetrating. "This *repelling* trait of character," he says again, "for which the English are noted, does not arise, in my opinion, entirely from their dispositions. In a country like this, a commercial country, where the interests of each individual interferes in some form or other with his neighbor's, where the people mutually thrive at each other's expense, and where even the pious, if they put up a prayer in the morning for a blessing on the day, the substance of it must be the overreaching of their fellows. Among such, there is no room for cordiality, and when attentions are proffered, their motive ought to be suspected. . . . Thank God, the United States are rather an *agricultural,* than a commercial, country; otherwise, in spite of the Constitution, our republic would soon be lost in an odious aristocracy, and what is still worse, a *commercial* aristocracy, which experience proves to be the most inexorable, relentless, and cold-blooded of all tyrannies."

Among the best passages in the Austin letters are the analyses of the leaders of the House and bar. His political sympathies are apparent, as when he describes Fox: "Though slovenly in his appearance, unwieldy in his person, and ungracious in his manners, though his voice is disagreeably shrill, his words frequently indistinct, and his action generally embarrassed, yet he has scarcely begun, before you are solicitous to approach nearer the man. . . . If heaven did not render nations mad, before she destroyed them, the voice of Fox, raising itself in the midst of corruption, false politics, and the abuses of a full century, would yet be heard." He describes Pitt with equal vigor and completeness, although he adds: "Had not Mr. Pitt labored his days in the opposition, he would have discovered himself a much greater orator, and a much nobler man."

Erskine, Gibbs, and Garrow sit for similar portraits, and

the letters stop abruptly in the midst of these striking analyses. Whether Austin obtained his information from first-hand observation or from a careful study of other sources, he had both facts and an ability to make them alive in every subject upon which he touched. His book as a whole forms an admirable, though hardly favorable, essay on the state of English society of the day, and the travel-letter form gives him a greater opportunity for tossing his ideas about and following his whims than would a more formal treatise on the subject.

Mordecai M. Noah's *Travels in England, France, Spain, and the Barbary States in the Years 1813, 1814, and 1815* is likewise inclined to be anti-British. When he was forced to stop in England in 1813, Noah, a young Jew who later gained considerable prominence as an editor and judge, was on his way to take up the post of consul for the city and kingdom of Tunis. He had applied for the appointment with the deliberate intention of using it as a means of seeing the world and of obtaining "the most authentic information, in relation to the situation, character, resources, and numerical force of the Jews in Barbary."

The schooner in which he sailed for France was of "about 160 tons, extremely sharp and narrow, and had been originally pierced for 14 guns; being at present converted into a letter of marque and laden with cotton, she carried but two nine pounders, and eighteen remarkably fine looking men." It was not long before her warlike status was apparent, for, after giving unsuccessful chase to a fleet of merchantmen, she herself was boarded by a British frigate. The adventures of the American consul for the next few weeks consisted in being transferred from one British war vessel to another and given a thorough and courteous demonstration of the British naval strength and success in the

American war, after which he was landed, against his will, at Plymouth, and allowed free rein within the island, merely being required to report once a fortnight at the Alien Office.

He and his friend then proceeded to see as much as they could of England before they were ordered to leave and to proceed on their journey. Their observations were confined chiefly to London, as their time was short, but they visited the conventional tourist shrines with almost the conventional attitude. There is nothing particularly noteworthy in Noah's comments. The chief interest in these first sixty pages of his book rests in his reading of the English character. In it he finds no very strong traits "which mark the difference between the Englishman and the American; speaking the same language, possessing the same religion, pursuing the same habits, and boasting of the same origin, they are only distinct in peculiarities. . . . The Englishman, fortified by insurmountable habits, views every other nation with cold indifference. . . . Reserved and frequently haughty, they keep foreigners of equal, and sometimes of better minds and qualifications, at a distance. . . . There is, nevertheless, a sincerity in the friendship of an Englishman, which covers many of his defects; his acts of kindness are extensive and permanent, and when friendship is formed, it is generally predicated on a basis of unlimited confidence. . . . To acquire this friendship, you must be long known, thoroughly tested, and go through all the formalities of coldness, repulsion, and haughtiness, before smiles, cordiality, or favor arrives."

English women impressed him rather more favorably than English men. "An English woman," he says, "prides herself upon her domestic qualities, which however humble, are indispensable to real happiness; they seem to know their sphere, and are more than respectable in the bosoms of their

family. To complexions the most dazzling, and faces generally beautiful, they unite a disproportion of figure, an awkward gait, an ungraceful mode of dress."

The Americans amused themselves by going to the theater, but as they had arrived in the summer, Covent Garden and Drury Lane were closed, and the Lyceum and the Pantheon alone were open. The Lyceum was "fashionably filled but not crowded," Noah says, and when "a new piece from the pen of a Mr. Barker, called *Sharp and Flat*" was presented, "I had the occasion to observe the effect of rivalry among authors and theaters. The house was a scene of confusion; whistles, cat-calls, shrieks and screams, prevented a word being heard; it was all pantomime, and the actors were saluted by oranges, apples, and other missiles; the curtain dropped amidst these howlings; and I heard the same play announced for the next evening, as if a riot of this nature had been confidently anticipated. I saw it afterwards tranquilly performed; it had no great defects which warranted a reception so uncourteous." Later he visited the Pantheon and found a play being performed by an "indifferent company of comedians, and to a thin house. I noticed that during the performance, one of the musicians was employed in running his fingers over the keys of the piano forte, without producing any connection of notes, yet was sufficiently loud to disturb the performance. On my inquiring into the object of this curious step, I learned that the Pantheon was only permitted to exhibit operas by their patent; and while they were performing a comedy, in which there was no music or singing, it was decided that a few notes from the orchestra during the acts, were all that was required by the patent, in its technical construction."

On his departure, Noah takes occasion to summarize his attitude toward the English and their country. "I left

them," he says, "with more favorable impressions in regard to character, institutions, morality, and religion, than I had previously taught myself to expect," but past history as well as present rivalry, the very forces which linked the two nations in social instincts, made it necessary, he thought, for the United States to consider the British nation as a permanent enemy. The British Government could not help viewing with uneasiness a nation "once their subjects, now their equals . . . with a population nearly equal to theirs and territory and resources, far superior." Constant preparedness could be the only insurance of safety for the new nation.

Noah's anti-British feelings were based on political rather than literary considerations. In the comments of John Neal, who visited England ten years later, we find a prejudice based on the other aspect of the debate between the two nations. Neal was a Yankee of the Yankees, the direct antithesis of Irving in his personality as well as in his reactions to England. His reasons for going abroad were typical of his character. Figuratively speaking, he rose from a dinner table where the subject of discussion had been Sydney Smith's "Who reads an American book?" and took the next packet in order to answer the question on the spot for himself.

Neal was as angry as the best of them, but he neither indulged in the measured reasoning of Walsh nor the caustic satire of Paulding. He was a man of action. He argued that, since the English themselves would not say anything fair about the Americans, the only way to bring them to terms was for an American to force himself by sheer nerve into the English journals and then to write what he considered the truth about his country and countrymen. His hope

was that he "might do something, so American, as to secure the attention of Englishmen."

With this determination to shock, he set out, prepared to be as critical as he saw fit and to stop at nothing. The experiment was an immense success. After the unfortunate experience in London of being locked out of his lodgings at night, and forced to sleep in an ale-house, he presented his letter to Leslie. The result was that he obtained the rooms where, not many years previously, Washington Irving had written the *Sketch Book*—"a drawing room, and little dark bedroom adjoining, with board at, I believe, three guineas a week." Soon thereafter he met Jeremy Bentham through submitting some of his articles to the *Westminster Review,* and the old philosopher, who still enjoyed anything sensational, gave him quarters in his own house—the same rooms which a few years before had been occupied by Aaron Burr.

Bentham was an old man at the time and left the management of his household to a shrew of a housekeeper. Needless to say, it was not long before the American was threatening to pitch the "large, robust, vulgar woman" out the window, chair and all. When Neal reported the matter to Bentham, he discharged the woman, but his biographer, John Bowring, quotes Bentham as saying that he would as soon have a rattlesnake in his house as the American, an expression of feeling which Neal indignantly denies with the assertion that he and Bentham had always been on the best of terms. Besides, Bowring and Neal were at swords' points throughout the entire time that they were both connected with the *Westminster Review.*

The success of Neal's venture, as well as the character of the man, may be judged by his own statement. In his *Wandering Recollections,* written many years later, when

he felt he could point to this youthful adventure with undisguised pride, he says that, before six months were over, he had succeeded so far as to get papers about America and American affairs, American literature, and American art, into *Blackwood,* the *New Monthly,* the *Old Monthly,* the *London Magazine,* the *New European,* the *Oriental Herald,* the *Westminster,* and the *European.* "When it is remembered, that, up to this period, May, 1824, no American writer had ever found his way into any one of these periodicals, and that American affairs were dealt with in short, insolent paragraphs . . . it must be admitted, I think, that my plan was both well-conceived, and well-carried out."

To add to his conquest, Blackwood accepted *Brother Jonathan,* the book which he had written on the boat on his way to England, and on his return, *Authorship, a Tale,* was published in America (1830), although written in England. This latter story presents his fresh impressions of his travels. It is a curious mixture of story and travelogue. In so far as it is the latter, its caustic criticism of the romantically inclined American tourist makes it almost a precursor of *Innocents Abroad,* without the humor. Through the early pages, the story is a mere excuse for the expression of Neal's views on various questions connected with travel. A mysterious lady, hovering in the offing, is barely enough to carry the reader through pages of comment on Westminster Abbey, the Isle of Wight, and English inns. "The *Quarterly Review,*" says Neal, "has declared Westminster Abbey to be *a part of the British Constitution;* and supposes that Americans go abroad chiefly to see that and other similar passages of what never existed—the British Constitution."

Among the sights which attracted his eye were "a crowd of people, with their hands in their pockets, running about

after a guide, all bare-headed and most of them with lips blue and teeth chattering—perhaps with awe—perhaps with cold; . . . a party of sober people, who had come to the show and paid their sixpences a little too late, galloping after the guide, just near enough to be always a little too late for whatever he had to say; . . . a marble countess on her way up to a marble sky—with a chair of state placed for her in the clouds, and a marble cherub, who occupied another chair, waiting for her to arrive. I saw men of a warlike shape armed cap-a-pie, with wigs on." Finally, he mentions an array of "wax heroes and kings fairly set up for show in the habiliments of the toy-shop among the sepulchers and solitudes of Westminster Abbey!"

The descriptions of the Abbey in Irving, Addison, and the *Quarterly* are Neal's chief objects of attack. "Others may be able to see more," he adds scornfully, "especially if they go to the Abbey when it is getting dark," but as far as he was concerned it seemed a perplexing mixture of barbaric grandeur and barbaric atrocity.

Of English scenery, he was not unappreciative. The Portsmouth shore, "as it lay glittering afar off through the thin haze and over the smooth beautifully shadowed sea," was as impressive as anything in America, and the huge trees in their autumn foliage and sunset colors, "had a beauty of their own, a beauty that we never see in the New World, a sort of pomp which is not the pomp of the wilderness, and a sort of wealth which is not the wealth of our everlasting woods, but graver and quieter."

His greatest eloquence is reserved for English inns, particularly the Pavilion Hotel, at Brighton, "where I *put up* (with more than ever mortal did before) on my way to Portsmouth," and the Sand Rock Hotel on the Isle of Wight. The experiences at the latter hostelry occupy a full

two chapters, and the story must wait while its author reviews the discomforts and inconveniences to which he was submitted.

His hero's admission to the "high life" of London society brought him the acquaintance of a certain Sir George, an aged English gentleman who professed to having been in America.

" 'And how were you pleased with it, Sir George?' said one of the company, with a look which must have been thought very droll, for it set everybody alaughing.—'Delighted, I dare say?'

" 'Transported, sir.'

"Another laugh, in which I could not help joining with a remark which they appeared to enjoy exceedingly—

" ' . . . Transported, sir; and so was everybody else that I saw in America—from this country.' "

The question was left unsettled as to which of the parties concerned was the butt of the joke.

Neal's story is unique. He accomplished what he had set out to do, but it may be feared that he added one caricature to England's gallery of American portraits and did little to dispel the current belief that Americans of the day were lacking in taste.

Noah had been partially convinced that his original prejudice against the English character was unfounded. Alexander Slidell, an officer in the American Navy and the former captain of a merchant vessel, had similar feelings, but was even more willing to be convinced of their falsity. His first book, *A Year in Spain,* had been contributory to his friendship with Irving, and his second, *The American in England,* was rather more widely read than most works of the kind. "It is, perhaps, but fair to admit," he says in his introduction, "that the author did set out with some

feeling of animosity towards England—a feeling engendered in his bosom by the calumnious depreciation of his own country by British writers, actuated by the desire, through the misrepresentation of our institutions and national character, to promote their own personal interests, or react in the interest of conservative principles upon public opinion at home. . . . This, however, has yielded almost entirely to his own personal observation." His feeling was that the most enlightened Englishmen, who were not represented by the travelers who came to America, did not suffer from jealousy for their defeat at the hands of the Americans, but were rather pleased and interested by the growing prosperity and enlightenment of the younger country.

Bad eyes, likewise, contributed to Slidell's discomfort and increased a sense of depression which is manifest in many passages. His book is one of moods, and he avoided descriptions of the beauties of English scenery and the magnificence of England's industries on the ground that these subjects had already been discussed at too great length and with undue enthusiasm.

There is more character and literary style in this work, however, than in the majority. Two subjects awakened his genuine interest, the sea and humanity, and on these he writes with freedom and genuine appreciation. At Brighton he was disgusted with the hypocritical show and took his chief pleasure in going out at night on the esplanade leading to the Pier, where he stretched out at full length on the rude bench, and, wrapping his cloak about him, listened to the sea.

His description of the crossing is both more intelligent and more keenly enthusiastic than that of the average traveler. The sea, in all her moods and aspects, was to him a familiar topic. Even the land, if viewed from the deck

of a vessel, might appear picturesque. He landed at Portsmouth and describes the southern coast as the vessel skirted it: "Yarmouth, Newtown, and Cowes, came and went like magic; these were quickly followed by a continuous fleet of windbound ships, which we passed within the toss of a biscuit—by pleasure yachts moored in the bays—gigs and fishing boats lining the strand—by Gothic churches rising at frequent intervals, the venerable shrines of a pure and heartfelt religion—and by the charming residences of a rich and most tasteful people. There were beautiful cottages surrounded by hay-ricks, hedges and gardens; French and Elizabethan châteaux, with formal walks and alleys; or admirable imitations of antique castles overrun with ivy."

For some reason, Slidell is at his best when at a distance from the scene he is describing. When Dewey climbed the dome of St. Paul's and saw all London spread out before him, he felt himself "disposed to moralize," but Slidell, in the same position, maintains his critical detachment: "I fancied that I could trace out the situation of London in a species of basin enclosing the Thames," he says, "and surrounded by an amphitheater of hills, so low as scarce to merit the name. The whole of this immense space was covered with the habitations of man. In general they were roofed with red tile or black slate; and from every chimney arose a thread of fleecy smoke, which, incorporating itself with the black canopy which overspread the metropolis, overhung the whole scene with a species of secondary and artificial night. . . .

"The mass of habitations was everywhere interspersed with the steeples of churches. . . . Intermingled with the steeples, chimneys of enormous height rose solitary and unsustained. They were connected with steam-engines and manufactories, and were perpetually vomiting forth, as if in

rivalry, a smoke as dense and infernal as that of Vesuvius when on the eve of an eruption.

"On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, the solid mass was seen to extend itself, except only in the direction of the wind, where the smoke being less, it was possible to determine its limits. Even there the compact masses of buildings continued along the great avenues, occasionally expanding into vast suburbs. The frequent occurrence of reserved squares, planted with trees, . . . was the most pleasing feature in the character of a scene which had little in it that was attractive.

"Below the last bridge the scene was of a different character, for there the port of London might be said to commence, and commerce displayed herself in her most active and imposing forms. Far in the distance, a forest of masts and yards, mingling with the habitations, showed where stood those immense artificial basins, the docks of London, which the enterprise of her citizens has hollowed out to give security to commerce. Opposite to the entrances of these, large ships might be seen. . . . Between these and the London Bridge were masses of inferior vessels, lying in solid tiers, and moored head and stern. There were colliers and coasting-vessels, which were discharging their cargoes in lighters, to be carried to the various coal yards along the river, to supply, with one of its most urgent and universal wants, so vast a population. . . .

"In the street below . . . were equipages of every possible kind, and all sorts of vehicles, whether luxurious or useful. The noises were unbounded and deafening; for this was the most busy and populous part of the busiest and most populous city in the world. The bells rang; the wheels clattered; the hoofs of the struggling horses resounded on the pavement. . . . I was deafened by the clamor. The

noise, the atmosphere, the combination of ill odors, the smoke and sooty particles which floated in the air . . . all combined to overpower me with languor and exhaustion."

Slidell's book preserves a nice balance between the two extremes of anti-British and pro-British prejudice, but he is rather too conscious of both sentiments to state his own feeling with any uniformity. He is critical and enthusiastic by turns, a trait which adds variety and interest, if not consistency to his narrative.

These men, with the exception of Cooper, Jefferson, and a few others, were the most anti-British of all the American travelers. Many others refer to the social and literary misunderstandings between the two nations, but usually in a tone more of regret than of bitterness. Others, and perhaps the majority, speak as though no differences existed, and accept England in terms of her revered past or her living present. Certain it is that, once in England on a worthy mission, the American had little to complain of in the Englishman's welcome. Neal's own reception is a striking case in point.

II

The most important figure in the controversy and the harshest critic of England among all these travelers was James Fenimore Cooper. The fact that his criticism was vigorous, founded firmly on seasoned theories of government, and in many essentials justified by subsequent events is often obscured by the more obvious fact that it frequently sounds ill-tempered and, in its expression, not always consistent. Cooper's name belongs with those of Carlyle, Ruskin, Mill, and Emerson as a penetrating critic of nineteenth century social conditions as well as with that of Scott as a

popular writer of romantic fiction. His two-edged commentary on America and Europe occupied the central portion of his life, and not only did it turn his novels from the open avenues of art to the less pleasant ones of propaganda, but it produced his *Notions of the Americans* and his ten volumes on European scenery, society, and government, which may be grouped (although published by him as separate studies) under the single title of *Gleanings in Europe 1826-33*. The custom of Cooper's critics has been to hasten over or to gloss over these years and their literary products as an interlude of blindness in the career of a great artist, the beginnings of that unfortunate series of controversies with the press and public which so damaged his reputation that it was many years before it even began to recover. The reason for this attitude is that Cooper was already becoming involved in controversy when he wrote these books and their temporal significance has largely clouded the real basis of thought which prompted them.

The penetrating comment that Cooper was "an aristocrat in feeling, and a democrat by conviction" [5] is a necessary premise to a discussion of his excessively paradoxical position. He was charged with having defended America when he was in England, only to return and defend England at the expense of his own country. This accusation is superficial, but has in it the elements of truth, as have the statements that he was temperamentally a Puritan who could not appreciate the Puritans; that he was the first novelist to depict primitive American life with fidelity and yet misunderstood and spurned his countrymen; and numerous other contradictory interpretations of his character. The simple fact is that his temperament was too passionate to keep step with his thought.

[5] T. R. Lounsbury, *James Fenimore Cooper*, p. 82.

As a young man, Cooper was in England at least twice. When it was suggested by the authorities that he leave Yale College because of a frolic in which he had been involved, his father put him on a merchant vessel in preparation for a career in the Navy. He was seventeen when his ship first put in at the port of London in 1806. It has been frequently suggested that the picture of English society which Cooper draws in his first novel, *Precaution,* was second hand, but one chief source of his knowledge has been rather neglected. In his *Gleanings in England,* he tells us that a certain old custom-house officer named Swinburne, formerly the personal domestic of an English gentleman, regaled him with the lore of the servants' hall for a week and then escorted him to the West End and reverentially pointed out the scenes of these romantic and mysterious happenings. Among other adventures, says Cooper, "Mr. Swinburne bristled close up to me . . . and putting his hand to his mouth, as we passed a quiet old gentleman, he whispered ominously, 'An Earl'!" Later the performance was repeated when its object was Horne Tooke, and the enthusiastic young American ran after this dignified and celebrated personage for some distance in order to get a better look at him.

Later, Cooper took a fellow sailor over the same ground and one of the sights of the trip was an elderly lady, followed by a gentleman in black whom the Americans took to be a minister. What was their surprise when this "minister" stepped aside with all the deference of the footman he was, took off his hat, and opened the door for the lady when she arrived at her residence.

His view of England on this trip was not extensive, but he recalled later that it had moved him to theorize on the English idea of liberty. The two sailors were debating

whether to enter Green Park or not when a gentleman came up and said, "Go in, my lads; this is a free country, and you have as much right there as the King." This attitude of considering the entrance to a royal park as a favor, says Cooper, "left ground for reflection on the essential difference in principle that exists between a state of things in which the community receive certain privileges as concessions, and that in which power itself is merely a temporary trust, delegated directly and expressly by the body of the people." Such was the basis of his later criticism of society.

This experience, together with his reading of the novels of English life, then so popular, and perhaps some information gained from his wife's English relatives, furnished the material for the almost accidental writing of *Precaution* in 1820. Hints of the later critic of aristocracy are almost as scant in this novel as are its promises of the author's future fictional power. For the most part, he accepts the dicta of fashionable London in questions of manners and morals, and his one point of adverse criticism, personified in the character of Mrs. Wilson, is his comment on the irreligious tendency of the times, especially manifest in the difficulty of keeping holy the Sabbath in the society of London, "where the influence of fashion has supplanted the laws of God." But the novel as a whole conforms to its English pattern and it was even issued anonymously with the implication that it had been written by an English author. For this one instance of the current subserviency to England in literary matters, Cooper amply atoned by his later writings.

When he next went abroad in 1826 it was as the head of a party of ten, comprising his wife, children, and servants, and as a writer of international reputation. He had turned from the English to the American scene and had enjoyed

a decade of sensational success at home and abroad, especially on the Continent. The English reviews had at last deigned to recognize him as "the American Scott," an epithet sufficiently condescending but not particularly welcome to his independence of spirit. Scott himself, as well as Mary Russell Mitford, Barry Cornwall, Maria Edgeworth, and others, had declared themselves his unqualified admirers. His friend, Samuel F. B. Morse, who was on the Continent in 1829, bears further testimony to his foreign reputation. "In every city of Europe that I visited," he writes, "the works of Cooper were conspicuously placed in the windows of every bookshop. . . . They have been seen by American travelers in the languages of Turkey and Persia, in Constantinople, in Egypt, at Jerusalem, at Ispahan."

"It is my intention," Cooper wrote to his English publisher just before sailing, "to remain in Europe a year or two. My object is my own health and the instruction of my children in the French and Italian languages. Perhaps there is also a little pleasure concealed in the bottom of the cup." His stay in Europe, which at first he had planned should be short, extended to seven years, and he even feared, like many another transatlantic traveler, that he would never return.

"Four years in Europe are an age to the American," he says in his preface to *Switzerland,* Part II, "as are four years in America to the European. Jefferson has somewhere said that no American ought to be more than five years, at a time, out of his own country, lest he get *behind* it. This may be true, as to its *facts;* but the author is convinced that there is more danger of his getting *before* it, as to *opinion.* It is not improbable that this book may furnish evidence of both of these truths."

During these years he was engaged in writing a series of

novels, the first of which, *The Prairie, Red Rover, The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish,* and *The Water Witch,* were on American themes, and the last of which, *The Bravo, The Heidenmauer,* and *The Headsman* were located on the Continent. Although none of these stories deals with England, a study of them, especially with reference to incidental passages, furnishes an excellent introduction to their author's transition from pure fiction to political and social propaganda. In 1828 appeared his anonymous *Notions of the Americans; Picked up by a Traveling Bachelor,* his only direct statement at this time of his criticism of society.

The first four of these novels are significant chiefly for their intense, almost belligerent Americanism. Cooper, looking back on his country from across the water, was proud of her, especially of her history, and set out to vindicate her by a wider range of subject matter than that of his earlier novels. He wrote of the Puritans, of the early shipping in New York and Rhode Island, and of the great middle western prairie, instead of concentrating his attention on his own wilderness of northern New York. But even in these novels, the seeds of his later debates are apparent. In *Red Rover* he takes occasion to make some disparaging implications on the English character, particularly in the matter of deference to presumed hereditary rank in the person of the Captain of the *Dart;* while in the preface to *The Water Witch* he criticizes the "virtuous and infallible voters" of America who have decreed that there shall be no more estates. "The curse of mediocrity weighs upon us," he exclaims, but in the same book he compares the youthful vigor of America in "covering the wilds of the West with the happiest fruits of human industry," to the Queen of the Adriatic "sleeping on her muddy isles," and to Rome itself, living only in its antiquities. The double-edged quality of

his criticism is apparent thus early. Even in his intellectual enthusiasm for democracy and progress, the aristocrat in him finds a discordant note in American crudity; and in the despised limitations of Old World society the same aristocrat discovers a congenial warmth of culture.

Again, in the *Wept of Wish-ton-Wish,* he speaks in his preface of the Europeans, who, "accustomed to despotic governments," naturally gave the title of "King" to Indian chiefs; and he, later in his story, goes into a considerable analysis of American civilization. In Europe, he says, "the arts of life have been the fruits of an intelligence that has progressively accumulated with the advancement of civilization; while here improvement is in a degree the consequence of experience elsewhere acquired." It is therefore dangerous to generalize from single phenomena, for "in order to understand the actual condition of these states, it should be remembered that it is equally unjust to believe that all the intermediate points partake of the improvements of particular places, as to infer the want of civilization at more remote establishments, from a few unfavorable facts gleaned near the center."

These identical factors in his criticism are even more apparent in the *Notions of the Americans.* Cooper, like many another ardently patriotic American, resented the charges of the English traveler in America, and to this resentiment was added a reading of the reviews and a personal contact with Englishmen, chiefly during his travels on the Continent. On his way to France in July, 1826, he had spent a little over a week in England, and in 1828, he lived in London something over two months. On the knowledge gained during these two brief visits, he based his criticism of England and the English. It was enough, however, to bring his resentment to the point where he felt the neces-

sity of an answer to the English charges. His one fictitious travel book was published immediately upon his return to the Continent.

The primary object of his attack in this book is the English traveler in America. His letters are supposed to have been written by one of these gentlemen who, having met an American, by name Cadwallader, in Europe, and having been struck with the manliness and liberality of his character, decided to visit America for himself and find out the truth of the matter. Cadwallader carefully prepared his itinerary and his mind, furnishing him with such data and opportunities as he thought needful. The result was a trip and thereafter a book which exhibits America at her best, and Cooper does not hesitate to color, yet he never misstates, his facts. His America is dangerously near to Paradise, and yet he is accurate as far as he goes. His study gives exactly what he promised it would, the other side of the picture. The English traveler had already portrayed in full the black side of America and the American traveler; all that was left was white.

Cooper's attitude is not vindictive. He explains rather than reviles the blindness of the visitor from England. His natural instinct, says Cooper, is to compare the new country with the old, and he would be more than human if he did not, consciously or unconsciously, blacken the one in favor of the other. The very fact that he considers America sufficiently on a par with England for comparison proves a great truth in favor of the former. "What should we think of the boy whose intellect, and labors, and intelligence were drawn into bold and invidious comparison with those of aged and experienced men!"

His criticism of the American social state is a thoroughgoing idealization, exhibited for English and not American

eyes. Its starting point is the advantage gained by an absence of hereditary rank. "Servility," he says, "forms no part of the civilization of New England, though civility be its essence." And he generalizes from this to the conclusion that "the great desideratum of the social compact would then seem to be, to produce such a state of things as shall call the most individual enterprise into action, while it should secure a proper consideration for the interests of the whole." This state of affairs, he finds, in general, to be the true one, but in the same passage in which he proclaims the virtues of wealth and industry in commercial New York he implies a distaste for the sordid money-seekers who may, by the laws of democracy, sit at the same banquet table with the cultivated and urbane scion of one of "the principal and longest established families." The instinctive reaction of the author's temperament to the results of the democracy which he is so enthusiastic about in theory is apparent even in this panegyric on America.

The other side of the story is also told, although incidentally, in the pages of the *Traveling Bachelor*. The faults of the Americans in matters of taste, such as an over-emphasis on food and the use of carpets, is attributed to the hereditary or commercial influences of England, and frequently direct comments on English life are brought in by way of contrast with affairs in America. "The tendency of everything in England," he says, "is to aristocracy. I can conceive that the King of England might very well set a fashion in the pronunciation of a word," for his dictum would easily find its way down through her "powerful, wealthy, hereditary, but subsidizing aristocracy." He confesses that this state of affairs somewhat puzzles him. "Beyond a doubt," he says further, "what is called English high society is more repulsive, artificial, and cumbered, and, in

short, more absurd and frequently less graceful than that of any other European nation. Still the English are a rational, sound, highly reasoning, manly and enlightened people. It is difficult to account for the inconsistency."

In the *Traveling Bachelor,* Cooper's denunciation of the English social order is firm, but not as yet bitter. He discusses many aspects of America's spirit, but he always returns to the principles of honesty, integrity, and industry which he finds at the root of her character. He presents her as a young nation which has still much to learn, but which is acquiring knowledge rapidly. With her democratic form of government he is in complete accord, but he is equally free to recognize her crudity, though here only by implication. He looks forward to the day when America will have an aristocracy of culture rather than of inherited rank. "I am of opinion," he says, "the two nations might benefit a good deal by a critical examination of each other. Indeed, I think the American has, and does, daily profit by his observation, though I scarce know whether his kinsman is yet disposed to admit that he can learn by the study of a people so new, so remote, and so little known, as those of the United States." The book was addressed to the English people, and its tone, on the whole, is conciliatory. His interest is not primarily in the weaknesses of the English state and character, but rather in the ignorance of America prevalent abroad. Nevertheless, his deep-rooted prejudices and principles are already apparent. He shows himself an ardent, and yet, even in this eulogy, a critical believer in democracy in government, and in aristocracy of merit in personal relationships. To the social weaknesses of democracy and the hypocritical intolerance of an aristocratic form of government he allows no quarter.

In his following four novels Cooper's obsession with the

idea of social liberty became more and more dominant until, in *The Monikins,* it reached its height in involved satire. "A history of the progress of political liberty," he says in his preface to *The Bravo,* "written purely in the interests of humanity, is still a desideratum in literature." These four novels, together with his *Gleanings,* may be regarded as Cooper's contribution to this end. "Governments are usually called either monarchies or republics," he says again. "The former class embraces equally those institutions in which the sovereign is worshipped as a god, and those in which he performs the humble office of a manikin. In the latter we find aristocracies and democracies blended in the same generic appellation. The consequence of a generalization so wide is an utter confusion on the subject of the polity of states." He then continues with the interesting theory that small republics are more likely to err than large, because in the latter, the popular interests are sufficiently diverse to prevent the dominance of sinister passion.

His story is an analysis of the actual despotic character of the so-called republic of Venice and must be judged chiefly as a tract in illustration of his adverse criticism of such a social order. As narrative it is heavy and dull. His conclusion is that the failure of the Venetian Republic "teaches the necessity of widening the foundations of society until the base shall have a breadth capable of securing the just representation of every interest, without which the social machine is liable to interruption from its own movement, and eventually to destruction from its own excesses."

It will not be necessary to follow the development of this theory through Cooper's next two novels, *The Headsman,* which deals with the republic of Switzerland, and *The Heidenmauer,* which carries the reader back to an analysis of such social liberty as formed the rule of the Benedictine

monasteries of the Rhine. The author's entire absorption in his quest is witnessed by the concluding words of the latter novel: "To this tradition—true or false—we attach no importance. Our object has been to show . . . the reluctant manner in which the mind of man abandons old, to receive new, impressions," and the eternal antagonism between selfishness and inherent good throughout the history of the conflict.

The Monikins is Cooper's most extensive excursion into the fields of the political and social sciences. It is in the form of an allegory, after the fashion of the last book of *Gulliver's Travels,* of *Penguin Island,* and of other satires in which the habits and abilities of the human species are transferred, on the terms of a given principle, to animals of some sort, and are thereby exhibited in an extreme and presumably illuminating guise. The animals in this case apparently derive their name from a crossing of the words "manikin" and "monkey"; they have the nature and appearance of monkeys, but they act consistently according to their principles, as we might presume that manikins would. They are divided into the two nations of Leaphigh (England) and Leaplow (America), and the governments and social conditions in the two furnish commentaries on their parallels in the real countries which Cooper wished to satirize.

In this novel, Cooper has resorted again to the device of fictitious authorship. He pretends that a manuscript by an English gentleman, John Goldencalf, Viscount Householder, has fallen into his hands, and that his function has been merely that of an editor. The name itself is part of the allegory. This gentleman has inherited a vast sum of money and determines to attain happiness through philanthropy, and philanthropy through the "social stake" the-

ory. This theory is best given in Goldencalf's own words: "Happiness is the aim of society; and property, or a vested interest in that society, is the best pledge of our disinterestedness and justice, and the best qualification for its proper control. It follows as a legitimate corollary that a multiplication of those interests will increase the stake, and render us more and more worthy of the trust by elevating us as near as may be to the pure and etherial condition of the angels." Acting on this theory, Goldencalf buys first a rotten borough, then a title, and finally lands, slaves, and shares in commercial companies all over the world. The satire on the English reverence for property is apparent.

The second and more intricate phase of the allegory opens when, in the company of an American sea captain, Noah Poke, Goldencalf meets some citizens of the land of Leaphigh and returns with them to their country. Here he finds that the monkeys have a highly organized society, the basis of which is social caste. Each citizen is classified and numbered, and all fit into their respective niches with the servility and accuracy of parts of a well-regulated machine. The very exaggeration of the picture renders the whole system ludicrous, as when the archbishop is much relieved at hearing that England has a national church, and he does not inquire into the question of whether Goldencalf is pagan or Presbyterian in his faith. "We shall meet in heaven some day!" he exclaims, with holy delight; "men or monikins, it can make no great difference, after all."

Neither is Cooper's satire of American social organization notable for its gentleness. When the travelers arrive in that land, they are confronted with election posters in which the same candidate is proclaimed, on the one hand, a known patriot, an approved legislator, a profound philosopher, and an incorruptible statesman, while on the other

he is denounced as a bigamist, the father of seven illegitimate children, a bankrupt, and a sheep-stealer. The two parties making these statements are the Horizontal-Systematic-Indoctrinated-Republicans and the Perpendiculars.

In his comparison of the two societies, Cooper carries his satire even further. He derives the conclusion that in America (Leaplow) political and social facts are in advance of opinion because they go blindly ahead without guiding principle, while in England (Leaphigh) opinion is ahead of facts because facts are rooted to their bed of vested interest.

His allegorical picture of the governments of the two countries is ingenious. In England, the machine of state is a pillar resting on the tripod of the King, the nobles, and the people. If any one slip, the whole structure is doomed to fall. The Americans merely inverted this structure so that the tripod was on top with its legs up in the air. In this way they could be changed periodically and if any one made a blunder and fell, he would only break his own neck.

All of this is destructive and bitter criticism without a noticeable amount of leavening humor; but Cooper draws a long list of conclusions in his final chapter, some of which are ineffectual attempts to be clever, but a few of which are exceedingly pertinent:

"That of all the 'ocracies (aristocracy and democracy included) hypocrisy is the most flourishing."

"That nature has created inequalities in men and things, and, as human institutions are intended to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak, *ergo,* the laws should encourage natural inequalities as a legitimate consequence."

"That liberty is a convertible term, which means exclusive privileges in one country, no privileges in another, and *inclusive* privileges in all."

"That the whole people is not infallible, neither is a part of the people infallible."

"And finally:—

"That men have more of the habits, propensities, dispositions, cravings, antics, gratitude, flapjacks, and honesty of monikins, than is generally known."

Whatever may be said of the unreadability of *The Monikins* as a novel, or of its clumsiness as political and social satire, it must be accepted as a unique and vigorous commentary on two similar, yet contrastive, social orders. In addition, like all good social satire, it lays its final charge against human nature rather than against any particular social or political organism.

III

The Monikins was published in 1835. During the next three years Cooper devoted his attention to editing and publishing the letters which he had written from various countries of Europe to his friends and relatives in America. Most of these were issued simultaneously under different titles in England, France, and America. They may, however, be grouped under the general title of *Gleanings in Europe* as they embrace his observations on France, England, Switzerland, the Rhine, and Italy. Although addressed to some fifteen or more different people, and divided into separate works, they form a very well connected record of his years in Europe and repeat more of comment and sentiment than of narrative of events.

These letters, he says in his preface to *France*, "contain the passing remarks of one who has certainly seen something of the world, whether it has been to his advantage or not, who had reasonably good opportunities to examine

what he saw, and who is not conscious of being, in the slightest degree, influenced, 'by fear, favor, or the hope of reward.' "

His contemporaries, in so far as they noticed the volumes at all, accepted them on this basis. They were eager for entertaining comment on the passing show of the Old World, and an early reviewer, who obviously was inoculated against their real meaning, described them as "extremely amusing, light and piquant, and abounding in anecdotes."

The *Quarterly Review,* however, took a different attitude. The publication of *France* was greeted in April, 1837, as an entertaining and instructive criticism of France and, more particularly, America, by a writer of established European reputation. The implied references to English aristocracy contained in the volume are glossed over with supreme complacency. What was the Editor's horror, therefore, when *England* appeared the same year! "As a literary work," he cries in his rage, "it is really below contempt. . . . It has nothing solid but its ignorance. . . . The title should in truth have been *J. Fenimore Cooper, Esquire, in England, with Sketches of his Behavior in the Metropolis.*" The English critic who could patronize Irving, Rush, and Willis, and who could administer a lashing to the unfortunate Paulding, had at last met an antagonist to make him cringe.

As travel literature, apart from their social significance, these books have undoubted value. Cooper's descriptive powers, because of his experience as a novelist and his determination to express only what he saw in terms of his own mood, are equaled by Irving's alone, while in anecdote he is second to none but perhaps Willis. Few Americans enjoyed an opportunity equal to his for meeting the great

of the Old World. In France, Lafayette was his close and constant friend, and Scott, who was abroad in quest of materials for the last volumes of his *Napoleon*, met him at the home of the Princess Galitzin. A few days later, as Cooper was leaving his apartment one rainy morning, he saw a carriage drive up and from it step a large, heavy-molded man, somewhat gray, who limped a little and walked with a cane. The visitor was half way up the steps before Cooper realized that he was probably looking for him. Turning back, he hailed him on the landing. *"Est-ce Mons. Cooper, que j'ai l'honneur de voir?"* asked the "Unknown," in French, but with an indifferent accent.

"Monsieur, je m'appele Cooper."

"Eh bien, donc—je suis Walter Scott."

In a few moments the Scotchman was firmly entrenched in the comfortable *bergère* which Lafayette had quitted but a minute before, and the two were discussing like old friends, business, international copyright, experiences in writing and with publishers, and national characteristics. Scott sympathized with Cooper's expression of despondency after seeing his novels in proof, remarking "that he would as soon see his dinner again, after a hearty meal, as to read one of his own tales when he was fairly rid of it."

The next morning the two took breakfast together and met once more thereafter at the hotel of the Princess Galitzin, parting in the ante-chamber to renew their friendship later on the other side of the Channel. "The manner of Sir Walter Scott," concludes Cooper, "is that of a man accustomed to see much of the world without being exactly a man of the world himself. . . . I have seldom known a man of his years, whose manner was so different in a *tête-à-tête*, and in the presence of a third person."

Cooper's books on his continental travels are, however,

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

A lithograph by Newsam of a sketch by J. L. Boilly, probably made in Paris; in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

rather more notable for his description of natural scenery and his lively recounting of the ordinary incident of the journey, than for anecdotes of the great. The first volume of *France* and the two of *England* tell the story of his brief sojourns in the latter country. His description of the transatlantic passage in *France* is among the best written by an American. He sailed on an American packet, the *Hudson*, on June 1, 1826, from New York harbor and landed with his family at Cowes on July 2nd. The trip was a very usual one, but Cooper, with his nautical knowledge and experience, omits no detail which could make his narrative more vivid, colorful, or accurate. The mate of the vessel recognized him as a fellow seaman immediately, for, in mounting the side of the ship he had used the single technical expression, "send it an end." The result was that as soon as the other passengers were forced below, the sailor gave him a wink and remarked, "A clear quarter-deck! a good time to take a walk, sir." It was three days before the "land-birds" came crawling out one by one.

As the responsibility of his family was almost as heavy as would be the responsibility of a ship, the American kept in close touch with every movement of the boat or manifestation of the elements. The fact that a great number of ships had recently been lost made the captain steer a southerly course to avoid ice and shoals. One curious point which Cooper makes is the superstitious belief in the existence of rocks and shoals which had never been seen because they had always been so carefully avoided, but which nevertheless were charted. The "Three Chimneys," off the west coast of Ireland, is cited as an example.

The south coast of England presented a glorious view as they skirted it in the early morning. "The day was fine, clear, and exhilarating," says Cooper, "and the wind was

blowing fresh from the westward. Ninety-seven sail, which had come into the Channel, like ourselves, during the thick weather, were in plain sight. The majority were English, but we recognized the build of half the maritime nations of Christendom in the brilliant fleet. Everybody was busy, and the blue waters were glittering with canvas. A frigate was in the midst of us, walking through the crowd like a giant stepping among pigmies. Our own good vessel left everything behind her, also, with the exception of two or three other bright-sided ships, which happened to be as fast as herself." She was not a particularly good sailer at that, but her speed is attributed by Cooper to a general superiority of American seamen, whose sense of ownership and achievement made them eager to take advantage of every fair wind.

His first impression of the English was that they were less foreign than they had appeared to him on his earlier visits. He accounts for this by the fact that, in 1806, England had been isolated so long by wars that provincialisms of costume and manners were apparent in all walks of life. This had largely died out in twenty years and Englishmen were, in externals, more like the rest of the world, notably Americans.

In the "toy-town" of Cowes, with its tiny neat houses and narrow crooked streets, they stayed long enough to see the sights of the island; and he comments on their difficulty in becoming accustomed to the saltless butter, realizing at the same time his own provinciality in the criticism and improving the opportunity of pointing a moral to those travelers who judge everything abroad in the narrow terms of the things at home. "The moral," he notes, "will be complete when I add, that we, who were so fastidious about the butter at Cowes, after an absence of

nearly eight years from America, had the salt regularly worked out of all we ate, for months after our return home, protesting there was no such thing as good butter in America." In this casual confession lies the key to Cooper's later attitude toward his countrymen.

One of his first experiences with the English church was, like Irving's, with a country funeral, but in no passage is the contrast between the two men more apparent. Two bodies were brought in, laid out in coarse black coffins denoting the extreme of poverty. "The mourners," continues Cooper, "evidently struggled between natural grief and the bewilderment of their situation. The clergyman was a good looking young man, in a dirty surplice. Most probably he was a curate. He read the service in a strong voice, but without reverence, as if he were doing it by the job. In every way, short measure was dealt out to the poor mourners." Cooper and his companion followed him into the church and there found him accepting the funeral fee, while the graves were still open. It was "such a view," he exclaims, "as I had never before seen, and hope never to witness again. . . . In one ear was the hollow sound of the clod on the coffin; in the other the chinking of silver on the altar."

Carisbrooke Castle and Netley Abbey were the Coopers' first real taste of ruins, and the head of the household was moved to a particularly illuminating and Cooperesque bit of philosophy. "The greater force of the past than of the future on the mind," he says, "can only be the result of questionable causes. Our real concern with the future is incalculably the greatest, and yet we are dreaming over our own graves, on the events and scenes which throw a charm around the graves of those who have gone before us. Had we seen Netley Abbey, just as far advanced

towards completion, as it was, in fact, advanced towards decay, our speculations would have been limited by a few conjectures on its probable appearance, but gazing at it, as we did, we peopled its passages, imagined Benedictines stalking along its galleries, and fancied that we heard the voices of the choir, pealing among its arches."

When he first saw Westminster Abbey he did not roam about it in either a melancholy or a scoffing mood as had his countrymen, but instead he paused outside with the deepest sensations of reverence, more for the richness of its architecture than for its mere antiquity. "All the architecture of America united," he says, "would not assemble a tithe of the grandeur, the fanciful, or of the beautiful (a few imitations of Grecian temples excepted) that were to be seen in this single edifice." Among all the experiences which aroused "strong and excited feelings," Cooper places this view of Westminster Abbey as the first, for it was his introduction to the Gothic, "an acquaintance pregnant of more pure satisfaction, than any other it has been my good fortune to make since youth."

In London he found many Americans, for his country had "long been giving back its increase to England, in the shape of admirals, generals, judges, artists, writers, and *notion-mongers,*" but he attended to his business and hurried back to his party at Southampton, only to find that they had spent the week in doing little else than admire ruins. "The European who comes to America," he concludes, "plunges into the virgin forest with wonder and delight, while the American who goes to Europe finds his greatest pleasure, at first, in hunting up the memorials of the past. Each is in quest of novelty, and is burning with the desire to gaze at objects of which he has often read."

The trip back to Southampton was enlivened by the other

passengers in the coach; an English gentleman who admired nobility, a specimen of nobility itself, and a radical who was somewhat free in the expression of his opinions on both nobility and the Americans. Such a cross-section of English society furnished Cooper material for several pages in his best caustic style.

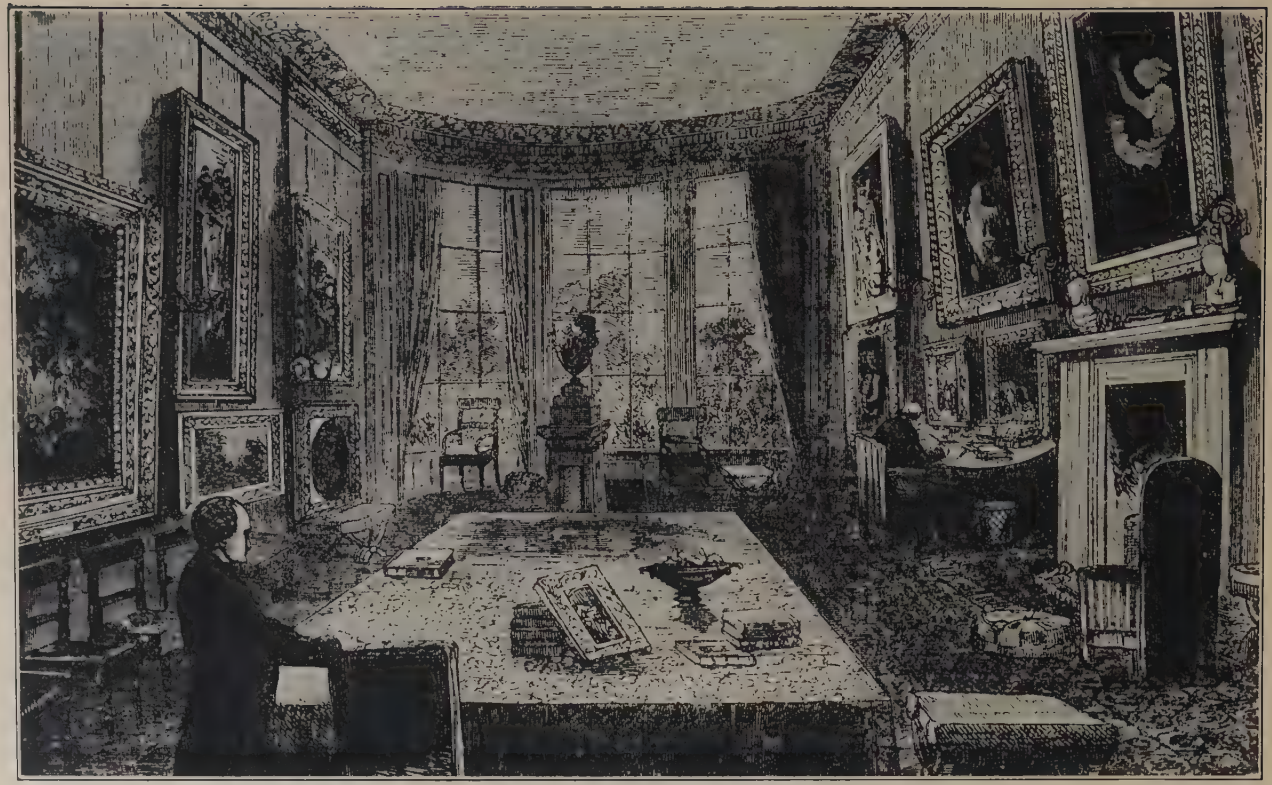
When the party returned to England in 1828, the background of Cooper's impressions was the mellow though turbulent culture of France rather than the raw vigor of America. The one point upon which his commentary had been favorable to England, the contrast of antiquity with crudity, was no longer fresh and vivid, while the emphasis upon caste in the continental social system made his chief object of adverse criticism seem even more oppressive to him. The result is that his antagonism to the English social order is strong at the start and becomes increasingly bitter as new evidences of its evils are added. His impressions of Dover are, however, favorable. "The place is both naturally and poetically fine," he says, "for, when one reflects that this accidental formation is precisely at the spot where the island is nearest to the Continent, it has the character of a magnificent gate-way to a great nation." But London he considered a "focus of coal-smoke," Windsor disappointing inside and out, and the Tower not at all imposing. To visit such conventional sights was to Cooper, in a sense, a weakness, and to describe them an unpardonable sin, unless the purpose were to correct popular error or probe to more essential meanings. Nevertheless, Westminster had still retained its qualified charm and St. Paul's its impression of grandeur. He gives a full description of the "antics of the House of Commons" which he finds quite as ineffectual as those of the American Congress, and the House of Lords appeared to him gentlemanly, quiet,

and unbusinesslike. He did a small share of sight-seeing, but he confesses that his purpose is to give a comparative study of manners rather than a description of scenes, and he devotes almost no space to the latter.

His contacts with English society furnished, however, more fruitful material. It was the Cooper habit to make a temporary home for themselves wherever they were, and it was not long before they were settled in a small house in St. James's Place with a tiny drawing room, quite plainly furnished, a dining room, and three bedrooms, with the use of offices, etc., for a guinea a day. The people of the house did the general work and cooking, while the Coopers' own man and maid did the personal service.

Cooper had consistently scorned the use of letters of introduction, partly because there was so much hypocrisy involved in the practice, and partly because he hestitated to force himself upon others. He had become acquainted, however, in Paris with a certain Mr. Spencer, who mistook the reasons for the American's hesitancy and undertook to write letters to Rogers, Campbell, Sotheby, and others. Had it not been for this enforced kindness, Cooper might have spent his full quota of time in London without his presence becoming known to any one of importance.

He had hardly been settled a fortnight when "a quiet little old man" appeared in his room and announced himself as William Godwin. He had confused Cooper with another of the same name, but the resultant conversation on American affairs was none the less cordial on both sides, howbeit the visitor's childlike ignorance of America somewhat grated on Cooper's sensitive patriotism. Nevertheless, he was impressed with Godwin's sincerity and freedom from cant, and confessed that several times he wished to pat the old man's bald head in approval.



BREAKFAST ROOM IN THE LONDON HOME OF SAMUEL ROGERS

From the Illustrated London News, January 5, 1856.

Samuel Rogers, however, was his first visitor from Mr. Spencer's list, and his call was the beginning of all Cooper's other knowledge of the London *élite*. An invitation to breakfast at the poet's home was speedily accepted. His house was almost as small as Cooper's, but was tastefully lined inside with pictures by the old masters, valuable books, literary curiosities, and rare relics of art. It was the "nucleus of the very best literary society of London," and its famous *petits déjeuners* were among the most exclusive of the fashionable festivities of the town—a curious haunt for the uncompromising American! Nevertheless Cooper found the society of his neighbor very enjoyable, if we may trust the testimony of his daughter, and spent many pleasant hours in this "charming *bijou* of a house." It was there that he met Chantry, the sculptor, the American artist, Leslie, Sir James Mackintosh, Richard "Conversation" Sharp, Lockhart, and Scott himself once more. In one of these gatherings Scott sat silent most of the time, but Mrs. Siddons, who was also of the party "dialogued to him in a very Shakespearean manner." The three, Scott, Rogers, and Cooper, later planned a party to visit Hampton Court, and the intimacy of the neighbors on St. James's Place is witnessed by a letter, dated December 25, 1835, from Rogers, in which he thanks Mrs. Cooper for a sugar cake, her children for Christmas wishes, and her husband for a fragment of a farming journal, adding the remark: "You say you are not reckoned a first-rate writer in America. Pray let us know who your rivals are. We are dying to know."

Sir James Mackintosh lived up to his customary hospitality to Americans by showing the Coopers marked attention, but it was at a dinner at the home of the rather unknown poet, Sotheby, that the American first met Cole-

ridge. After the ladies had retired, a remark on the unity of Homer called forth "not a discourse, but a dissertation" from Coleridge. For more than an hour he held the floor, with only occasional brief comment from his opponent, who was Sotheby. "His utterance was slow," continues Cooper, "every sentence being distinctly given, and his pronunciation accurate. There seemed to be a constant struggling between an affluence of words and an affluence of ideas, without either hesitation or repetition. His voice was strong and clear, but not pitched above the usual key of conversation. The only peculiarity about it was a slightly observable burring of the *r-r-r's*, but scarcely more than what the language properly requires . . . I was less struck by the logic than by the beauty of the language, and the poetry of the images."

The effect of this oration was to hush the company to silence. "Scott sat, immovable as a statue, with his little gray eyes looking inward and outward, and evidently considering the whole as an exhibition, rather than an argument," while Lockhart, catching Cooper's eye, expressed his comment by a hearty, though entirely silent, laugh. A half hour later they rose and Scott led the company "deliberately into a maze of petticoats and . . . let them play with his mane as much as they pleased."

In all this, Cooper was completely in his element, and was therefore scarcely critical at all. A charge has been brought against him that, after accepting English hospitality he returned only hostile criticism for their kindness, once the ocean intervened. If we accept his own testimony, he did nothing so out of keeping with the direct honesty of his character as this. By act as well as by word he made no attempt to court favor. When it was suggested that he might enjoy a presentation at a royal drawing room, his

convictions were sufficiently strong to make him refuse such a hollow show, and when invited to the most fashionable balls, he frequently refused to go or left early. At one dinner of this impersonally *élite* sort he was utterly ignored by all present, including the host, and, being a stranger, was unable to help himself. When the gentlemen had all entered the dining room with their respective ladies, the American followed in the company of a guest who later proved to be a member of the family, and found the lowest place at the table reserved for him. He was so infuriated by the slight that he made a cutting remark about British policy, which was whispered about the table amid much shaking of heads, and when the meal was finally concluded, he shook the dust off his feet in quitting the house. Such experiences, clearly the result of his uncompromising lack of sympathy with the English social order, did little to add to the pleasure of his brief stay in the country.

This was not, however, his usual experience. He could distinguish between the gentleman and the haughty fashionable. For Lord Holland and Earl Grey he has little but praise. Of the latter, he says: "I find that the English look upon this statesman with a little social awe, but I have now met him several times, and have dined twice with him at his own table, and so far from seeing, or rather *feeling*, any grounds for such a notion, I have been in the company of no distinguished man in Europe, so much my senior, with whom I have felt myself more at ease, or who has appeared to me better to understand the rights of all in a drawing room."

These personalities and anecdotes may serve to give Cooper's opinion of the English character and social organization rather better than his frequent bitter but penetrating generalizations. He found the Established Church "prosti-

tuting the meek doctrines of Christ;" he was disgusted at the obsequious attitude rather than delighted with the respectfulness of English servants; he regarded the snobbery of London society in the matter of pronunciation as an evidence of narrow principles; he considered English propriety a mere "boarding-school finish;" and in all he ridiculed the substitution of the "seemly" for the "right." The chief fault of the aristocracy he found to be the "widespread system of studied misrepresentation," and he prophesied its downfall in the none too distant future because influence was narrowing down to fewer and fewer individuals, because the new commercial elements of society were already deriving power in terms of money rather than property, and because the entire existing system was based on a network of lies. For the same reasons that he prophesied a downfall of her internal social organization he anticipated a dissipation of her colonial power, and he saw in the growing reform spirit of the age a complete revolution in the political, social, and all other aspects of the imperial organization. When we realize that this analysis was first made three years before the great Reform Bill passed the English Parliament, Cooper's insight into the underlying factors of human organization is brought forcibly to our attention.

For the English ignorance of American conditions and their willingness to criticize without knowledge, he has nothing but the most unqualified scorn, but he is even more bitter against the American servility of mind which was willing to swallow insults in silence and return only sentimental reverence. "Heaven bless the *Quarterly Review!*" he exclaims, for shocking the American mind into an assertion of its manhood. "God knows what is to be the final result. We may grow out of this weakness, as

children get the better of the rickets; or we may succumb to the disease, as children often die." "Here then," he concludes, "we take our leave of England—England, a country that I could fain like, but whose prejudices and national antipathies throw a chill over all my affections, . . . a country that all respect, but few love."

Two more novels, *Homeward Bound* and *Home as Found,* both published in 1838, carry Cooper's analysis one step further, revealing the disillusionment of a belligerent idealist on his return to his own country. The comparative crassness and vulgarity of American culture was even more abhorrent to him than the glossy hypocrisies of Old World aristocracy. Whichever way he turned he was faced with materialism, and, like many another prophet, he flew in the face of his own times and was lashed and battered by the forces against which he struggled so valiantly and with such effect. His experiences with the Old World had given him a broader basis for his attacks on the evils and the hollow appearances of his day. His ideals were deep rooted; but his one mistake, from a tactical standpoint, was his tendency to take personally those wrongs which a milder temperament would have viewed with a more objective detachment. Samuel F. B. Morse knew Cooper perhaps better than any one else during his days in Europe. "If he was at times severe or caustic in his remarks on others," he said just after Cooper's death, "it was when excited by the exhibition of the little arts of little minds." [6] The same attitude was at the root of his criticism of society.

[6] *Letters and Journals,* II, 314-15.

Chapter X

JOURNALIST ADVENTURERS

Travel Letters and Travel Books—The Pencil of N. P. Willis—Growth and the Next Phase

I

Prior to 1810, Americans who traveled in England did not publish complete records of their impressions. There are travels on the Continent and in other parts of the world in the earlier years of independence, but Silliman's *Journal* (1810) is the first book of travels by an American which attempted to describe and discuss England as though she were actually a foreign land. Austin's *Letters* (1804), Sansom's *Travels* (1805), and the various travel journals of Quakers antedate this important book, but none of these attempts a survey of England as a traveler from another nation would see her. The first assumes a knowledge of many of the facts and deals chiefly in controversial and critical terms, the second omits the English letters as dangerous to the relations of the two countries, and the last are so wholly subjective that they remove themselves from the category of travel literature by that fact alone. There was obviously no public in America at this time for the book of travels in England, although the British were then buying and reading quantities of travels in America, and Americans were visiting England in great numbers and writing informal records of their impressions.

The possible explanations of this state of affairs are many, but probably the most reasonable one is to be

found in the attitude of the average American toward his "fatherland." England was not to him a foreign nation; in many respects he knew more about her than he did about his own country, especially the outlying parts of it. The majority of Americans were of English stock and many were of the first, second, or third generation in the new land. There were few families in the classes which would care to read travel books that could not boast at least one member who was either born in England or who had spent some time within her shores. Many Americans were also in frequent correspondence with loyalist or English relatives.

In addition to these facts was the general familiarity with British authors which made English life and English scenes the proper background even for American-written books. Cooper's first novel told of English aristocracy, and English scenes formed the background of many stories by others. Hannah More, Maria Edgeworth, Joseph Addison, and other earlier English writers made altogether superfluous a traveler's description of London, Windsor, Stonehenge, Bath, an English cottage, or a rugged Welsh or Scotch mountain scene. The American feeling was that all these things had been described a thousand times, for England was still the home of the mind and sentiments of a nation largely composed of pioneers. She was home even to those who had never seen her, but had heard her spoken of with affection in intimate family circles, and with respect in the public print.

Nowhere is this attitude more obvious than in the magazines of the day. Blatantly patriotic, as far as their covers were concerned—the majority had the words "American," "United States," or "National" somewhere in their titles—they copied their form, their spirit, and in large part

their matter from English quarterlies, monthlies, and weeklies. The periodical essayists and the Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine,* did far more to direct and shape these early journalistic experiments than did any native editors, while the later ones were modeled on the English reviews which originated soon after 1800, notably the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly.* With such factors at work molding the mind of the reading public, a book of travels in England would have been as great an impertinence and as sure a failure in those days as would be to-day a book of journeys through New England, published at Chicago. Such travel books are usually left to the mercies of railroads and tourist agencies, while the genuine traveler penetrates to the heart of Asia or Afghanistan.

The growth of the travel book and the appearance of the periodical travel essay may therefore be taken as very accurate indices of the development of the popular mind into a sense of independence. England was slowly becoming more distant to the American mind, and, strangely enough, it was the English-patterned magazines of America which were most conspicuous in their encouragement and reflection of this tendency. Silliman's comments were never printed serially, but a large proportion of the subsequent travel books appeared, at least in part, in the periodical press of the day, while many single letters or series of letters, which were frequently not republished, began to make their appearance at an early date. The first of these were usually by prominent Americans abroad, and were published for the popular interest in the writer rather than in the scenes and people he described. It was not long before such letters were printed, like most of the matter contained in these periodicals, without signature, showing that the description of English scenes was of sufficient

moment to the American public to justify at least a few pages. The *Port Folio* contained in its third number a letter, dated from London, June 8, 1808, "from a young gentleman on his travels to his friends in America," while the *North American* (1815) published the letter from Edinburgh, previously quoted, which describes the social life of that city.

It was not long before such letters became very common. They were usually published in series and described the step by step progress of a European tour. The sensations and reflections of the traveler were recorded in full on the plea that even old scenes could be fresh when viewed with unprejudiced eyes. Descriptions of natural scenery, accounts of very ordinary experiences of the road and inn, comments on the state of mind of the observer, and enthusiastic pictures of classic ruins and monuments make up the greater part of these forgotten records. The majority of such tourists spent much of their time on the Continent, but many visited and described England as well. The *American Review* (1811), the *Rural Magazine* (1820), the *Christian Spectator* (1826), the *Souvenir* (1828), and the *Knickerbocker Magazine* (1835) were among the many publications which introduced letters of this sort. Even the *Christian Advocate* published such a series (1829) with the somewhat apologetic hope that their inclusion might "afford a little variety, and serve as a kind of relish to the more solid and important matter which has characterized its useful pages."

The letter in the *Knickerbocker* is as brief and spirited a summary of the life of the English nobility as could be found. "The difference between the West End of London in the spring and autumn," says this anonymous writer, "is as that between the bustle of a fair, and the quiet of or-

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dinary scenes. But the fair at the West End is one of weeks and months, where nobles are the harlequins and mountebanks, with a king and his court at their head; where dukes and dutchesses, marquesses and marchionesses, my lords and ladies, dance on the stage, while the world below stand gaping with wonder, and shouting their applause at the gorgeous pageant that is enacted before them. The Court and Parliament are the great centers of attraction, and the principal theaters of show; and private parties, of which there are multitudes every day, are the retired *cliques,* where everything is criticized that was done yesterday, and where everything is planned that is to be done to-morrow. The journals are the reporters of the things enacted that are deemed worthy of public observation, whether of scandal or of praise, and the challengers of public attention to the scenes about to open. . . . All that the great world have just done, or is about to do, is displayed before the public eye."

This display continued until, with the dissolution of Parliament, "the traveling carriage is drawn up to the door of the town mansion, equipped, furnished and burdened . . . and away they roll, one after another, day after day, and week after week, to every part of the Kingdom," after which the country house life and the reveling at Brighton are described with similar vivacity.

Yet the writer is not uncritical. The privileges of the nobility he sees so firmly imbedded in the traditions of the English race that even the obvious popular assaults must be long in shaking them. "The British throne, with its high prerogatives, is the stronghold; the House of Peers is a barrier thrown around it for defense and protection; and though assaulted incessantly by the vehement determination of the popular branch of the legislature, it

yet stands;" and he feared that it would be many years before the growing democracy could change the hearts of men who were essentially "lovers of monarchy and aristocracy."

One of the most interesting of these letter series, chiefly because of the later prominence of its writer, was that contributed by William Henry Seward, Secretary of State under Lincoln, to the *Albany Evening Journal.* They recount the incidents of a summer trip to Europe in 1833. Of the seventy letters in the series, fourteen have been preserved in his complete works. They are in the spirit of an enthusiastic sight-seer, but they show less sympathy for England than for Ireland and France.

"In the neighborhood of Hume's house," says Seward, "I entered the bookstore of Blackwood, but did not, I trust, remain long enough to imbibe any of the Tory principles, as I am sure I did not long enough to acquire any of the inspiration so freely poured forth in *Blackwood's Magazine.* Our friend introduced us to the publisher of the *Edinburgh Review,* who showed us his new American works, and was perfectly well informed upon all matters relating to our country, an advantage in which this gentleman very far excels most of his countrymen."

Later he visited the law courts and found the immense hall of the Parliament House "thronged by crowds of persons, many sauntering at their ease up and down the hall, as a promenade, others groups of counsellors, clients, and witnesses, others consisting of parties traversing the halls in great haste to call their counsel, clerks, attorneys, and all the usual attendants of courts. All this multitude were employed in unrestrained conversation, which produced a confused noise. . . . Traversing the hall, we came to a recess deep enough to allow a seat for a judge, who sat

there in his robes and wig, holding a court, and hearing arguments undisturbed in the midst of the confusion I have described."

He stopped off at Windsor on his return journey south, only to find that the gates of the Chapel Royal were closed as the King and Queen were at public worship; but, he says, "I applied to a man who wore a black gown and staff, and stated to him that we were Americans, who never had, and trusted in Heaven we never should have, a king of our own to look upon, that we were desirous to see whether royalty made its possessors anything more than other mortals." His eloquence, when supplemented by a piece of silver, prevailed, and he had an excellent view of the royal family as they left the chapel. These letters of Seward's continued publication until their author became the Whig candidate for governor. Their freedom of expression then made them seem impolitic and they were suppressed, in spite of the protests of the editor.

There were many other similar series, but it would be an endless task to track down and identify all such periodical travelogues—a task with very scant reward in interest and variety, judging from the few here mentioned. Many of them were copied and re-copied, changed and imitated, and their wide popularity is more significant than the intrinsic value of any one of them. Among the American editors and publishers who traveled in Europe, and who later encouraged the publication of travel letters might be mentioned William Tudor, John Inman, Gulian C. Verplanck, and Samuel G. Goodrich. The enthusiastic record of the last of these, which he included in his *Recollections of a Lifetime* (1856), furnished a large part of the material and inspiration for the long sequence of "Peter Parley" textbooks which followed his trip.

The best of such letters were, however, later republished in book form, or served as material for amplified records of travel. Andrew Bigelow's *Leaves from a Journal or Sketches of Rambles in some Parts of North Britain and Ireland, Chiefly in the Year 1817,* was among the first of these journalistic records of travel in England to be collected into book form. They were prepared from a travel diary for publication in the *Analectic Magazine* and some of them appeared in that journal in 1820. Editorial vicissitudes, however, made it impossible to complete their publication, although a few were transferred to the *Philadelphia Literary Gazette,* and there were some still unpublished in 1821. The fact that they were copied widely by American and English journals encouraged their author to print them in book form in that year. He makes what is probably a good-natured jibe at the *Boston Athenæum,* in his preface, when he attributes the republication of extracts from them in that journal to a mistaken presumption that they were of British origin.

Bigelow's tour was concerned almost wholly with Scotland and Ireland, and his descriptions of natural scenery are rather graphic. His most interesting narratives concern a tour through the Grampian Hills and the Scottish lakes, and a pilgrimage to Melrose and Dryburgh Abbeys.

The view from Stirling Castle seemed, he says, "decidedly superior, at least, in my humble opinion, to the one, so justly admired, from the round tower of Windsor. It has more of character about it, and a degree of wildness too in that character which the other wants. Nothing, it is true, can excel in softness and many other features of beauty, the Windsor landscape. To say that it is *rich,* is to convey a faint idea of its effect on the eye. It is rich to luxuriousness; and there is a glow and an enameling

in its colorings, which are indescribably lovely. But after all, there is a tameness, or rather a *sleepiness* in the scene which does not satisfy the mind;—it is like contemplating a marble bust of Rysbach's chiseling. The whole may be beautiful in its way; but the features are motionless and are destitute of sufficient expression. Of mountains, there is no want in the view from Stirling Castle, and yet they do not obtrude themselves on the eye. They are sufficiently removed into the background, and withal, effectually serve to fill up the landscape, and impart to it an air of inexpressible dignity and grandeur. From the ramparts of the Castle we beheld chains of the Ochill and Grampian highlands, and far to the west, the blue peaks of the mountains of Argyll and Dumbarton. Below us, the majestic Forth was seen for many a mile, flowing in graceful meanderings through a succession of verdant meads, and fine, fertile fields, dispensing on either hand beauty and luxuriance."

It was in the Scottish lakes, surrounded by rugged mountain scenery and enriched by the poetry of Sir Walter Scott, that Bigelow found the noblest objects for his pen. After sailing a short distance down a narrow arm of Loch Katrine and turning an abrupt promontory, he says, "the lake opened upon us in all its beauty and magnificence. From the point then viewed, it appeared about six or seven miles in length, and varying from one and a half, to two and a half in breadth. . . . Of the objects which environed the lake, Ben Venue was the most prominent. This was seen on our left, rearing its shaggy colossal form to a stupendous height. It is a very picturesque mountain. Its sloping ridges were covered with the trembling poplar, birch, and mountain-ash; and its skirts were rich in pastures. A nearer view discovered the scars and furrows, which a thousand tempests have traced on its weather-beaten brow,—

and the wild confusion of the huge masses of rock which were piled along its northern shoulder."

His tour of Scotland took Bigelow further than most Americans penetrated, with the result that many of the scenes and places he describes will not be found in similar records. His descriptions are formal, but his enthusiasm for natural beauty seems to have been genuine, and he succeeds in painting a series of vivid, even though somewhat heavy, landscapes. His route took him from Edinburgh to Stirling, then up into the hills and lakes to Dumbarton, and back to Glasgow.

If a complete guide to the conventional routes of tour through Europe be sought, however, the most compendious and reliable source is Nathaniel H. Carter's *Letters from Europe, Comprising the Journal of a Tour through Ireland, England, Scotland, France, Italy, and Switzerland, in the Years 1825, 1826, and 1827.* Carter had been a professor at Dartmouth College and, at the time of his trip, was one of the co-editors of the *New York Statesman,* in which journal the first version of his letters was published. In 1827, these essays—for they are not letters in the personal sense—were revised and published in two heavy octavo volumes, numbering together more than a thousand closely printed pages. The first third of the work alone deals with England.

The weight of the volumes is, however, chiefly to be measured in paper and hide. Their author denies any serious ability in philosophical disquisition, erudition, or analysis. His aim was to give his observations a popular cast and to make them as general and miscellaneous as possible. His method was rather elaborate. He carried with him everywhere a notebook which he transcribed more fully into his diary and later edited for print. This diary

was kept without interruption from the moment of his embarkation at Sandy Hook to the day, more than two years later, when he set foot once more on the same soil. His discursiveness he justifies on the basis of his freedom from serious intention, but he took pains to verify his facts by the consultation of reliable sources. All in all, there was no better guide to England than this, for an American of the day; but we can now read other books with greater relish.

Carter landed on the coast of Ireland and proceeded to Liverpool by way of Dublin. From there he visited the central manufacturing towns on his journey to London. Returning north to Yorkshire by way of Cambridge, he visited the English Lakes, and proceeded to Edinburgh. He remained some time in that city, and his subsequent northern tour followed much the route of Bigelow's. Turning south over his old tracks, he finally reached London, through Liverpool, again and proceeded to Paris and his continental tour. His trip through the south of England on his homeward journey in 1827 he omits because he feared that his already overtaxed public would scarcely welcome a third volume of the size of the other two.

Carter's general attitude will at once be sensed in his expression of feeling upon landing at Liverpool. "There was no kneeling to kiss the parent earth," he explains. "Indeed I can yet hardly realize that I am in the land of Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, Locke, and Chatham." He explains his lack of sentimental enthusiasm by his impression that Liverpool seemed in every respect a modern city, much like New York; but it was not his way to allow his emotions to soar, when he had any. He hurries on from impressions to facts, and gives a very detailed and accurate survey

of the appearance of the Liverpool docks, then the most elaborate in the world.

Even at Haddon Hall, he asks the reader's permission to "descend a little into detail," and retrace footsteps rather than enjoy the reflections awakened by ruins. Always he confesses to experiencing "none of those high and intense emotions which have thrilled through the hearts of others." Of events he frequently gives swift accounts. At Vauxhall Gardens he was greeted by signs announcing "The King, Our Patron's Natal Day," and hundreds of thousands of lights shone among the trees in celebration of the event, disclosing innumerable alcoves and grots. Eagles spouted water, and dragons fire, while a tight-rope artist ascended to the skies before the gaze of all London. Yet Carter hurried on to things which seemed to him of greater interest, an interest which to-day is largely historical.

It was the publication of such letters as these in magazine and book form which paved the way, by 1830, for a type of English travel book which had been previously unknown in America. Irving's *Sketch Book* was published in 1820, but White, Griscom, and Wheaton based their appeal to the public on a practical rather than a literary basis. Noah alone published a book of travels for their own sake, but his treatment of England is scant, and incidental to the record of his travels to more distant lands. The five years between 1830 and 1835, however, saw the publication of more than a half dozen books of travel, in which the reliance upon specialized concerns became increasingly secondary to the mere interest in touring and sight-seeing. Among them are those of Green, McLellan, Colton, C. S. Stewart, and Slidell. The following five years brought forward the travel records of Willis, Cooper, Codman, Hum-

phrey, and Dewey, as well as some further essays and stories by Irving, all of them based on visits to England prior to 1835.

Of all travel accounts of the England of the day there is none more readable and yet less exciting than the *Sketches of Society in Great Britain and Ireland* (1834), by Charles Samuel Stewart, a chaplain in the United States Navy. The poor state of his health is given by the author as the excuse for his trip, but in the company of an American captain, Bolton by name, he toured the island with an energy and enthusiasm which belies his plea. In his advertisement, he regrets that government orders hurried him away before he could rewrite his text and embody in it those summaries of his impressions and opinions which are implied in his title. For once, however, government orders did a service to literature. The charm of his letters is their personal quality and their freedom from the customary restraints and artificial informalities of the literary style then fashionable. We may enjoy them with something of the interest with which they must have been greeted by the "Dear Virginia" to whom they are addressed.

There was no vivacity in Stewart's nature, however, and the sparkle which we might hope for is lacking. He could neither enter as wholly into the scenes and experiences which he describes as could Irving, nor could he write of them with the same gentle appreciation. Yet there is something about him which suggests his countryman. Perhaps it is only the fact that he accepted the country-house philosophy with the same uncritical relish and sacrificed all other fruits of travel to an enjoyment of old English hospitality.

Stewart had traveled widely in connection with his naval duties and had been in England at least once before his trip in 1832. In June, when he arrived, the country was at

its best. When he first saw the low lying shore of the Old World he felt only its beauty, and he could scarcely believe that it shared "so largely as we know to be the fact, in the poverty, wretchedness, and vice entailed upon our race."

A farewell dinner to Martin Van Buren in Liverpool was the first of a series of social enjoyments with which his trip was crowded. His enthusiasm for everything he saw or experienced is soon apparent. "In England every road is beautifully winding and serpentine," he exclaims, "and you can scarce drive a hundred rods anywhere without some graceful curvature, by which every object in view is placed in a new position to the eye, and the attention and admiration arrested anew by the surrounding scenery." At the Hen and Chickens, in Birmingham, he was forced to protest twice before he was shown a respectable room, but, instead of being irritated, he was merely good-natured in his insistence and turns to a description of the many flowers in the room and on the staircases, which converted the hotel into a veritable conservatory.

The poor people he merely saw on the road. "Twice yesterday," he says, "in the drive from Oban, I passed girls dressed in silk frocks, with handsome shawls, straw bonnets, and lace veils—in full holiday costume—but without shoe or stocking!" A post boy "excused the lassies by saying, 'It was na so pleasant to walk in shoes and stockings as with the bare feet.'"

A particular interest attaches to his descriptions because he arrived on the eve of the passage of the Reform Bill, and he was witness to the intense excitement prevailing among the masses of the people throughout the Kingdom. At Birmingham, he found the stir caused by the retirement of Grey not entirely calmed down, and numbers of men were still constantly seen in the streets, wearing blue and tri-colored

ribbons. Flags of the same colors were flying from many of the houses, and placards were displayed with the inscription in large letters, *NO TAXES PAID HERE TILL THE REFORM BILL IS PASSED!* Every corner was covered with calls to political meetings. "Before we reached the hotel again," continues Stewart, "an express arrived, with the intelligence that the important bill had passed the House of Lords; and the news quickly flew in every part of the city. The streets are now thronged with crowds, wearing joyous and triumphant faces; the royal standard is floating gaily from the towers of all the churches; almost every window shows its tri-colored banner; guns are beginning to be fired, and huzzas to fill the air; while unnumbered bells are sending forth, on every side, their peals of joy."

Two months later the reform excitement was still at its height in Scotland. "The morning was bright, promising a fine day," says Stewart. "The stage coaches met and passed, on their respective routes to and from Glasgow and Stirling, were decorated with green branches, banners, and flowers; and every cottage and hamlet by which we drove displayed in its doors and casements the same emblems of joy. The villages, though chiefly deserted by the inhabitants who had flocked to the towns, were wreathed in garlands and evergreens, and in some cases exhibited lofty and tasteful triumphal arches. The carriages were greeted everywhere, as they passed, with smiles and salutations of pleasure, by the few women and children remaining at their homes, and not unfrequently were cheered with long huzzas. . . . At Stirling, in spite of a sudden and violent change in the weather, there were speeches and parades all day long, and the populace was in a veritable riot of excitement."

Stewart's chief concern however was with the landed aristocracy, and his account is the most complete record we have from any American, not excepting Irving and Willis. His visits were rather formal and not particularly extended, but they were many, and practically all were made as an invited guest rather than as a sight-seeing tourist. Among those who extended their hospitality to him were Lord Byron (the successor to the poet in the title), at Eaton Place, London; Colonel Wildman, at Newstead Abbey; the Rev. C. H. Reaston Rodes, at Barlborough Hall; and a number of the Scottish nobility. In fact, his tour of Scotland, which occupies the greater part of his second volume, is concerned almost wholly with these visits of a week or more to castles, halls, and country houses.

With the Rev. Calvin Colton, Episcopal minister and foreign correspondent of the *New York Observer,* critic of society and lover of antiquity, as well as theologian and political economist, the classifications into which these travelers have so obligingly fallen, completely break down. He was a little of everything: he analyzed American democracy and English aristocracy with the persistence, if not the penetration, of Cooper; he investigated the conditions prevailing in the Established Church with the eager interest of Wheaton or McLellan; he had a romantic love of ruins and monuments which would have made him a congenial traveling companion for Dewey; and he compiled and corrected his statistics with the care of Nathaniel Carter. In 1831, the *New York Observer* sent him to England to note and write, and, in 1835, he published a series of essays on the subject, in two volumes, under the general title, *Four Years in Great Britain.*

This very diversity of interests makes Colton's book, in places at least, very entertaining. It does not tell the con-

nected story of a journey; it is rather a collection of related essays, some of them descriptive, some narrative, some purely speculative. Upon his arrival in Liverpool, he experienced the emotion, so common in the more romantic travelers, of coming home, rather than of visiting a foreign land. "England to an American is not foreign," he says; "it is the land of his ancestry; the institutions, the virtue, and the piety which have made his country dear were transplanted from this soil. Landing upon these shores, he comes to salute that which it would be unnatural not to esteem—not to revere. . . . He cannot feel that he is abroad; he is at home."

On every hand he met scenes and incidents which gave his journalistic pen much matter for rehearsal. Upon entering London in the evening, and driving down St. John's Street into Smithfield, "lo! the full blaze and the dense crowds of Bartholomew Fair opened upon us, with all the din of its music, dancing, jugglery, and its wild and boisterous mirth. The horses pricked up their ears, and were as unwilling to advance against these strange and menacing sights, and this deafening uproar, as the crowds were to open and let us pass. With much ado, however, our fearless and adroit coachman urged his way at the peril of being mobbed, and penetrated the entire mass from one side to the other."

In his description of ruins, the tourist, Colton, is at his best. Let the stranger enter with reverence, he says, the holy precincts of Kirkstall Abbey, near Leeds, and there, under the lofty and groined arches "he may hear the earnest chattering of the magpie, the twitter of the swallow, the plaint of the sparrow, and the petulance of the wren; there he may look up and see the vigorous, wild shrubbery of the plains and hills, the rose, and many a flower, flourishing

and blooming in all their freshness, in the windows, in the walls, and even on the highest parts of the tower. There he may wander up hill and down hill in the midst of the sanctuary, where was the altar of God, wetting himself thoroughly from the grass and bushes, as he passes along, brushing off the fresh rain, and bracing himself with care, lest he slide and fall among the fallen ruins."

It is hard to believe that the writer of this is the same man who attacked the English traveler in *The Americans,* who denounced the union of Church and State as destructive to religion, and who set about to analyze the elements of English society. "There are three capital and leading principles," he says in the introduction to this same book of travels, "which distinguish American society from British and European. These are an abjuration of monarchy, of an aristocracy, and of a union of religion with the arm of secular power." These three problems he holds always before him; they furnish the thread upon which to string his observations of manners and of things. Although he strenuously asserts his right to be American in word and deed, he is very far from being anti-British on any one of these questions. The first two—monarchy and aristocracy —he shows to be closely related in England, but not, on the basis of principle, dependent upon each other. He condemns both, but finds that they work together for a harmonious and pleasing result in English social life, even allowing greater liberty than could be found in any other European nation. His stand on the third issue is similar. Condemning the union of church and state in theory, he nevertheless finds a wholesome degree of sound religion in English life. In summing up his attitude, we might conclude that Colton, like Cooper, was theoretically an Ameri can in principles of government and religion, but that the

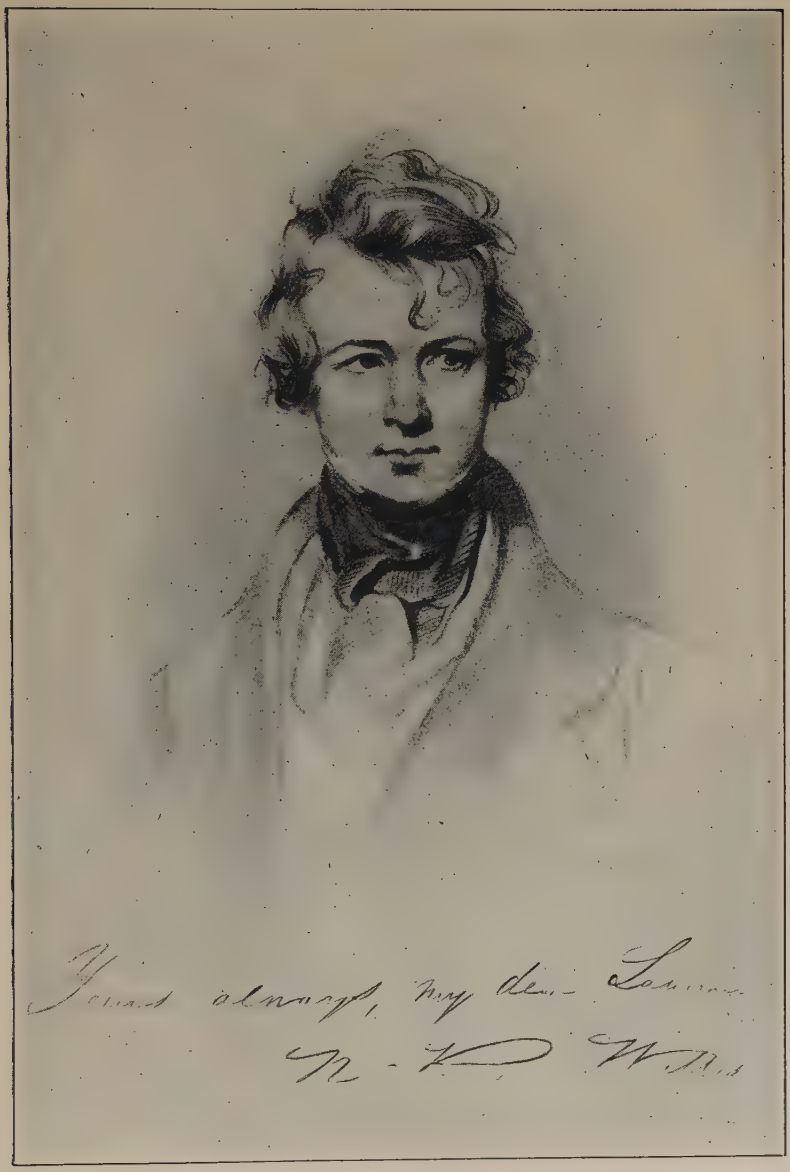
charm and attraction of antiquity, coupled with a stubbornly conservative temperament, made him discover in England the elements which, because of its youth, his own country lacked. His criticism of England is, however, not especially significant, while his more purely journalistic and descriptive passages still retain a certain share of their appeal. The journalist-tourist in England was by this time a permanent factor in the current American literature of the day.

II

England's past had lived again in the mellow reminiscences of Irving; her future destiny had loomed threateningly in the denunciations of Cooper; but it was left to Nathaniel Parker Willis to make her scintillating present a reality to American readers.

The three editors of the *New York Mirror and Ladies' Literary Gazette,* George P. Morris, Theodore S. Fay, and Willis himself, are said to have hit upon the plan of sending a correspondent abroad when they were discussing policies one evening in Sandy Welsh's oyster saloon in New York City.[1] Willis, who had, more than either of the others, established himself as a man of letters, was the logical one to go. With $500 in cash and a promise of ten dollars for each letter published, he left Philadelphia on October 10, 1831. The first of his *Pencilings by the Way* appeared in the *Mirror* of February 13th under the caption, *First Impressions, or Notes by the Way,* and they continued, more or less regularly, until January 14, 1836. They were not all collected until eight years later, although they were copied, according to Morris, in five hundred news-

[1] H. A. Beers, *Nathaniel Parker Willis,* p. 103.



NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

An engraving by F. C. Lewis, Engraver to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, after a portrait by S. Lawrance.

papers, and parts of them were issued in book form almost immediately. The complete collection (1844) numbers one hundred and thirty-nine letters, and many of them were reprinted by their author in later volumes and under different titles. *Famous Persons and Places* (1854), for example, is more than half made up of literal reprints of the *Penciling* letters. With his *A l'Abri, or the Tent Pitched* (1839), published in the *Mirror* and in the English edition as *Letters from Under a Bridge,* they constitute the best of the essay writing in which their author indulged. He also used some of the same material as the background for stories such as *Lady Ravelgold* and *Brown's Day with the Mimpsons,* as well as for the satirical poem, *Lady Jane.* His trips in 1839-40 furnished part of the material for these later essays, stories, and poems.

Everything conspired to make Willis a perfect social dilettante and an excellent journalist. He is said to have been fond of quoting from Godwin: "A judicious and limited voluptuousness is necessary to the cultivation of the mind, to the polishing of the manners, to the refining of the sentiment, and to the development of the understanding." This profound thought admirably expresses the lack of profundity in Willis himself. He was epicurean in his belief in the senses and sensibilities, as well as in his moderation and highly tempered restraint. Enjoyment was his religion—so much so that the horrified members of the Park Street Church, of which his father was Deacon, solemnly excommunicated him on April 29, 1829, for absence from communion and attendance at the theater as a spectator. Yet he had a serious side as well, for he never became wholly a skeptic and there is a very marked sense of reverence in his more thoughtful utterances.

When we read Willis to-day, we can scarcely avoid the

feeling that his contemporaries were entirely too much worried about his soul and his reputation to be able to appreciate him fully. The "quicksilver spirit," which he inherited from his mother, found little sympathy in the heavy and dutiful atmosphere of Puritan Boston. His social ambition was similarly misunderstood, and rumors were circulated about him which finally forced him to seek the haven of New York's more cosmopolitan atmosphere. Willis came from plain substantial people and they were not the sort to sympathize with his flair for fashionable society, already manifested in his attendance upon Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, the "lady autocrat" of the Puritan capital.

Samuel Goodrich, the publisher, has left a sympathetic portrait of the Willis of these days. "It must be remembered," he says, "that before he was five-and-twenty he was more read than any other American poet of his time; and besides, being possessed of an easy and captivating address, he became the pet of society and especially of the fairer portion of it. As to his personal character, I need only say that, from the beginning, he has had a larger circle of steadfast friends than almost any man within my knowledge. . . . Willis was slender, his hair sunny and silken, his cheek ruddy, his aspect cheerful and confident. He met society with a ready and welcome hand and was received readily and with welcome." [2]

The plan which brought forth the *Pencilings* was wholly suited to Willis's temperament and came at a time when he was by age, popularity, and skill best prepared for it. "I love my country," he writes from Italy in 1831, "but the *ornamental* is my vocation, and of this she has none."

The public to which he addressed himself in the *Mirror* was equally prepared to hear what he had to say. Very

[2] *Recollections of a Lifetime,* II, 264-69.

early in its prosperous career this weekly had shown its interest in English affairs by publishing, as was the habit of the time, bits from English journals and books, but not until the issue of May 23, 1829, did anything like a foreign correspondent appear. A letter was there published, dated from London, and written in a sprightly style which manages to say almost nothing for the space of a column and a half. "You shall have letters filled with just such matter as my conversation with you would consist of, were I comfortably established, on some long and merry winter's night, in my old armchair by your chimney corner," writes this cheery correspondent from the "modern Babylon," and he proceeds in later letters to review the current English publications, to comment on the passage of the Catholic Relief Bill, to criticize the English prejudice against America, to gossip a bit about Moore and Campbell, and finally to note that "whiskers are no longer in fashion." He is obviously uncertain as to just what the charming readers of the *Mirror* would most enjoy.

The next correspondent to appear was William Cox, an English printer who had worked in the *Mirror* office and contributed occasional articles to its pages for some years before his return to his country. It was announced on July 9, 1831, that "our correspondent C" had been "scouring the country round;" and his letters, which commence two months later, bear the same stamp of uncertainty as to the most acceptable material, although they are slightly more direct than the preceding series and correspondingly heavier. He talks of the opera—notably, the appearance of Paganini with a rise in the price of admission to three guineas per head—at which honest John Bull protested vehemently; and he confesses that a visit to a phrenological exhibition had changed him from a skeptic to a convert.

Such essays were of little value in themselves, but they prepared a public and suggested an idea to the editors, which led to series of European letters from two of them. Fay's *Minute Book* letters, which are rather inferior to Willis's, usually appearing on the opposite page, told of travels on the Continent and ran from April, 1834, to June of the following year. The *Pencilings* not only started two years sooner, but continued for almost a year after Fay's return. The *Mirror* had found a type of essay for which its readers seemingly had an insatiable appetite.

The first two years or more of Willis's trip took him to cities on the Continent, chiefly Paris, Florence, and Rome, to each of which he paid extended visits; while from June to November, 1833, he accepted the invitation of the officers of the *United States* to make a cruise of the Mediterranean and to spend some time in Athens and Constantinople. During all of this period his letters are distinctly those of the traveler, and his interests are chiefly directed toward scenery, strange customs, and people in general. Literary association and intimate social contact with foreigners do not seem to have become dominant concerns before his arrival in England.

Nevertheless, he improved every opportunity of the kind which was afforded to him, and any American or Englishman of literary prominence who was then on the Continent, or any place associated with English literature, became immediately a magnet for his pen. From Paris, he made a journey to Passy in order to see the house formerly occupied by Franklin, and he had a similar interest in Lady Montagu's cottage at Belgrade and in the Franciscan convent in which Byron had resided when he was in Athens. The graves of Shelley and Keats similarly made the Protestant Cemetery an important feature of his stay at Rome.

It was to the living rather than to the dead that Willis delighted most in doing reverence. In the Tuileries one day he was musing about French nobility, when he suddenly noticed, coming toward him, "two of our countrymen—*Cooper* and *Morse*. That is Cooper with the blue surtout buttoned up to his throat, and his hat over his eyes. What a contrast between the faces of the two men! Morse, with his kind, open, gentle countenance, the very picture of goodness and sincerity; and Cooper, dark and corsair-looking, with his brows down over his eyes, and his strongly lined mouth fixed in an expression of moodiness and reserve. The two faces, however, are not equally just to their owners—Morse is all that he looks to be, but Cooper's features do him decided injustice. I take a pride in the reputation this distinguished countryman of ours has for humanity and generous sympathy."

In the Tuileries also, he chanced upon the Countess Guiccioli, and he mentions the current report that she had become a great flirt and that her drawing room was thronged with lovers of all nations contending for a preference which, he adds from his usually smothered Puritan soul, having once been given to Byron, should be buried forever. Later he called upon the Countess and found her entirely fascinating of manner, although not as beautiful of person as some of her portraits would suggest. They talked of both Byron and Shelley, and Willis carried away a letter from the latter as a souvenir of the visit.

While in Paris, he became intimate with Dr. Bowring, the friend of Bentham and editor of the *Westminster Review;* and, during his stay at Florence, he went out to Fiesole and visited Landor at his Italian villa. So warm did this brief friendship become that Landor entrusted his annotated volumes of the *Imaginary Conversations* to Willis for publi-

cation in America. The miscarriage of this package and the subsequent irritation of the author, which sent Willis, as he good-naturedly expresses it, riding down to posterity astride the *finis* of *Pericles and Aspasia,* have been so often discussed from both sides that it is unnecessary to review the matter here. Suffice it to say that Willis cleared himself of any serious negligence, and that the incident was finally closed with nothing lost but Landor's good will.[3]

The most important result of this last meeting, in terms of subsequent events, was a letter from Landor to Marguerite, Countess of Blessington,—then a widow, residing at Seamore Place, London—recommending Willis to her attentions. It was this letter which opened the door of fashionable London society to the engaging young American, furnished him material for much gossip to be recounted in the pages of the *Mirror,* and made of the Countess his warm friend up to the day of her death in 1849. If it had not been for this introduction, Willis's London letters would have lacked their chief charm, the tone of intimacy in high places.

It was in a mood of happy home-coming that he entered London atop the Dover stage on the first day of June, 1834. He had already found the English anything but reserved, the day was a fine one, and the countryside seemed like one continuous garden. As he entered the city, the brilliant shops, the dense crowds, the lovely women, the cries, the flying vehicles of every description, all, he confesses, made him dizzy; but it was not long before he was sitting in an inn parlor over a dish of fried sole and mutton cutlet, while the reverend gentleman on the other side of the table

[3] See: John Forster, *Walter Savage Landor,* London, 1876, pp. 353-54, 368-69; Beers, *Willis,* pp. 131-35, 141, 271; and Willis, *A l'Abri,* pp. 120-22.

pointed out the distinguishing liveries of the nobility who were passing outside on their way to a royal levee.

This last picture may be taken as a symbol of Willis's life in England. On the one hand was the plain fare and the humble comfort to which he was accustomed, on the other the glitter of the passing show for which he so hungered temperamentally and into which he threw himself with such grace when the opportunity afforded.

Such an opening was not long in presenting itself, for the next day he called upon Lady Blessington, and presented his letter to the powdered footman. He had scarcely reached his lodgings when a note arrived inviting him to return the same evening at ten. "In a long library lined alternately with splendidly bound books and mirrors, and with a deep window of the breadth of the room, opening upon Hyde Park," says Willis of this first visit, "I found Lady Blessington alone. The picture to my eye as the door opened was a very lovely one. A woman of remarkable beauty half buried in a fauteuil of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp suspended from the center of the arched ceiling; sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts, arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness through the room; enamel tables, covered with expensive and elegant trifles in every corner, and a delicate white hand relieved on the back of a book, to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings. As the servant mentioned my name, she rose and gave me her hand very cordially, and a gentleman entering immediately after, she presented me to her son-in-law, Count D'Orsay, the well-known Pelham of London, and certainly the most splendid specimen of a man and a well-dressed one that I had ever seen. Tea was brought in immediately, and conversation went swimmingly on." The Count, said Willis later, knew as little about

vulgarity as "the thistledown while afloat knows of the mud it floats over."

It was his presence in the house, after his separation from Lady Blessington's stepdaughter, that added just the right touch to her Ladyship's *salon* and made the gatherings at Seamore Place, and later at Gore House, the only serious rivals to those at Holland House where Ticknor, Irving, Rush, Cooper, and others had been cordially received. Willis's warmth of feeling for the presiding deity of Gore House may be judged by his description of her: "She looks something on the sunny side of thirty," he says, but she confessed frankly to forty. "Her person is full, but preserves all the fineness of an admirable shape; her foot is not crowded in a satin slipper, for which a Cinderella might long be looked for in vain, and her complexion (an unusually fair skin, with very dark hair and eyebrows), is of even a girlish delicacy and freshness. . . . Her features are regular, and her mouth, the most expressive of them, has a ripe fullness and freedom of play, peculiar to the Irish physiognomy, and expressive of the most unsuspicious good humor. Add to all this a voice merry and sad by turns, but always musical, and manners of the most unpretending elegance, yet even more remarkable for their winning kindness, and you have the most prominent traits of one of the most lovely and fascinating women I have ever seen." It is not at all surprising that Lady Blessington never seems to have objected to the publication of Willis's impressions of herself and her friends, whatever other censure he may have brought down upon his head.

Dinners and evening parties followed this first visit, and the American was privileged to meet Bulwer, Tom Moore, Benjamin Disraeli, Proctor, Lord Durham, Fonblanque, and many others of the same circle. He recounts the conversa-

tion at these gatherings in detail and with the most fascinating liveliness. "A great deal of fun was made," he says, "of a proposal by Lady Blessington to take Bulwer to America and show him at so much a head. She asked me whether I thought it would be a good speculation. I took upon myself to assure her Ladyship that, provided she played *showman,* the 'concern,' as they would phrase it in America, would be certainly a profitable one. Bulwer said he would rather go in disguise and hear them abuse his books. It would be pleasant, he thought, to hear the opinions of people who judged him neither as a member of Parliament nor a dandy—simply a book-maker. Smith [Horace Smith, the author of *Rejected Addresses*] asked him if he kept an amanuensis. 'No,' he said, 'I scribble it all out myself, and send it to the press in a most ungentleman-like hand, half print and half hieroglyphic, with all its imperfections on its head, and correct in the proof—very much to the dissatisfaction of the publisher, who sends me in a bill of sixteen pounds, six shillings and fourpence for extra corrections. Then I am free to confess I don't know grammar. Lady Blessington, do you know grammar? I detest grammar. There never was such a thing heard of before Lindley Murray. I wonder what they did for grammar before his day! Oh, the delicious blunders one sees when they are irretrievable! And the best of it is, the critics never get hold of them. Thank Heaven for second editions, that one may scratch out his blots, and go down clean and gentleman-like to posterity!' Smith asked him if he had ever reviewed one of his own books. 'No—but I *could!* And then how I should like to recriminate and defend myself indignantly! I think I could be preciously severe. Depend upon it nobody knows a book's defects half so well as its author. I have a great idea of

criticising my works for my posthumous memoirs. Shall I, Smith? Shall I, Lady Blessington?' "

"It is quite impossible to convey in a letter scrawled literally between the end of a late visit and a tempting pillow, the evanescent and pure spirit of a conversation of wits," adds Willis, but he tries it at least once more in a conversation of which Disraeli, then spoken of as "the author of Vivian Grey," and Lord Durham were the principals, and through which Count D'Orsay kept up "a running fire of witty parentheses, half French and half English," with champagne in all the pauses. Willis later analyzed this remarkable play of wits in the light of subsequent events which brought each of the chief speakers, in their turn, to the position of party leadership. The passage occurs in one of the best of his *Letters from Under a Bridge*.

The dinner had been dull and the conversation scattered at the start, but the composure of Lady Blessington promised a change. "It came presently," says Willis. "With a tact, of which the subtle ease and grace can in no way be conveyed into description, she gathered up the cobweb threads of conversation going on at different parts of the table, and, by the most apparent accident, flung them into Disraeli's fingers." He seized them like a master and "burst at once, without preface, into that fiery vein of eloquence which, hearing many times after, and always with new delight, have stamped Disraeli on my mind as the most wonderful talker I have ever had the fortune to meet." Lord Durham was impressed. "He was not carried away as we were. That would have been unlike Lord Durham. He gave his whole mind to the brilliant meteor blazing before him; but the telescope of judgment was in his hand—to withdraw at pleasure. . . . Understanding his game perfectly, the author deferred, constantly and adroitly, to the

opinion of his noble listener, shaped his argument by his suggestions, allowed him to say nothing without using it as the nucleus of some new turn to his eloquence, and all this, with an apparent effort against it, as if he had desired to address himself exclusively to Lady Blessington, but was compelled, by a superior intellectual magnetism, to turn aside and pay homage to her guest."

The insight which Willis displays in this analysis of the undercurrents of a brilliant conversation is ample explanation for his social success. Such sensibilities were not always attributed to him by those who resented the publication of his impressions, but in society itself he obviously displayed a degree of tact sufficient to balance his self-seeking eagerness.

One of his most delightful descriptions is of the entrance of Tom Moore into Lady Blessington's drawing room. "'Mr. Moore!' cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase. 'Mr. Moore!' cried the footman at the top. And with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington (of whom he was a lover when she was sixteen, and to whom some of the sweetest of his songs were written), he made his compliments, with a gayety and an ease combined with a kind of worshipping deference that was worthy of a prime minister at the court of love." At the table the conversation proceeded from soup to Scott, and from Scott to the Irish orator, O'Connell. "He is a powerful creature," said Moore, "but his eloquence has done great harm both to England and Ireland. . . . O'Connell would be irresistible were it not for the two blots on his character—the contributions in Ireland for his support, and his refusal to give

satisfaction to the man he is still coward enough to attack."

When the O'Connell family later read of this remark in Willis's account, they took the matter up with Moore through a Dublin editor and asked him to deny responsibility for the criticism of O'Connell's character. "The substance of what I wrote to Meara was," says Moore in his diary (November 9, 1835),[4] "that my first impulse on seeing this extract was to take notice of it in a letter to some newspaper; but that, on second thoughts it appeared to me that such a course would do more harm than good, as I could not deny the opinions attributed to me respecting O'Connell to be substantially mine. . . . All I could conscientiously contradict in Willis's statement, was the coarseness of the language attributed to me, and which it was neither my nature nor habit to use. I doubted much whether under any degree of excitement I could bring myself to call a man a 'coward' even to his face, but certainly never *behind his back* could I be capable of so styling him."

This was one of those unfortunate occasions when Willis's journalistic zeal led him to statements which were afterwards embarrassing to his newly made friends, but to the rest of the description of Moore, its subject could certainly take no exception. Finally, "we all sat around the piano," says Willis, "and after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys awhile, and sang 'When I first met thee,' with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good-night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door no one spoke."

A similarly vivid picture is Willis's description of his

[4] *Journal,* etc., edited by Lord John Russell, London, 1856, VII, 129-31.

meeting with Elia and Bridget at breakfast in the Temple with Crabb Robinson, only a few months before Lamb's death. Robinson makes record in his reminiscences under date, June 19, 1834: [5] "I had this morning at breakfast Charles and Mary Lamb, who came expressly to be seen by Willis, the Yankee." He then proceeds to call the American a dandy and to show plainly that Landor had prejudiced him against his guest some time between the memorable breakfast and his written record of it.

Willis's account is fuller and more genial. "Our host," he says, "was rather a character. . . . Mr. R. is a gentleman who everybody says, *should have been* an author, but who never wrote a book, . . . in short, is, in his bachelor chambers in the Temple, the friendly nucleus of a great part of the talent of England." But enough of Robinson, let us proceed to Lamb. "There was a rap at the door at last, and enter a gentleman in black small-clothes and gaiters, short and very slight in his person, his head set on his shoulders with a thoughtful, forward bent, his hair just sprinkled with gray, a beautiful deepset eye, aquiline nose, and a very indescribable mouth. Whether it expressed most humor or feeling, good nature or a kind of whimsical peevishness, or twenty other things which passed over it by turns, I can not in the least be certain. His sister . . . is a small bent figure, evidently a victim to illness, and hears with difficulty. Her face has been, I should think, a fine and handsome one, and her bright gray eye is still full of intelligence and fire."

The conversation was chiefly between Lamb and his host and was restricted almost wholly to mutual friends and local events. Nevertheless Lamb took advantage of Mary's deafness to mystify her with his gentle humor. "Poor

[5] E. V. Lucas, *Life of Charles Lamb*, N. Y., 1905, II, 369-70.

Mary," said he, "she hears all of an epigram but the point." "What are you saying of me, Charles?" she asked. "Mr. Willis," said he, raising his voice, "admires *your Confessions of a Drunkard* very much, and I was saying that it was no merit of yours that you understood the subject." They had not mentioned Lamb's essay in more than half an hour.

When the subject of American literature came up, Robinson professed admiration for Webster's speeches and Lamb for Woolman's *Journal,* while it developed that Mary devoured Cooper's novels with a ravenous appetite. When Willis mentioned, however, that he had bought a copy of *Elia* to give to a friend just before he left America, Lamb remonstrated.

"What did you give for it?" he asked.

"About seven and sixpence."

"Permit me to pay you that," said Lamb, "I never yet wrote anything that would sell. I am the publisher's ruin."

Lamb ate nothing, and when he arose from the table, he appeared very feeble, but, concludes Willis, "wreck as he certainly is, and must be, however, of what he was, I would rather have seen him for that single hour than the hundred and one sights of London put together."

On another occasion, Willis took breakfast with Lamb's friend, Barry Cornwall, and when they had stepped into Proctor's small writing-room adjoining the library, Willis picked up a copy of the *Dramatic Sketches.* On a blank leaf there was some writing in Coleridge's hand. "Oh, don't read that," said Proctor, but while he was out of the room Willis copied the whole into his notebook, promising, when Proctor appeared annoyed, not to make use of it in England. "Barry Cornwall is a poet, *me saltem judice,* and in the sense of the word in which I apply it to Charles Lamb

and W. Wordsworth," the note began, and then it wandered on to some hints about poetry in general and Proctor's in particular, concluding with the inscription: "A map of the road to Paradise drawn in Purgatory on the confines of Hell, by S.T.C. July 30, 1819."

After a summer of this sort of life in London, "a preponderance of letters and friends" determined Willis's route north, and he was greeted by the Earl and Countess at Dalhousie Castle near Edinburgh. In the meantime he had become engaged to an English girl, Mary Stace, and he was accompanied part way on this trip by Miss Jane Porter, the novelist. His experience proved Scotch hospitality to be even more bountiful than that of the London circle. At Dalhousie and Gordon Castles he was sumptuously entertained, he had dinner with Lord Jeffrey, he went hunting —much to his discomfort—with Lord Ramsay, and he had breakfast with Professor Wilson.

The subject of this conversation with Christopher North, which he gives at great length, was the *Noctes Ambrosianae*. "Many people in Scotland," said their author, "believe them to be transcripts of real scenes, and wonder how a professor of moral philosophy can descend to such carousings, and poor Hogg comes in for his share of abuse, for they never doubt he was there and said everything that was put down for him." Wilson also vouched for the story of Wordsworth, who, upon seeing a new novel of Scott's in which one of his own poems was quoted, took down the volume of his poetry and read the whole poem to the party, who were waiting to hear the new novel. It happened, said Wilson, in his own house, and he added that Wordsworth was very angry when the story found its way to print. Before the visitor left, his host ventured the idea that some day he might spend his five months' vacation in crossing to

America, running through the principal cities, and publishing a record of his impressions.

"I promise you a hearty welcome if you should be inclined to try," said Willis.

The *Pencilings* end with their author's return to London in October. The following June he was married and in May, 1836, he brought his bride back with him to America. In one of his purest lyrics he expresses his emotion as the white sails filled and the flag at the masthead pointed toward home:

> Adieu, oh fatherland! I see
> Your white cliffs on th' horizon's rim,
> And though to freer skies I flee,
> My heart swells, and my eyes are dim! . . .
> To England, over vale and mountain,
> My fancy flew from climes more fair—
> My blood, that knew its parent fountain,
> Ran warm and fast in England's air.

"I am proud," Willis wrote to Mrs. Skinner, "to *be* an American, but as a literary man, I would rather live in England." The reason for this was that his circle of friends in that country, by no means limited to Lady Blessington and her coterie, was wide enough and varied enough to afford human contact for every mood. The love of polish in society, which was with him a craving, was unsatisfied in America. He longed for the Old World, and spent the greater part of his life hoping for a diplomatic or secretarial appointment which would take him back to Europe. His only two other trips followed soon and were all too brief for his taste.

There are no American impressions of English society of that day which make more delightful reading than those of Willis. He has been charged with assuming friendship

where there was scarcely a basis for casual acquaintanceship. This is the bearing of Harriet Martineau's rather testy comment,[6] and it was no doubt entirely true, although not to the extent and with the crafty motives in which Miss Martineau seems to believe. Willis's business was to write articles which would sell to American readers, and there was no more fruitful topic than the gossip of English society. Lady Blessington's own *Conversations with Lord Byron* is not unlike the *Pencilings,* and many other books of the kind were popular at the time. Willis's mistake was not that he sketched personalities and told anecdotes of living celebrities; it was rather that he was not always tactful in his comments. He did not hesitate to call men or even women ugly if he believed them to be so, and on occasion, as in Moore's criticism of O'Connell, he quoted what a more tactful writer would have omitted. The reason for this lack of judgment seems to have been too great a reliance on the distance of America. He seemed to assume when he wrote them that his letters would never be read by the people concerned, and yet few could have missed them, especially after the review in the *Quarterly* had appeared and after Lady Blessington herself had seen them through the press in England. Willis felt the need for self-justification, and not only his preface, but passages in the book itself, attempt it. "America is much farther off from England than England from America," he says; and again: "Their interest as sketches by an American of the society that most interests Americans and the distance at which they are published, justify them, I would hope, from any charge of indelicacy." Nevertheless they enraged Fonblanque, embarrassed Moore, and almost brought about a duel with Captain Marryat, who resented certain slights

[6] *Autobiography,* edited by M. W. Chapman, Boston, 1881, I, 384-86.

upon the "gross trash" which came from his pen. Certainly they were not harmless. The English edition was expurgated and made expensive, but such precautions were ineffectual after the harm had already been done.

Willis's function and aim in life were merely to amuse. All his troubles arose when people insisted upon taking him seriously. His later literary treatments of European scenes and people, with the exception of the *Letters from Under a Bridge,* add little value to the fresh comment of the *Pencillings.* He was best at first impressions, for he was exceedingly clever and keenly observant of personalities and the picturesque. With the passage of time he became less instead of more entertaining, and what ripeness of judgment he attained was thinned out by the repetition of earlier writing with almost no change. If we seek for philosophy and penetrating comment on English life, we must return to Irving and Cooper; if we wish merely a vivid picture of the passing show, the vanity fair of aristocratic old England on the eve of its decline, we can find no better artist than Willis to draw for us rapid sketches in sharp outline and with sure stroke.

III

The experience of the American in England at the end of the first half century of independence was very different from that of his compatriot of a generation or more earlier. Not only had fundamental changes taken place in the principles of society and government, as well as in the material conditions of civilization in the land of his visit, but similar and even more drastic changes at home had altered the relations of the two countries and colored the attitude of the traveler himself.

The economic change which most obviously affected him was the improvement in means of transportation, a development which may be said to have reached its culmination, as far as this epoch is concerned, with the first successful transatlantic voyage of a steam packet. "There is one (to me) melancholy note," says Willis in 1839, "in the pæan with which the *Great Western* was welcomed. In literature we are no longer a distinct nation. . . . Farewell nationality! . . . We have shrunk from the stranger to the suburban or provincial."

This gloomy foreboding is quite understandable in the light of Willis's own viewpoint, but it was none the less false. As a literary man, Willis saw only that the binding forces of language might now be permitted to make the two nations more nearly one and subject the American writers to English criticism more slavishly than before. He could not see that the encouragement of the American tourist had already, in his development of a more cosmopolitan viewpoint, begun to undermine his country's chief weakness, provincialism. Neither could he understand the economic forces which, by giving America material independence, were laying the foundation for the intellectual autonomy of years to come.

Economic and social changes in England, brought about by the widespread reform movements of the early nineteenth century, also account in large part for the changing reactions of the American visitor. The complex organization of British charity which brought Humphrey and Codman to London had been unknown a half century earlier; while the class of weathy and powerful leaders of industry who greeted White were practically nonexistent. The great Reform Bill of 1832 was merely the center of a network of reforms which gave recognition to economic

shifts in the bases of society dating their origins back almost a century. The American visitor understood the external manifestations of these reforms only. The Lancastrian Schools, the charity services at St. Paul's, and the many hospitals and asylums demonstrated to him the increasing concern in England for humanitarian principles; Owen, Bentham, and other "radicals" personified the intellectual ferment; strikes and similar demonstrations showed that these ideas were taking root in the populace; but, in the final analysis, he looked upon such matters and people chiefly as curiosities. He was naturally unable to appreciate the full significance of such manifestation of change, and his attitude varied from the extreme of prophesying the downfall of the British Empire to that of closing his eyes to all that was taking place before him. A few Americans like John Quincy Adams, Alexander Everett, Stephen Grellet, and Benjamin Silliman attempted to analyze existing conditions in the light of principles of society and government, but there is no traveler's record until Cooper's which is founded consistently on such a critical examination of causes.

On the other hand, the old order of things in England was thoroughly understood and appreciated. The reverence of Irving for the type of life represented by the old English gentleman, the keen joy which Willis and Rush took in the fashionable society of the West End of London, even Jefferson's study of gardens—to say nothing of the common pilgrimages to ruins by other travelers—all show this tendency to seek out that which was already passing or past. As Cooper so clearly pointed out, the dominant impulse of the visitor from a foreign land is the search for novelty, and naturally, the American, coming from a coun-

try in which everything was new, found novelty in the antique and passing phases of English life.

Many of those who most enjoyed the aristocratic order of things were somewhat doubtful, however, about the future of the British social structure. Stewart and Colton, when they were visiting in English country homes, and Rush when he was joining in the lavish entertainment of the Diplomatic Corps, expressed doubts as to whether the aristocratic rule of society could possibly last much longer. Even Irving and Willis suspected that they were enjoying things already, to a large extent, of the past rather than of the present. Although the American was brought up in an atmosphere of social and political idealism, as soon as he found himself in the land of his fathers, his mind turned backward, and he sought, by way of contrast, those elements in the British social order which the English themselves were rapidly leaving behind them.

This contrast is not nearly so evident in the eighteenth as in the nineteenth century American traveler. As Liverpool became more and more like an American city, Chester and York gained in their charms for the visitor; as the English government developed in popular representation, the Tower, Windsor Castle, and the pageant of royalty became more and more romantically interesting; as the Methodist and other liberalizing movements threatened the position of the Established Church and charitable organizations began to have a real effect in the bettering of social conditions, St. Paul's and Westminster became increasingly fascinating and even the beggars of street and roadside more and more picturesque. The England of the day was becoming a similar and rival nation to the United States; the England of the past was becoming a romantic shrine worthy of reverential pilgrimage.

The economic and social developments at home also had a share in bringing about this change in the attitude of the American. Improved methods of transportation had tended to break down the colonial and foster the national spirit. The development of shipping had made New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Charleston not unlike Liverpool, London, and Southampton. Factories had made of Pittsburgh and the inland towns of Massachusetts serious rivals of Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, and Leeds—at least, in their degree of soot.

The religious institutions of America had always been progressive and had at least kept pace with those in England, while the more equal social conditions had prevented the necessity of elaborate charitable institutions. Churches and religious societies in the new land felt themselves, from the start, on an equal plane with those in the old; while educational institutions developed at such a rapid pace that elementary and college courses could be obtained in the seaboard states almost as satisfactorily as in England within the first twenty-five years after the Revolution. Higher and more specialized education was somewhat more slow of development, but before a half century had passed, even this motive for a stay in England was in large part removed. In the forward moving elements of civilization, America was learning and developing at least as rapidly as was England, and the differences between the two countries in contemporary life were lessening as the United States grew, economically and socially, into a position of world importance.

It was in the traditional elements of society that America felt her weaknesses. The Declaration of Independence had boldly declared the equality of all men before God and the law, and had thereby implied his social and intellectual equality as well. To a marked degree, this implication was

borne out by the facts of the early American social order. The United States was an agricultural rather than a commercial nation; excessive poverty or riches were rare. When almost every element in the structure of society was in the early stages of its development, men could approximate a state of equality of opportunity.

With the establishment of economic and social institutions, however, variations in material and cultural qualities soon became manifest. Equality is, after all, rather a drab state of affairs when the first idealistic flush of the theory has worn off and a nation has settled down to the serious business of building its civilization. It is not surprising that the leaders of American thought looked to the mellow and long-established cultural institutions of England with longing, and struggled to learn and to imitate. In comparatively few years, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other American cities discovered that they had their "oldest families" and began to build up an aristocratic order of society that rivaled, in the rigidity of its lines of demarcation and in the elaborate code of its ritual, the social organisms of London, Edinburgh, and Paris. Because they lacked the ease which comes of tradition, they were all the more self-conscious, all the more insistent upon the creation of arbitrary social distinctions. The rapid development of a wealthy commercial class hastened this change and the new moneyed aristocracy developed quickly because it did not have to contend, as did its parallel in England, with a traditional and firmly established aristocracy of privilege.

It was to the English landed gentry, however, that the new American aristocracy turned for a model. John Quincy Adams alone seems to have sensed the real situation. A thorough-going aristocrat himself, he sought out Bentham, Cartwright, and Matthew Wood of the Company of Fish-

mongers, rather than, like Irving, Cooper, and Willis, joining the gatherings at Barlborough Hall, Newstead Abbey, Holland House, or Gore House. The English too were developing a commercial aristocracy which was in time to supplant that founded on privilege, but it was to the older and better established order that the visiting American paid his reverence. It was because he realized that tradition was essential to a complex social order that he sought it out so eagerly.

In cultural matters—notably in education, art, and literature—American eyes were thus turned to the older orders. This was more true in literature than in almost any other aspect of cultural life. When the American sought out literary masters for visit, his first shrine was Abbotsford and his first deity Scott. Wordsworth, Rogers, Campbell, Coleridge, Southey, Maria Edgeworth, Hannah More, James Montgomery, Wilson, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and a host of others, most of them long forgotten, formed, as soon as they had been approved by the conservative reviews and by fashionable society, his major constellation. Jane Austen, Shelley, Keats, Lamb, Hazlitt, and others who had not been so approved, were, for the most part, ignored or scorned. Byron was regarded rather as a topic for social gossip than as an important figure in literature. The American judgment of English letters followed very closely that of the English aristocracy of the day and reverenced the heroes of the immediate and more distant past rather than the rebellious spirits who were shaping the future. Irving and Willis both advanced the pleasing theory that the interval of space which separated the two countries might function as the interval of a century and that American judgment was therefore in some respects a prophecy of the judgment of posterity. Yet their own actions and comments

gave the lie to their pleasing ideas. Irving more than any one else made Stratford the chief literary shrine of the old country, and Willis, with his spirited gossip, made Bulwer and Disraeli popular in the new. In his judgment of English letters, the American visitor vied with the most conservative arbiters of English taste in turning the eyes of the populace to the immediate present and to the past, rather than to the future. Even the radical Cooper made his Mr. Howells, in *Homeward Bound,* list as the English literary celebrities most worthy of American visit: Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, Bulwer, Disraeli, Rogers, Campbell, Horace Smith, Miss Landon, and Barry Cornwall. His rating is representative of the American attitude.

In industrial, philanthropic, and scientific matters alone, seemingly, did the American visitor look to the future. Edinburgh University was sought out in preference to Oxford and Cambridge because there scientific research was most active; the organization of charity and the progress of prison reform excited uniform admiration; and the great industrial cities of the north seldom escaped analysis and comment, at least until similar cities were common in America. Yet even in this last category, the visitor from the younger country gave evidence of the conservatism of his viewpoint. "This is all very impressive," cried Ballard, White, and innumerable others, "but the older agricultural order makes for greater happiness. Learn from England's example to hold to the established orders of economic structure." Their warnings were futile, for they were themselves a part of the new order which was developing so rapidly in both countries, but their expression of them is significant. In almost every line of cultural or economic thought, the supposedly radical—almost savage—American was more conservative than his English brother.

The present was far more vital and revolutionary in his own country than it was in the land of his visit; yet he saw on all sides in old England unquestionably desirable social elements which were wholly lacking at home. Noah was right when he said that the two countries could, because of their similarities as well as their differences, learn much from each other, and that the American alone was eager to learn; but it was from England's disappearing past and not her progressive present that the visitor sought most eagerly to improve himself and his nation.

The attitude of the American in England was, therefore, throughout this entire half century, one of a younger civilization learning from an older. In the matters which he sought to learn and in the development of his own sense of national independence, a survey of his point of view shows marked and continual progress. Jefferson's plea that America study the elements of material progress in England was merely a laying of foundations, and before fifty years had passed his nation was in a position to teach her masters. The owners of English private parks pointed with pride to their groves of American trees, English factories introduced American inventions, and English vessels copied the lines of America's victorious merchant fleet. In art, Benjamin West and his followers sought British aid and patronage, but were soon dictating standards of taste to the English nobility and helping to free their British brethren from old school conventions. Why the interest in painting should thus come in the early period of more material concerns may be hard to see. It is in large part explained, however, in terms of mere accident. West went first to Italy and not to England for his inspiration and training. His settlement in London afterwards was prompted by practical and not æsthetic concerns, and other Americans came to

study under him, or his students, also Americans, and not to gain knowledge or inspiration from England or English artists. The whole situation was a thing apart from the general forces at work, but is in no sense a contradiction of the principles involved. Rather, it confirms the conclusion that America had not yet learned to value the traditional aspects of English culture itself.

In education, Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge served the Americans as models, but Pennsylvania, Columbia, Yale, Harvard, and the southern colleges were founded earlier and were therefore more advanced than the universities of London and of the manufacturing towns. The Americans were willing enough to learn, but they were quick in applying and developing their knowledge. Willis was right in saying that the *Great Western* formed the final link in a chain which made England no longer a foreign land, if the thought be pushed one step further than Willis's weakly prophetic soul was capable of penetrating. England had little more to teach in material and intellectual matters and the two countries were in a position of genuine rivalry, the fruits of which form the history of Anglo-American relations during the past century. The period of this phase of probation had passed.

In matters of tradition, however, America was becoming more instead of less a disciple. With her economic independence established firmly on the foundations of her political freedom, and her consciousness fully awakened to her seemingly inexhaustible resources, she could turn to the embellishments of life with greater freedom. Then it was that she saw her limitations with startling clarity. Without a leisure class, without years of autonomous existence and welding social forces, without firmly established traditions, she had nothing with which to hide her crudities. In

haste she sent ambassadors to the land from which she had sprung to borrow the culture which she lacked. This new attitude, which began to appear about 1815, explains why Jefferson and Adams were so little concerned with their exclusion from the festivities of the Diplomatic Corps, while Rush was so naïvely humble and enthusiastic; and it is the basis of the scarcely qualified reverence of Irving and Willis, as well as of the morose and powerful attack of Cooper on England because she had aristocratic institutions and on America because she had not. Literature and social culture are more dependent upon long-enduring economic stability than Willis realized. The arrival of the *Great Western* was the beginning and not the end of American literature, but at the same time it was the opening of an epoch of even greater dependence on English traditions and English dictates than the past had shown. An epoch of probation in these matters was inaugurated at the same time that the economic probation was passing. Boston had yet to assume its short-lived dictatorship of American letters as the spiritual offspring of English tradition. The rest of the story is now being told.

The development of an American travel literature with England as its subject is a singularly revealing index to all these forces and developments. The first real travel book in this category—Silliman's—marked at once the height and the decline of America's economic discipleship to her fatherland. Within ten years (1810-20) the beginnings of cultural dependence were suggested forcibly by Irving's *Sketch Book* and other less notable volumes. The desire of the American public at large to know more about England, as manifested by the increased number of such books in the subsequent fifteen years, demonstrates that the average American was then more ignorant of affairs in England than

he had been during the final days of his colonial dependence. Detailed and fundamental summaries began to take the place of casual comments which implied a general knowledge of background conditions. As England and America grew more and more alike in the material bases of civilized progress, they—but particularly America—realized with increasing clarity their autogenous but independent existences on cultural planes of thought and expression. The economic rivalry in itself was a fundamental proof of the existence of an independent consciousness in each nation; but America, in her developing sense of autogeny, was still eager to learn. She was thoroughly conscious of her needs, and her self-appointed ambassadors to the Old World followed the long established formula of patiently learning from recognized masters as the best preparation for independence of spirit. Instead of practical knowledge, however, they now sought the indefinable and mellow fruits of tradition.

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